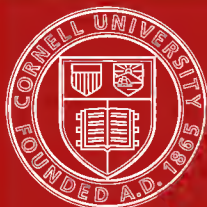


# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN

DOCTOR FOUMIÈS DE LA SIBOUTIE



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# RECOLLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN

(DOCTEUR POUMIÈS DE LA SIBOUTIE)

UNDER SIX SOVEREIGNS, TWO  
REVOLUTIONS, AND A REPUBLIC

(1789-1863)

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTERS

A. BRANCHE AND L. DAGOURY

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
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## INTRODUCTION

THE author of these recollections came of an old bourgeois stock in the town of Périgueux, and was born on June 8, 1789, at Saint-Germain-du-Salembre in Périgord. After pursuing his studies at Périgueux and Bordeaux till 1809, and spending a year in a solicitor's office in Périgueux, he decided to go to Paris to study for the medical profession. He went thither in 1810, with little to help him, save his own sterling character and abilities.

In order to gain a diploma from the *Faculté* it was necessary to pass five examinations and write a thesis, in addition to the usual Hospital course. In 1815, young Poumiès de La Siboutie became a duly qualified practitioner, and entered on his career at a time when Paris was in the occupation of the Allies. The sight of "the cursed Prussians" was so repugnant to him, that he often longed to be back at Périgueux amongst his own people.

He began his professional life in the Rue de Grenelle, but subsequently removed to the Rue du Dragon, and finally to the Rue des Marais-Saint-Germain (now Rue Visconti), where he purchased the Hôtel de Ranes, in which had lived Racine, Adrienne Leveuvre, and Hippolyte Clarion.

His personal charm of manner, combined with his



professional skill, speedily brought him an extensive clientèle among the aristocracy of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, while the large practice which for thirty years he carried on gratuitously among the poor in connection with the Bureau de Bienfaisance, gained for him the affectionate gratitude of the lower classes.

“One evening [writes Docteur Prats in the *Courrier Médical*] the parish doctor [Poumiès de La Siboutie] was making his slow way up a winding, ill-lighted staircase, to perform an errand of mercy in some garret, when his knee came into violent contact with the corner of a broken step. The pain was so excruciating that the unfortunate man fell down in a dead faint, from which he did not recover till he found himself lying in his own bed at home. A painful operation was performed on the injured limb by his devoted friends, the surgeons Velpeau and Amussat. He was tortured, but saved. Three months of bed, followed by three weary months of convalescence, failed to quench his ardent spirit. He submitted cheerfully to enforced inaction.”

In the course of a long and varied experience he had become acquainted with eminent men of all parties; he had seen many things and taken part in memorable events. Finding himself temporarily withdrawn from his multifarious duties, he resolved to spend his leisure in writing his Life. He utilised the Journal in which he had made daily notes, ransacked the storehouse of his memory, added accounts of public events he had witnessed, and anecdotes of the social life in which he had participated.

As soon as Docteur Poumiès de La Siboutie had fully recovered from his accident he set forth on a prolonged journey, in the course of which he visited England, Belgium, and Italy.

He died at Montereau-Faut-Yonne on October 19, 1863.

His professional experiences find no place in these reminiscences, for he regarded the confidential nature of a doctor's intercourse with his patients as sacred; but his narrative abounds in bright and attractive accounts of the world of his day—of sovereigns, generals, and politicians: of the varied and thrilling events which occurred in Paris during the first half of the nineteenth century; of artists and lawyers; of the generation of students who rose under the First Empire; of the hospitals and their inmates, of men who were wounded in foreign wars and civil insurrections, and of the ravages of epidemics. In his pages will be found a whole gallery of lifelike portraits, picturesque scenes, and amusing sketches.

Throughout, his narrative is marked by insight, by freedom from malice or flattery, and by accuracy of observation and statement. One may hope that it will prove not only attractive to the general reader, but also valuable to the historian.

THEODORA DAVIDSON.

*April, 1911.*



## CONTENTS

### CHAPTER I

#### THE EVE OF REVOLUTION

Parentage—Périgord in 1789—Seigneurs and their rights—Life of the people—Methods of cultivation—Food and clothing—Family life and traditions—Household furniture and economy—Hospitality—Amusements—Education—Communications, posts, etc.—The old order changes—Modern improvements . . . . . Pp. 1-14

### CHAPTER II

#### THE REVOLUTION

The Marquis de Saint-Astier—Outbreak of the Revolution—The bursting of the storm—Our life at Périgueux—And at La Siboutie—Destruction of archives—Abbé Lespine saves many documents—*Jour de la Peur*—Destruction of churches—Manufacture of armaments—Volunteers—The scum of the earth in power—Attack on our home—Escape of my grandfather—Mme. Delort's adventure—Her execution—Death of the King—Dr. Chambon, Mayor of Paris—His reminiscences of Louis XVI.—Fascination of the King—Dr. Souberbielle—His anecdotes of the Queen, of Marat, of the capture of the Bastille, and of the trial of Danton—The death of Marie Antoinette, and of Madame du Barry—Marquis d'Argicourt's anecdotes—Zamor, the negro servant—The Marquise de Saint-Aignan—Mme. d'Aurival—Anecdotes of the Queen—The Trianon—The *Marseillaise*—Model of the Bastille carried about—*Citoyens* Clavières and Sudret—Propaganda of the people—Lakanal—Value of the Con-

vention—Anecdotes of Robespierre—Palloy—Marat's mistress—Montaut's last days—I attend him—His praise of the Revolution—Its honesty—M. Spire—M. de Lacalprade—M. de Sèze, Louis XVI.'s counsel—Anecdotes of the trial—M. de Sèze's fee—Anecdotes of M. de Larroque—Barère: his characteristics—Lamartine's *Girondins*—Its inaccuracies—Burial of executed victims—Sale of national property—Destruction of valuable documents, furniture, etc.—Famine—My father introduces potato-growing—Our tutor, M. Charles—He joins the army—My father appointed Commissaire du Directoire—His views on the Revolution—Restoration of order—Bonaparte's victories—Devotion of the soldiers to him—The *Émigrés*—Republican calendar and words—Anecdote of M. de Saint-Janvier—We go to live with a tutor—Murder of French envoys at Rastadt—*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*—The *chauffeurs* and their crimes—La Bredandaine—We move to Périgueux—Bonaparte's return from Egypt—Noël Pointe—M. Rivet—Newspapers—Central schools—How the Abbé Jacoupy obtained his bishopric—The drummer Etienne at Arcola—M. Bessières and his adventures with Ali Pasha—M. de Pouqueville . . . . . Pp. 15-62

## CHAPTER III

### THE EMPIRE

Life in Périgueux—M. Thoulouzé—Bonaparte the subject of all our essays—Chateaubriand's *Le Génie du Christianisme*—My brothers join the *Vélites*—Zenith of the empire—Expected visit of Napoleon—Arrival of the Spanish princes—Their appearance and habits—Our domestic privations and sorrows—Deaths of soldier brothers—Jean-Baptiste in Batavia—Anecdote of Napoleon—I go to Bordeaux—Incident at Mussidan—My uncle's stories—My life in Bordeaux—Visit of Napoleon—The Abbé Boneau—Talma—Offer of vacancy at Saint-Cyr—My vocation in life—I study the law—Anecdotes—I decide to become a doctor—Journey to Paris—Incidents by the way—Crossing a stream—Hospitality at Angoulême—Arrival in Paris—Description of the city—Its insanitary state—The Palais-Royal—Gambling—Dancing and debauchery—Cambacérès—The Military College—I find lodgings in the Quartier Latin—Student life—The Théâtre-Français—Number of crippled students—Study of anatomy—My fellow-students—Flicoteau's restaurant



—The Court of Napoleon—Marshals of France—Murat, *le roi Franconi*—Berthier—Marie-Louise—Birth of the King of Rome—Napoleon's popularity wanes—Burden of conscription—Baptism of the King of Rome at Saint-Cloud—Ill-behaviour of Dutch Lancers—Fête at Saint-Cloud—A deluge—Death of Mme. Barilli—Fête Saint-Napoleon—Appearance of the Emperor—Sir T. Lawrence's saying—M. Dunod's anecdotes—Napoleon at Ratisbon—His superstition—Léger the tailor—I become a dresser at the Hôpital Saint-Louis—My work—Holiday visit to Chartres—M. Manoury—His farming—Dr. Alibert—His delight in disease—A case of elephantiasis—His mode of life—Anecdote of Garat—Dr. Delpech—Dr. Labat-Bey—His life among the Turks—With Dr. Texier at Versailles—Anecdotes of Napoleon—Opening of the Russian campaign—The Malet conspiracy—Punishment of insubordinate troops—Execution of young Boutreux—Napoleon returns to Paris—Fresh levies—I am appointed house-physician—At the Hospice de la Salpêtrière—Professeur Capuron—His secret charities—Professeur Lallement—Some tragedies of the Salpêtrière—Lallement's anecdotes—The Chanoine de Goy—Cuvier's lectures—Professeur Thénard—*Madame Potasse*—The Abbé Delille—The matron's anecdotes—La Comtesse de Lamotte—The story of the necklace—I am transferred to the Pitié—Napoleon's growing difficulties—The campaign of Saxony—Sufferings of wounded soldiers—I am appointed to the Hôtel-Dieu—Dr. Dupuytren—Anecdotes of him and of Sir Astley Cooper—Boyer—Professeur Lallemand's eccentricities—His anecdotes—Asselin—More anecdotes of Dupuytren—Fighting round Paris—Terrible work among the wounded—Prisoners of war—Useless fortifications—Siege imminent—We are enrolled—M. Lespinasse—Unpopularity of Napoleon—The English at Toulouse—Maréchal Suchet to blame—Traitors at Bordeaux—The Allies in Paris—Général Langeron—Battle of Montereau—Moreau—M. Gérando's anecdotes of Napoleon—His bath-room at Rambouillet—The Saint-Denis family—Napoleon's opinion of the English—Général Petit—Général Dupont and Talleyrand—Général Petit's danger and rescue—Comte de Mailly's anecdotes of Napoleon . Pp.63-142

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FIRST RESTORATION AND THE HUNDRED DAYS

The Bourbons almost forgotten—Arrival of the Comte

d'Artois—His proclamation—A magnificent reception—Enemy's soldiers in our hospitals—Reappearance of antiquated officers—Impostors—"Louis XVII."—M. Pelletan's recollections of the Dauphin—His fate—Returning *Émigrés* and the Charter—The Marquis de Saint-Astier—The Vendean officers rewarded—Mme. de La Rochejaquelein—Comte Lynch—Gardes du Corps of the Maison Rouge—The songs of Béranger and their effect—Tactlessness of the Government—Banquet to the Paris garrison and its results—The Restoration crumbling—Colonel d'Ornano—"The Little Gracchus" and Napoleon—Return of Napoleon—Entry into Paris—Revolusion of public feeling—General assembly of electors on the Champ-de-Mars, June 1st—Reception of the Emperor—Waterloo—The fall of Napoleon—Napoleon at the Elysée-Bourbon—Scene in the Chamber—The Allies in Paris—Anecdote of Maréchal Lefebvre—*La colère blanche*—Napoleon still beloved—Général Achard—Anecdote of Alexander I.—His proposed Constitution—The Charter of 1814—"The Tantalus of the Peerage"—Général Achard's interview with Louis XVIII.—The tricolour—Napoleon's nobles—Comte Marescot at Thionville—His treatment of the envoys of the Commune—His dinner with Barras—Général Castaños and Baylen—Bernadotte—His hopes of succeeding Napoleon—Bernadotte and Marbot—Interview with Alexander I. . Pp. 143-165

## CHAPTER V

### THE SECOND RESTORATION

Louis XVIII. again in Paris—Insulting mob—Dislike of the white flag—Lilies and violets—The hospitals invaded by foreign soldiers—Foreign doctors—Manners of the English—Wellington as a general—Royalties in Paris—The Emperor Alexander—The Grand-dukes—Review of Allied Troops—Renewed hostility towards Napoleon—*Buonaparté*—Execution of Ney—Reorganisation of the Gardes du Corps—Scene in the Palais-Royal—Songs at the Café Montansier—The Ordre du Lis—M. Decazes flatters Louis—Censorship of the Press—Levity of the Comte d'Artois—M. de Corbière—Anecdotes—Appearance and habits of Louis XVIII.—L'Abbé Séjan—Death of Louis XVIII.—His funeral—The Duc de Berry—Broussais's lectures—Anecdotes—Dr. Amussat—Stabbing outrages—Garat the musician and Dr. Gall—Reopening of family mansions—The old

aristocracy—Their manners—The Maréchale de Mailly—Anecdotes—M. de Lacalprade and Boulard—Anecdote of Talleyrand and Dr. Bourdois Lamothe—M. Delaporte's anecdote of Talleyrand—Maréchal Marmont—His extravagance—M. Villemain and Mlle. Richeraud—Général Foy and his diary—Treatment of prisoners—*La chaîne*—Their journey to Toulon—The hulks

Pp. 166–191

## CHAPTER VI

### CHARLES X. AND THE JULY REVOLUTION

Omnibuses in Paris—Hackney coaches—Vicomte de L——: how he obtained carriage exercise—Popularity of the King—His characteristics—Anecdotes—The *Ordonnances*—M. de la Rigaudie—M. Audibert, editor of *La Quotidienne*—How the *Ordonnances* were promulgated—Responsibility of M. Villèle—Disbanding of National Guard—The Duchesse d'Angoulême—Her unpopularity—The Comtesse de Rochefort—The Orléans family—The Dauphine—M. de Martignac—His ability—The Elections—M. de Polignac—Baron Louis's practical joke—Weakness of the Court party—The Palais-Royal party—Casimir Delavigne—Affability of the Duc d'Orléans—Polignac's aims—The call to arms—Newspaper difficulties—M. Gaultier-Laguionie—Beginning of the riots—The first victim—Charles X.'s last chance—Increase of fighting—I tend the wounded—The Garde Royale withdraw—The turning-point of the battle—The Pont d'Arcole—Sack of the Musée d'Artillerie—Attack on the Suisses—An extraordinary incident—Description of the mob—*L'École Polytechnique*—Dupuytren and the wounded—Father and son—Flight of foreigners—Meeting of householders—M. de Quevauvillers—The Duc de Raguse—Paris in the hands of the insurgents—Its appearance—Disposal of corpses—Good behaviour of the mob—The Army at Rambouillet—Général Pajol—M. Zédé—Flight of the Royal Family—The Duchesse de Berry—The Duc de Duras—His curious experience—Public Thanksgiving—Speech of the Archbishop of Paris—Chateaubriand—His reception—Polignac's defence—The Revolution spontaneous—M. Alphonse Mont—Vive la République . . . Pp. 192–224

## CHAPTER VII

### THE REIGN OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE

The Dauphin and the *Ordonnances*—M. d'Haussez—Did Louis-

Philippe desire the Crown?—His views—M. Lagarde—M. Dupin—On Louis-Philippe's acceptance of the Crown—The Comte de Lasteyrie and the Chambre des Députés—Influence of students—The Garde Nationale—Popularity of Lafayette—Talleyrand—Trial of the Ministers of Charles X.—Rumours of plots—Polignac's methods—His failure as a witness—M. de Martignac—Verdict on the four Ministers—Anger of populace—Our corps inspected by Lafayette—His character—M. Barthe—Raised to office by M. Chevassut of the *Constitutionnel*—Office-seekers—*Voltigeurs* of the Republic—Général Leclerc and Mauguin—Deputations to the King—His answers—Doubts of stability of Government—M. Hennequin—Rioters at Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois—Destruction of Archbishop's Palace—Cholera—Preventive measures—Exhausting work and heart-breaking scenes—Ravages and capriciousness of the disease—Heroic conduct of doctors—Medals distributed—Funeral of Général Lamarque—Renewed rioting—Dr. Portal's reminiscences—Castles in Spain, and their fulfilment—Mme. Vestris—Portal's receptions—Gérard the painter—Baron Gros—Brillat-Savarin—Gohier—Concealment of the Duchesse de Berry—Her arrest—Work as juryman—Trial of Benoît the murderer—Crémieux's defence—The Court sitting suspended owing to rioting—Disastrous years in Paris—Duchesse de Berry—Saint-Simon the prophet—The Abbé Châtel and the French Catholic Church—Restaurants in Paris—Banquets and toasts—Maréchal Soult—Enmity of the Opposition—Change in names of streets—Parsimony of Louis-Philippe—His knowledge of art—His domestic life—Mania for building—Philarète Chasles's mission to England—M. Fouquier—The King's knowledge of medicine and surgery—Dr. Marc—M. Granger—Boursault, actor and financier—His experiences—Austrian spies—Fieschi's attempt to kill the King—Hahnemann—His methods—Mesmer and Gall—Dr. Bouilly—M. Charles Dupin—Dupin-le-Chiffre—France and her desire for peace—Maréchal Bugeaud—His forecast of events in Algeria—Abd-el-Kader—The battle of Isly—Return of Napoleon's remains—Scene in the streets—At the Invalides—Terrible railway accident at Versailles—I report on the victims—Jasmin—His poetry and popularity—Death of the Duc d'Orléans—His attractive qualities—Funeral of Dr. Larrey—His collection of autographs—Anecdote of Desgenettes—Collections of autographs—Autographs of Henry IV.—Of Napoleon—His letter to his sister Pauline—His annotation of State papers—Purloining

of treasures from public buildings—Martial Delpit and the English archives—Turkish archives—M. de Chateaubriand—Anecdotes—Mlle. Puget's song—M. Desmousseaux—The Danish National Anthem—*Les Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*—Chateaubriand's improvidence—Lord Shrewsbury and the Duc de Bordeaux—His visit to Alton Towers—Deputation of *Légitimistes*—Anecdote of Flott the Irishman and his wife's coffin—The railway mania—Alfred de Vigny received into the Académie—M. Molé's speech—M. Salvandy—Royer-Collard and Guizot—M. Villemain's illness—H. Sanson the executioner—His sons—Népomucène Lemer cier—Reminiscences of Joséphine, of Beaumarchais, of Lamennais—*Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*—M. Dupin, senior—The Abbé de Fontenilles—Charles Nodier and Brifaut . . . . . Pp. 225-291

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE EVENTS OF 1848

A year of plenty—Opening of the Chambres—Cold reception of Louis-Philippe—Odilon Barrot and Ledru-Rollin—Reformist banquets—The troops in occupation—Banquet of 12th *arrondissement* countermanded—M. Delessert warns the King—His *insouciance*. The Garde Nationale called out—Count Molé forms new ministry—Failure of Garde Nationale—Insurrection breaks out—Rioters march to the Tuileries—Bravery of the Garde Municipale—Appearance of the rioters—The École Polytechnique—Flight of the King—The Queen's opposition—Sacking of the Tuileries—A disgraceful orgy—Sacking of the Palais-Royal—The King at Saint-Cloud—The mob at the Chambre des Députés—Scene in the Chambre—The new Government—Paris in the hands of insurgents—Popularity of the Garde Municipale—Placards and proclamations—Order restored—Scarlet and tricolour—Dead bodies in the Tuileries—The Provisional Government—Louis Blanc at the Luxembourg—Lamartine—Arago—The lowest Republicans in luxury—"Monseigneur" Flocon—Occupants of the Tuileries—A degrading spectacle—M. de Féletz—Maréchal Bugeaud's experiences—Opening of clubs—Les hommes de Juillet—Appeal to the Provisional Government—Général Courtais and the Duc de Marmier—Postponement of elections—Doom of the Garde Nationale—Marc Caussidière,



Préfet de Police—Opposition of Sobrier—*La Commune*—The national workshops—Lamartine's *L'Histoire des Girondins*—Fluctuating opinions—L'Académie de Médecine and the Republic—M. Fouquier—Saying of M. Meynard—Peace restored—"Trees of liberty"—*Le Lampion*—The Treasury depleted—Increase of taxes—Scarcity of money—Poverty and distress—Scandalous waste of public money—Froment Meurice the goldsmith—Paul Meurice—Demonstration of workmen—The new Garde Nationale—The club La Redoute—The Abbé Deguerry—The elections—Raid on the Assembly by Blanqui, Sobrier, and Raspail—The Assembly dissolved—"The Fifteen Minutes' Government"—Celebration of the *Fraternité*—Reappearance of Louis-Napoleon—His supporters—The Prince de Joinville—Général Cavaignac—Adventures of his brother Godefroy—Renewal of rioting—Barricades—Sittings of the Courts suspended—Heavy cannon-fire—Général Cavaignac in command—Martial law—Hospital work and accommodation—Peace restored—Effects of the fight—Damage to buildings—Bivouacs in the streets—My house in the Rue Daval—Murder of the Archbishop—Frédéric Schopin the artist—Mme. Lemaire—Her presence of mind—Armand Marrast, President of the Assembly—The Capuchin Monks in Paris—Father Ambroise . . . . . Pp. 292-338

## CHAPTER IX

## THE PRESIDENCY OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON

Général Dufour's opinion of Louis-Napoleon—M. Barthélemy—The election of President—Fanaticism of *Invalides*—The President courts popularity—M. de Cournon—Reception at the Elysée—The President's abilities—High Mass at Ville-d'Avray—Comtesse de Rochefort and Changarnier—Destruction of "Trees of liberty"—Professeur Panseron—Jullien de Paris on leaders of revolutions—Exhibition at the Palais-Royal—Comte de Mailly on Louis-Philippe—Professeur Fée and Général Magan—Reception of Louis-Napoleon in Paris—State procession—*Partant pour la Syrie*—Napoleon at Saint-Cloud—Villeneuve-l'Etang—Anecdote of Horace Vernet—Louis-Napoleon, Emperor  
Pp. 339-352

## CHAPTER X

## THE SECOND EMPIRE

The Emperor moves to the Tuileries—His marriage—The Empress—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps—His mission to Rome—Général Oudinot—*L'Honneur et l'Argent* at the Odéon—Landscape gardening at Villeneuve-l'Etang—Death of Général Cornemuse in a duel—The Abbé Sause—Rumour about ill-treatment of patients in hospitals—The Salpêtrière—*Musée des Souverains*—Troops for the Crimea—Emile Zédé—Rumours from the Crimea—Berryer at the Académie—M. de Salvandy's speech—My book of poems, *Les Moments Perdus*—Funeral of Mme. de Girardin—Alexandre Dumas—Funeral of Vicomte d'Arlincourt—M. Colson—Story of Lamartine—Anecdote of M. Bost—*La Bourse*, a comedy—Migrations of the Stock Exchange—Alexandre Dumas—His friends—Florestan I., Prince of Monaco—His death—Baptism of the Prince Imperial—Description of the ceremony—Gas introduced in the streets—I go to Bordeaux—Closing of Villeneuve-l'Etang—Mme. Decazes—An evening with Rossini—M. Delaporte—Bonaparte and Caffarelli—M. de Lostanges—Accounts of the Crimea—Canrobert—La Motte-Rouge—Funeral of Lablache—His character—At Professeur Velpeau's—Anecdotes—Death of the Author . Pp. 353–378

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX . . . . . 379–390

INDEX . . . . . 391–407



# Recollections of a Parisian

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## CHAPTER I

### THE EVE OF REVOLUTION

I BELONG by birth to that section of the *bourgeoisie* which, respected and honourable in itself, has been consistently relegated to an inferior position, through the abuse of the prerogatives of the aristocracy. My father, Pierre Poumiès (P),<sup>1</sup> studied deeply in his youth, first under the Jesuits, and later under the Doctrinaires who succeeded them in many of the colleges. When his education was completed he returned to the family roof-tree, and never quitted it again, this side of the grave.

He began by putting his house into thorough repair. It was large, imposing, and comfortable, and had been for centuries the family manor.

In the exercise of his modest functions as a Justice of the Peace, a position held by him for many years, he made himself the friend, father, and oracle of his fellow-townsmen. His high intelligence, good sense, and unswerving equity were so generally

<sup>1</sup> Capital letters in brackets refer the reader to the biographical index at the end of the book.

acknowledged that his decisions were invariably received with respect and deference.

He died in 1818; his name is still revered in the countryside, and his judgments are cited as precedents.

My mother was in every respect worthy of her husband. In an age when few women received more than an elementary education, she was well versed in history, geography, and natural history. She managed her household with firmness and discretion; her rule was one of order, cleanliness, and plenty.

The above homage to the best of parents is written out of the fulness of a grateful heart; but now that I have had the opportunity of paying it I shall hereafter restrain my pen, lest family references, so interesting to oneself, should prove tedious to the reader.

Périgord, where I was born, is a country of valleys and low hills. It is well wooded, and bathed by numerous watercourses, tributaries of the Dordogne. The temperature is variable, and, owing to the peculiar conformation of the land, the winter is more rigorous than might be expected from its geographical position. The soil, though not fertile, produces enough to provide the necessities of life. The population is essentially agricultural; sober, hardworking, and peaceable.

The *Département* is divided into *communes* composed of a central market-town, with its cluster of dependent villages, situated sometimes several miles apart.

Each *commune* had its *Seigneur*, whose castle was generally built on the crest of a hill dominating the



market-town. These castles, of which there were a large number in the country, were solidly built, crenelated, fortified by towers, turrets, and draw-bridges. Several of them had sustained lengthened sieges in the wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were held in reverential awe by the peasants. The powers of the *Seigneurs* over their *communes* were practically unlimited. The people stood bareheaded in their presence, the place of honour was reserved for them in church, the services were delayed until they made their appearance, incense was burnt before them at the Gospel, their coats-of-arms decked the walls of the churches both inside and out. If they chose to interfere in the private affairs of their dependants, their decisions in such matters as marriages, division of property, and so forth, were considered final. They galloped over land under cultivation with their packs of hounds, and were exceedingly jealous of their sporting rights.

The land was cultivated by tenant-farmers, who leased a small farm, commonly called a *métairie*. The proprietor claimed half the crops produced. Oxen were used for tilling the ground and conveying the produce away. The peasants treated these with a consideration beyond all praise; they fed and cared for them, neither overworked nor overloaded them, and never maltreated them. The dwellings of the peasants and tenant-farmers were usually poverty-stricken and slatternly; their embrasures were kept closely shuttered all through the winter; and window-glass was found only in the houses of the well-to-do.

The food was coarse but abundant. It consisted

of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes, and roots; meat was seldom seen, except on special high-days and holidays. Butter was so little used that a sister of my grandfather, who died at the age of ninety, told me in 1832 that she had never tasted any. Most of the food was either boiled in water or dressed with bacon-fat. The peasants were sober, as a rule; a tipsy man was rarely seen; and spirits were never drunk, notwithstanding the low price at which they were retailed.

Clothing was of coarse unbleached linen in summer, and a heavy cloth called *cadi* in winter. The stuffs were made locally. *Sabots* were worn in cold weather; in hot, the people went barefoot. In 1841, at Saint-Germain-du-Salembre,<sup>1</sup> one of our former tenants who had made a fortune came to see me. It was in the month of August, and, faithful to his old habits, his feet were bare.

“Just look at those fellows!” he exclaimed, directing my attention to the peasants in the market-place, who all wore boots. “Did you ever see such wanton extravagance? I really do not know what we are coming to!”

The habit of walking barefooted makes the sole of the foot so horny that a man can tread without inconvenience on sharp pebbles, prickly gorse, or thorns, which break off under his weight and cause no pain.

On the last day of the year the village children used to go to the houses of people in easy circumstances, to ask for New Year's gifts. They would sing:

<sup>1</sup> The parish of Neuville-sur-l'Isle, département of Dordogne.

*Le gui de l'an neuf vous apportons,  
Nos étrennes vous demandons, etc.*

The words are reminiscent of druidical days, and have evidently been handed down through centuries.

The *bourgeois* class, commonly called *messieurs*, ranked above the peasants, small farmers, and working proprietors. They usually lived in the market-towns, and exercised the functions of local magistrate, notary, surgeon. The majority had no occupation beyond supervising the cultivation of their property, which generally comprised, in addition to a farm or two, small private grounds, worked by servants and day-labourers. Families ruled large, from six to eight children being the ordinary complement. The eldest son inherited the larger portion of his parents' fortune, leaving to the juniors the professions of law, medicine, and the priesthood. A few entered the army, though it offered no prospect of advancement. Business did not rank high in their estimation; a scion of the small gentry class rarely made it his choice.

The law of primogeniture had its drawbacks; it was a supreme injustice, and its abolition was a wise measure. It possessed, however, certain solid advantages. An inheritance which, if divided into a number of small portions, would be reduced to nothing, placed its single holder in a position of superiority. The younger members of the family relied on the elder brother for support and protection. The paternal residence remained the home, the central meeting-place, where the juniors were sure of a welcome from their senior. Family traditions

were there suitably maintained; portraits, heirlooms, archives collected; to their preservation we owe many title-deeds and curious documents. Except in very rare cases, the eldest son regarded the care of his brothers and sisters as a sacred duty. My father used to tell me that the responsibility and semi-paternal authority vested in the young head of the family usually engendered an affection quite parental in its character towards his charges.

Order, thrift, simplicity in clothes, food, and household were the rule. Very few families possessed silver plate; we had a little, but we used it only on grand occasions. The clothing of the town-dwellers was, like that of the peasants, made of wool from their own sheep and hemp from their fields; on Sundays they dressed in fine cloth suits, which wore for years and years.

The furniture was bulky, to match the enormous rooms into which the houses were divided. The beds had massive carved columns, surmounted by a tester hung with curtains. These beds, made of oak or walnut, lasted for centuries, and never went out of fashion. Their dimensions were so ample that on occasion three people could lie comfortably in them, and a fourth might easily have been accommodated.

Wardrobes, sideboards, dressers, chests, and cupboards were handsomely carved, and have acquired value now, though they were little considered in those days. Once, at my father's house, I witnessed the destruction of two great oak presses; they were positively crumbling with age, but the carved groups decorating them were of the utmost artlessness and charm. A table or two, a few wooden and straw-bottomed chairs, a Venetian or other mirror, sup-

ported by ringbolts and sloped forward by means of a cord at the top, completed the furniture of the bedrooms. Sometimes the walls were hung with printed calico or chintz, but in most cases they were simply whitewashed. The chimneys were large and deep, surmounted by a mantel about six feet high.

The kitchen was the principal living-room. Two large tables stood in it—one for the family, the other for the servants and labourers; there was also a dresser, containing pewter vessels and dishes, the pride of the housewife's heart—they were kept as bright as the silver plate of a castle. The porringers, goblets, plates, and dishes were ranged on the dresser, and made a fine show. In addition, there were shining copper saucepans, cauldrons, basins, and other utensils, and a vast quantity of cast-iron pots and pans. The colossal ingle-nook was fitted with two benches, placed laterally. The mantelpiece was invariably decorated with the family coat-of-arms; weapons all ready for use were arranged above it. The flooring of the kitchen was composed of different-coloured pebbles, formed into rough mosaic patterns, representing flowers, fruit, and even personal portraits. Many houses had spits, turned by dogs.

The only luxury of the house was the quantity of linen of every description. A household of moderate means often possessed sheets, tablecloths, and towels by the hundred, and other articles on the same scale. Although these were manufactured locally, of home-grown flax and hemp spun by the servants, the best linen was snowy white and of the finest quality. This vast quantity was made necessary by the size

of the family circle, the number of guests always coming and going, and the habit of doing the washing only twice or three times a year.

Good management on the part of a house-mistress consisted in making as complete use as possible of home products, leaving very little to be procured outside: for instance, the stuffs were made into clothing by a tailor who was a member of the household and received a few pence for his daily wage; the best quality of walnut oil was used at table and for cooking, while the inferior served for lighting purposes; the wines, vinegar, honey, brandy, table liqueurs, preserves, and jams were made on the spot, from materials gathered on the property. Poultry was reared, fattened by the end of November, and all killed on the same day. The fowls were then plunged into a great copper pan; when fully cooked, the meat was transferred to earthenware pots and coated with fat. This method goes by the name of "preserve," and is most excellent, and a great resource for the winter. Two or three monster porkers, fed at very small cost in the farmyard, were killed every year and salted; bacon and fat took the place of butter; the more delicate portions were offered to friends. It is erroneously believed in Paris that truffles are a staple article of diet in Périgord. Nothing is further from the truth. They may be served once or twice a year in some of the more important houses, but in the greater number they are never seen on the table at all. Truffles have increased tenfold in price in the last thirty years, and are now a valuable product for export.

The simple, laborious life I have described included some pleasure and diversion. Every household gave

three or four junketings in the course of the year; so that there were two or three parties a month in the neighbourhood. Dinner was served precisely at noon; and what a dinner it was! In 1833 I was invited to a house which had remained faithful to its traditions: I counted on the table nine dishes of butcher's meat, game, and poultry. For the preparation of these huge repasts the loan of the neighbours' kitchens and the services of their domestics were called into requisition. At dinner-time smoking hot dishes could be seen arriving, borne aloft by willing hands. Wine of the country was drunk. A few old bottles, preserved with care in anticipation of such occasions, were produced at dessert, with fruit preserves and pastry. Thus a good and bounteous meal was provided without any recourse being had to shops. About three o'clock there was an adjournment to the garden, if the weather permitted. At five or six o'clock a game of cards was started. At nine the guests sat down to the plentiful remains of the mid-day feasts, and their keen appetites were able to do full justice to the viands.

In the long winter evenings friends met at one another's houses two or three times a week, for games and conversation. The young people had their own pastimes. On feast-days and carnivals there was dancing to the sound of violins, fifes, and bagpipes. All classes mingled at the ball; ladies from the castle, citizens, peasants, masters, and servants danced gaily together, and the good fellowship thus engendered never gave rise to familiarity or want of respect.

The work of the fields brought its own occasions of merry-making; the harvest and the vintage were celebrated by a hilarious feast. In November came

cheery meetings for nut-cracking; part of the evening was devoted to the work on hand, and the remainder to dancing.

The hours for meals were about the same as at the present day. Masters and servants supped in one room at the same time. My father never omitted to send some tit-bit from his own table, or a glass of wine, to whichever of his dependants he wished specially to honour; he would clink glasses cordially with them, settle his accounts, discuss the moment favourable for this work or that, arrange the next day's plans. Everybody was pleased, and good humour reigned supreme.

The evenings were spent together. The masters read, wrote, or followed their chosen occupation; the menservants peeled the chestnuts for the next day; the maids took their distaffs and spun. At ten o'clock night prayers were recited by one of the children, and the household retired to rest.

On Sundays and feast-days the housework was done with more particular care, and best clothes were worn. The twelve-o'clock dinner was more elaborate; the table was decked with clean linen. The best of everything was reserved for those days—the fattest poultry, the tenderest game, sucking-pigs, and early vegetables and fruit.

Most houses kept one or two maids, and a man to look after the horse and garden and work in the fields. Wages were of the smallest. Reference to my father's account-book shows that maids received twenty or thirty francs, a garment or two, some body-linen, and two pairs of *sabots* every year. Servants rarely left their employer; they entered his service as youths and maidens and remained with him for



life. The nurse who brought me up had performed the same office for my father.

There was very little education in the country *bourgeois* class, though in the towns and the capital the standard was high. There were many men of trained intellect, to whom the Revolution brought an opportunity they were not slow to seize. The education of women was completely neglected; few could do more than read haltingly, very few could write, while the peasants could do neither. Even in the best houses *patois* was habitually spoken. My father was much criticised for insisting upon pure French being used in all our home affairs. Even the priests preached in *patois*; had they done otherwise they would not have been understood.

Owing to this dearth of intellectual advantages, superstition and credulity flourished. Apparitions of the devil, of spirits, of the were-wolf, the existence of witches and sorcerers, were firmly believed in. Why, even in these days we are not so very much wiser. I know by my own experience how difficult it is to eradicate one's early impressions. In spite of the strict supervision exercised by my parents, my little head was stuffed full of old wives' tales, and even in mature age all my powers of reasoning have occasionally been needed to rid my mind of their effect.

As I have already said, the townspeople were more enlightened, and their habits of life more refined, although well-to-do folk who possessed country houses as well, repaired thither in their spare time and frankly relapsed into the clownish customs of their neighbours.

People were sociable. Hospitality was simple, but

generous; friends or relations arriving unexpectedly were cordially welcomed and given the best entertainment possible. Communication was difficult; high-roads were few, and country lanes were mere quagmires. The men rode, the women bestrode donkeys. There were no conveyances, either public or private. As late as 1812 Périgueux boasted only one ramshackle stage-cart, which carried the mails three times a week between Limoges and Bordeaux, and was the only means of communication with Paris.

Post-offices were scarce and frequently far removed from the localities they served. Letters might remain a month in the office, if a convenient opportunity for forwarding them failed to present itself to the postmaster.

Churchyards served as common meeting-grounds, and sometimes as markets. They were not enclosed. Our house overlooked the church and churchyard. The lord of the manor, his family, the parish priest, and a few others had the privilege of being buried in the church; the custom endured even after 1789, though the law permitting it was repealed in that year.

Such was Périgord in the days of my childhood.

I trust my readers will bear with me while I make a few remarks on the changes which have been brought about within my lifetime.

New generations have sprung up, bringing with them new habits. The old simple calm life, devoid of excitement or ambition, bred in the mind a tranquillity seldom to be found to-day. But one must admit that our own period offers an amelioration so

remarkable as to leave little inclination to regret the past.

The castles scattered broadcast over the country had sometimes served to oppress the people, but more often to protect and defend them. A great many were ruthlessly sacrificed to the rancour of the revolutionaries. Irreparable losses were thus incurred; no art treasures were sacred to the coarse fellows who perpetrated these acts of vandalism. Destruction was followed by enforced sale of national possessions; fine properties, beautiful castles were bought by the *bande noire* and rased to the ground. The *bande noire* was an association which traded in the materials provided by demolition. Lands were parcelled out, private parks handed over to the plough. This gave fresh impetus to farming; the number of small proprietors increased.

Agriculture has become more of a science. Soil formerly pronounced unprofitable now brings forth fine harvests. In many districts the cultivation of wheat has given place to that of rye and maize. More land has been given up for grazing, and the number of cattle increased. Much still remains to be done, but important progress has been inaugurated. Dwelling-houses are improved, air and light more freely admitted; greater cleanliness is maintained. The peasants are better clothed; the women wear kerchiefs and caps such as were formerly worn by their employers. Potatoes, which have now been in general cultivation for half a century, have become a staple article of food. The schools, established in all the parishes, begin to pierce through the darkness of ignorance. Useful books are brought into the villages. French is understood everywhere, and its

use in conversation is becoming more general. Unfortunately, female education is still neglected; girls' schools are rare in country districts. The mail service is now executed with punctuality and despatch. Posts arrive every day, and letters are delivered at once in the meanest villages. The cemeteries have been removed to a distance from the towns.

Long may an honourable peace and a wise administration endure, in order that these precious germs may fertilise and continue day by day to ameliorate the condition of our population!

## CHAPTER II

### THE REVOLUTION

THE Revolution spread with bewildering rapidity. Soon its far-reaching consequences began to manifest themselves. The aristocrats alone persisted in regarding it as a storm in a teacup. The majority proclaimed their intention of taking revenge later on, and making the lower classes pay dearly for the damage they were inflicting. The Marquis de Saint-Astier (A) came to take leave of my father, to whom he was greatly attached, the day before he emigrated. He announced his departure in these words:

“I am going to Coblenz. I have directed my man of business to apply to you if he should be in any difficulty. I hope you will be kind enough to advise him. I do not propose to be away more than six months.”

He was away eleven years!

One thing that puzzled my childish brain and caused me some emotion was the sight of roughly-clad men with loud voices and vulgar manners hectoring my grandfather on his own estate, and threatening my parents.

“Mother,” I remember asking one day, “why does the cobbler who mends my shoes come here and frighten father? Next time I see him I will tell him he is a scoundrel and turn him out of the place!”

My gentle mother had much ado to soothe me.

I used to go with my brother to a school in the vicinity. My schoolfellows, children of the lowest extraction, threatened us with their parents' wrath and told us they would come and take everything away from us.

Everybody went armed. Men met in the roads and public places to read the newspapers and publish the news. Each day brought fresh scenes of violence. The convents were turned into prisons and filled to overflowing. Honest folk trembled before the few blackguards who managed to impose their will on the majority.

During our sojourn in Périgueux I slept in my grandfather's study (c).<sup>1</sup> His papers, title-deeds, briefs, were packed away in bags, labelled, and numbered. They were carefully ranged on shelves, and, but for the difference in size of the parcels, the business-room was not unlike the shop of an old-clo' man.

We returned to the country, to spend a few months at La Siboutie, a small house in the woods not far from Saint-Germain-du-Salembre. We found all traces of the hated aristocracy being swept away. I saw a mason on his ladder singing appropriate verses while he defaced the escutcheons on the church wall and erased golden griffins, which in his ignorance he called the castle geese.

A much more regrettable incident was the destruction of the private documents and archives of the castles, churches, and convents. I saw a great heap of these collected one night in the churchyard

<sup>1</sup> M. François-Louis Cellier.

and set on fire. They were burnt amidst the plaudits of a crowd, which danced for hours round the bon-fire. I will not swear that I was not among the dancers myself, for all this disturbance was very much to my taste. My father, a collector and lover of historical documents, did what he could to prevent this act of vandalism; but he had to give way before the risk of showing too determined an opposition. Unfortunately archives and documents of the greatest value to history perished that day.

It was not till forty years later, when I was living in Paris, that I learnt that a considerable number of important papers from the archives of Saint-Germain and other parishes of the district of Neuvic were saved on the occasion above referred to by the Abbé Lespine. This learned and modest antiquary was living at the time with his family at Vallereuil. On the strength of his acquaintance with some of the persons responsible for their safe-keeping, he managed to possess himself of several of the most important folios. In later years, when he was appointed curator of the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale, he transferred the collection, to which he had added considerably in the meanwhile, to Paris (L).

At his death he bequeathed it to the Bibliothèque; it is preserved in the section of manuscripts, and bears the title "Lespine estate." It comprises one hundred and sixty volumes.<sup>1</sup> As I had the privilege of being both the friend and the physician of the worthy abbé for over twenty years, I had the opportunity of examining the collection at my leisure, and

<sup>1</sup> The Lespine estate forms Volumes 23 to 183 of the Périgord collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

am in a position to state that no more interesting material can be found anywhere concerning the history and inhabitants of Périgord.

One special day of 1789 is quoted by historians as the "Jour de la Peur." It was in August. News was suddenly brought to Périgord that the enemy were marching on us from either Saint-Astier or Neuvic. Some of the country people professed to have seen them; others said they could be observed from the church towers. The tocsin was rung in all the neighbouring parishes. People gave way to panic.<sup>1</sup> No one thought of inquiring whether it was possible for the enemy thus to drop from the clouds in several directions at once. Everybody seized the handiest weapon. It is an extraordinary coincidence that the same panic was experienced all over France on the same day. Mirabeau is said to have started it, to force the people to bear arms; but such an explanation does not seem worthy of credence. It resulted, however, in the organisation of a kind of national guard. Retired soldiers instructed the recruits; drums and colours served to impart a military appearance to the country folk.

The Revolution made daily progress. One morning I saw a crowd watching something in the churchyard. Presently some men climbed to the belfry, and after they had been at work a few hours one of the bells fell to the ground, and was smashed in

<sup>1</sup> G. Bussière writes about this mysterious fear in *Etudes historiques sur la Révolution en Périgord*, 3<sup>e</sup> partie, chapitre iv.; "La Grande Peur," by F. Funck-Brentano, in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* of July 13, 1907, also treats of it.



its descent. The bulk of the population witnessed this wanton act with deep regret, especially the women, who disapproved of the use our poor bell was to be put to; for they knew it was to be melted down for cannon, and presented to the parish for its defence. In the meantime it was loaded on to a cart, and disappeared into the revolutionary crucible.

Cannon were being made and gunpowder factories established in each of the county-towns. All the cellars were searched, and an enormous quantity of saltpetre collected; poor though the quality was, it could be made use of. The energy with which the revolutionary leaders turned every resource to account calls for reluctant admiration. Thus the improvised factories were managed by men who a few months earlier had probably never seen saltpetre. A very short time sufficed to organise stores and train workmen, and preparations went on apace. The moral effect of these measures was most salutary. France was threatened on every side. Volunteers rose in overwhelming numbers to defend the sacred soil of the mother-country. Their generous self-sacrifice and patriotism consoled in some measure the bleeding hearts of those who deplored the horrors committed in the name of Liberty.

The general alarm was at its height. Wretches, the veriest scum of the earth, had climbed to power in the towns and villages, and were revenging themselves for past misery by cruelly pursuing their former superiors. As an instance of the kind of creatures they were, I append a letter addressed to my father by an *agent national*:

“Cher consitoyen et collègue,<sup>1</sup>—J’ay le sitoyen Gilles de la commune de Astier qui m’a dit qu’il a vu 3 omes en qua chette du quoté du Verdier, il y a quelques jours le nommé Dru de votre commune. C’est un je crois que c’était le conducteur des deux otres et je panse que c’est des contrerévolutionnaires. Je te prie de l’ einterroger sur ces faits que ge t’espoqe, ou de nous l’envoyer issi alla chambre commune. Nous l’einterrogerons sur les dit fait.

“Fait à la chambre commune à Léon sur Lille<sup>2</sup> ce caing thermidor l. 2 d. l. Répub. fr.

“MAZE,

“*Agent national de la commune  
de Léon.*”

Yet the writer of the above letter was probably one of the best educated men in the countryside.

One Shrove Tuesday a happy family gathering was in progress at my grandfather’s house. We were amusing ourselves, according to the local custom, with pistol-firing, when towards the close of the evening an express messenger arrived from Périgueux and handed my grandfather an unsigned missive. It consisted of only four lines, giving him friendly warning that in the course of the same night or early the next morning he was to be arrested. We had but one available horse. My father saddled it, helped

<sup>1</sup> Any attempt to translate the above letter would frustrate Docteur Poumiès de La Siboutie’s object in quoting it. The reader will observe the style and spelling, and form his own idea of the kind of man who rose to high places during the Revolution.—*Translator’s note.*

<sup>2</sup> Saint-Léon-sur-l’Isle, about two and a half miles from Saint-Astier.

his father-in-law to mount, and, walking by his side, led the old man to a secret hiding-place six miles away. It was a bitterly cold night in February, and the lanes to be traversed were no better than quagmires. The next morning, as day broke, a detachment of *sans-culottes* burst in upon us. They were armed with pikes; some were barefooted, others wore *sabots*. They ran all over the house, searched every room, reviled my grandmother, ate and drank copiously, and finally retired, furious at being balked of their prey. Thus was my grandfather saved from death, for in those days imprisonment led inevitably to the scaffold.

We saw a terrible instance of this. There was a small proprietor called Delort, living in the village of Puy-de-Pont<sup>1</sup> with his wife and daughter, both women of exemplary piety. The family was held in high esteem by the whole neighbourhood. One bitter, wintry night there came a knock at the outer door. Madame Delort and her daughter were alone, in the temporary absence of the other members of the household. The knock was repeated, and they hastened to open. A man muffled in a cloak stood there, and with chattering teeth begged for admittance. As soon as he was safe inside he revealed himself as a fugitive priest; he begged for a little food, and said he would leave at once if they thought any danger would accrue to them from allowing him to spend the night under their roof.

"Monsieur," the mother replied gently, "we are in God's hands. You may remain here as long as you like."

<sup>1</sup> Parish of Neuvic-sur-l'Isle.

“Well said, mother,” added the daughter. “Even at the risk of our lives, we are bound to act thus.”

The girl was beautiful, generous, and warm-hearted, and, though quite uneducated, had acquired the highest principles, through the example of her excellent parents. The proscribed priest was made welcome, and treated with the delicate consideration women know so well how to bestow.

Unfortunately his entry into the cottage had been witnessed. All three were arrested, and speedily condemned. They mounted the scaffold together. The daughter's courage and resignation upheld the mother, whose anguish threatened to overwhelm her. She supported her parent's faltering steps and lavished tender caresses on her to the last. The priest exhibited the courage of a martyr; he begged forgiveness of the two women, gave them his blessing, and walked to his death as he would have gone to the altar (L).<sup>1</sup>

I have mentioned this one instance out of many, because it happened in our immediate neighbourhood.

The deaths of the King and Queen were a great grief to my father; he was of opinion that the Revolution could have been accomplished without such sanguinary sacrifices. He had a deep respect for the unfortunate King, and thought him honest and well-intentioned, though unequal to the situation in which he was placed. I remember my father's ideas on the subject quite well, and have always agreed with them. I have had the privilege of studying a collection of about a hundred letters from the unfortunate monarch, written by his own hand during

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Lavergne, priest.

the last three years of his life. One of them, dated August 10th, was actually penned in the grilled enclosure of the stenographer.<sup>1</sup> The letters bear the impress of a polished literary taste not generally ascribed to Louis XVI. He delights in quoting the classics. They are remarkable also for lofty sentiment and noble thought. Should they ever be published,<sup>2</sup> they will certainly help to rehabilitate the unfortunate monarch in the opinion of posterity. Later on I shall have opportunities of referring to the King and Queen, and of relating facts told to me by persons intimately connected with their lives.

I was well acquainted with Docteur Chambon, who was mayor of Paris at the time of the imprisonment and condemnation of Louis XVI. (c). He drove the King in his own coach to the Convention and afterwards to the Temple; I believe the same coach conveyed the victim to execution. Chambon was a learned physician, and moreover a perfectly honest man. He had barely seen Louis XVI. before his captivity. Sharing as he did the revolutionary opinions of the time, he held the prince responsible, primarily and solely, for the calamities which marked the opening years of the Revolution. But his prejudices disappeared as soon as he was brought into contact with the King. He recognised in him a man, simple, kind, affectionate, speaking never a word of hate against his enemies, rendering justice to all, advancing his opinions on people and events in a

<sup>1</sup> The King was accommodated in the stenographer's enclosure on the fatal day when he was brought before the Assemblée and condemned to imprisonment in the Tour du Temple.—*Translator's note.*

<sup>2</sup> An edition of the *Correspondance inédite de Louis XVI.*, appeared in 1864.

perfectly disinterested manner. Louis XVI. enjoyed discussing medical subjects and talked well. He told Chambon repeatedly that he considered a pleasant retreat in the country, alone with one's family and books, the height of human happiness.

"You must often have felt very bored," said Chambon one day to the King.

"I was never bored, because I was always busy. I used to apportion my time so that I was never without occupation. I worked with my Ministers, in my workshop, and among the books I loved so well. I hunted and walked, for I require a great deal of exercise. I gave audiences. Every moment of the day was filled."

Chambon was amazed at the King's good-nature. He said to me repeatedly:

"If only the poor King's enemies could have spent two days with him alone, not only would their prejudices have evaporated, but they would have learnt to love him. His was not merely the personal magnetism of a Louis XIV. or a Napoleon, but the fascination of a warm heart and sound intellect. He inspired affection quite unconsciously. If," Chambon would sigh, "twenty years of my life could have saved him, he should have had them willingly."

Another of my intimate acquaintances was the surgeon, Souberbielle (s), who died in 1846. He had served on the jury at the Queen's trial, and had voted for her execution. He has often told me that, in his opinion, she deserved her punishment. "And then," he would add, "you must remember that we were all mad for liberty at that time. I myself could easily have been a Decius or a Brutus. Since those days age has brought reflection, and I no

longer think as I did then. If it were all to happen over again, I should not condemn her to death. Her faults—I might even call them crimes—had been fully expiated by her sufferings. I was so little hostile to her personally, that when I was admitted to her cell the day before her trial and noticed its damp condition, I prevailed upon the authorities to remove her to a less unhealthy locality, though it might have cost me my head to show her favour.”

In 1814 he was presented at Court with the Constabulary, of which he was surgeon-major. The Duchesse d’Angoulême fainted on hearing his name, and the next day he was dismissed from the force.

I may add that he had also been on the jury at Danton’s trial, and was one of the Vainqueurs de la Bastille; he wore the medal commemorating the latter event. He told me that the actual seizing of the prison had not presented any great difficulty, but that the courage of the assailants was nevertheless beyond all praise.

“Shot rained upon us, and we had very poor fire-arms ourselves. When the big gates were forced I found myself among those who poured into the interior. I shall never forget the impression those court-yards and dungeons made upon me. Every detail was calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the unfortunate prisoners. Since those days I have seen all the prisons of Paris, but not one was so gloomy and awe-inspiring as the Bastille.”

Souberbielle also said:

“During the trial of Danton, who was a friend of mine, I dared not meet his eyes, for I was determined to condemn him, because I possessed absolute proof that he was planning the overthrow of the

Republic. On the other hand, I would have given my life to save Robespierre, for whom I cherished a brother's affection. No one knows better than I do how sincere, disinterested, and thorough was his devotion to the Republic. He was the scapegoat of the Revolution, but he was far the best of their men. All the historians assert that he carried on an intrigue with the daughter of Duplay, but as the family physician and constant guest of that house I am in a position to deny this on oath. They were devoted to each other, and their marriage was arranged; but nothing of the kind alleged ever sullied their love. Without being affected or prudish, Robespierre disliked loose conversation. His morals were pure. I can truthfully say that, after a lapse of fifty years, his memory remains green in my heart, and my affection for him is unimpaired. My efforts to save him brought me under grave suspicion; I had to remain in hiding for several months."

Souberbielle was the nephew of Frère Côme, a former Frère de la Charité. I saw him perform an operation with a perfectly steady hand and ultimate success after he was eighty years old. He preserved all his faculties to the ripe age of ninety. I take no responsibility for his opinions.

A lady of rank who rose from the lowest rung of the ladder to the high station she afterwards adorned, was witness of the last moments of the Queen and gave me an account of them in the following words:

"The Queen sat quite alone in a market cart, between Sanson and his assistant. Her hands were tied behind her back. She wore a white camisole, and a cap on her head, which had been tied on



crooked. She reached the Place de la Révolution by way of the Rue Royale, and was driven right round it to the guillotine, which was erected on the spot where the obelisk now stands. She was white as a sheet and trembled so that she had to be helped out of the cart. She was lifted rather than assisted on to the scaffold. Sanson tore off her cap, and in a moment all was over. My heart failed me, and I could not control my tears. I had to conceal them or I should have been torn in pieces by the mob. I ought to have been inured to such sights, for I had been brought up by an uncle who had a mania for watching executions, yet he was quite a kindly old man in every other respect. He never missed one, if he could help it, and always insisted on my accompanying him. Thus I saw many; among the more notable was that of Madame du Barry. Before she came into sight, her fearful shrieks reached us where we stood. She struggled violently and babbled incoherently. She had to be forcibly propelled up the steps."

In connection with Madame du Barry, I may state that I knew and saw a great deal of her brother-in-law, the Marquis d'Argicourt. He was the only one of that family who had any moral worth. He was a man of great rectitude and was esteemed by all who knew him. He was fond of talking about Madame du Barry, and invariably took her part.

"She could not have turned out other than she did," he would say. "Her training, the surroundings in which her childhood and early youth were spent, must have stifled all natural inclination towards modesty and morality. Yet she was good at

heart: she never willingly did any one an injury; she prevented many an arrest, and snatched numerous victims from the cruel maw of the Bastille. She was very different from such King's mistresses as Diane de Poitiers, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Pompadour. Some day history will own that, courtesan though she was, the greater part of her influence was exerted in doing good and preventing evil."

I also knew Zamor (z), her little negro servant, who had been honoured by the caresses of the illustrious Court of Louis XV. In 1811 I came across him in Paris giving writing-lessons, and playing the fiddle at dances. He was in very poor circumstances and must often have looked back on the past with regret. I was talking to him on one occasion about the many notable persons he had been privileged to know, and he told me stories of the Court and the circle of Madame du Barry, which I much regret not having committed to writing at the time. He was a well-educated man and would not have been out of place in any society. Somebody reproached him in my presence for having denounced his benefactress and thus brought about her execution. He burst into tears and vehemently denied the accusation, but I very much fear it can be proved by official documents.

All who knew Marie Antoinette well and were admitted to intimacy with her have joined in praising the warmth of her heart and disposition. My old friend the Marquise de Saint-Aignan was several times present at little dinner-parties at the Trianon where ladies only, to the number of five or six,

were invited. They spent the greater part of the day together. The Queen was always cheerful, pleasant, and unaffected. On one occasion the little daughter of the concierge managed to slip into the dining-room. The Queen would not allow her to be turned out. She encouraged her chatter, and was much entertained at the freedom with which the little thing addressed her. She fed her herself, and even joined in the child's boisterous games.

Old Madame d'Aurival, who also knew the Queen well, spoke of her to me in the same terms. "The Queen was indulgent and kind. Although quick-tempered, she bore no ill-will and was easily appeased. Her manners were a happy combination of French vivacity and German good-nature." One day Madame d'Aurival happened to be in the gallery at Versailles with her little boy, a child of five or six years old, when the Court passed through on the way to Mass. The Queen was holding Mademoiselle, afterwards the Duchesse d'Angoulême, by the hand. Little d'Aurival escaped from his mother, rushed in between the guards, and planted himself in front of the Sovereign, at whom he stared open-mouthed.

There was a moment's silence, which he broke, crying shrilly:

"Mother, how lovely the Queen is! But her little girl will have to be put in prison; she turns her toes in."

The Queen shrieked with laughter and kissed the little boy heartily.

In later years I experienced curiosity to see Trianon, the Queen's favourite residence, again. I went there and walked all over what is called the hamlet: it consists of a farm, dairy, presbytery, mill, manor-

house, the bailiff's house, constable's cottage, and the Marlborough tower.

On certain days the Court went to the hamlet at Trianon. Louis XVI. acted as lord of the manor, his brothers as the bailiff and the schoolmaster; Cardinal de Rohan was the vicar, Maréchal de Richelieu the village constable; and last, but not least, the Queen was the dairy-woman and superintended a model dairy which was paved and faced with white marble.

Every one wore the dress of his or her office. Louis XVI. played his part quite naturally and light-heartedly. All the houses were rustic outwardly, but were furnished with the utmost luxury.

The hamlet has been allowed to fall into complete disrepair. In a short time the very houses will have crumbled away and the whole place become a mere memory. The Cupid in the Temple of Love was by Boucher. Bonaparte had it removed to Malmaison, and replaced by a bad copy which is still there.

But to return to the Revolution. The churches had been forcibly closed and were used only for public meetings, but divine worship was still carried on secretly. In spite of the danger of harbouring priests, shelter was freely offered to them. My grandmother had turned a large room into an oratory, where an old priest lived secretly under an assumed name and performed his sacred office daily. Many a child was baptised by him, we of the family acting as sponsors, to avoid publicity. I became at that time the godfather of a large number of little boys and girls. It is almost a miracle that my grandmother was never denounced. I am quite sure that,

in spite of her natural timidity, she would have endured capital punishment with unfaltering dignity.

Sundays were done away with. The *sans-culottes* met together on the days of *décadi* to sing patriotic hymns officially sent from Paris to the municipalities. Song was a powerful revolutionary weapon. The *Marseillaise* electrified the population. There were songs for every class and every occasion. Although they were almost devoid of literary merit, they fed the enthusiasm of thousands. Now that they have become like to the dead ashes of some great conflagration, it is difficult to understand the secret of their immense influence. The fourth verse of the *Marseillaise* used to be sung kneeling,<sup>1</sup> in reverential attitude. The tunes became favourites for dancing. I have often danced to them myself or played them for others, and I have worn coats and waistcoats called *ga-ira*, *carmagnoles*, and *sans-culottes*.

The *Marseillaise* is the best known of the revolutionary songs. It is the only one that has survived, and I have seen the mob as deeply thrilled by it in 1830 as in the old days of the first Revolution. The words and music were written in one night by Rouget de Lisle, at Strasbourg. He used to grumble because Méhul, who was asked to orchestrate it, made several alterations in the notes which have remained to this

<sup>1</sup> The following is the verse in question:

“Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides,  
L’opprobre de tous les partis!  
Tremblez, vos projets parricides  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. (*bis*)  
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre:  
S’ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,  
La terre en produit de nouveaux,  
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.”

day. Rouget de Lisle was deeply mortified at the mutilation his sublime air had suffered, and never failed to restore the original passages, whenever a copy of Méhul's music fell into his hands. He died at Choisy-le-Roi in 1836.

On the 14th of July a plaster model of the Bastille was carried in procession through the streets of Périgueux and the county-towns of all the *départements*. Persons well acquainted with the Bastille say the model was made with great care, and was an exact replica of the prison. It used to be placed on a hand-barrow decked with the revolutionary colours, and borne through the streets escorted by *sans-culottes*, public officials, and soldiers singing republican hymns. If weather conditions were unfavourable for an outdoor procession, the gathering took place in what was formerly the parish church, now turned into a hall called the *décadaire*; songs were sung, and patriotic speeches delivered. It need hardly be said that speeches for the other side would have been very badly received, and were consequently never attempted.

One day our poor old tutor, *citoyen* Clavières, mounted the tribune and opened his discourse with these words of Virgil: *Libertas quæ sera tamen respexit inertem*. "Down with the aristocrat! Put him out! Turn out the *ci-devant*!" was shouted from every corner of the hall. In vain the unfortunate man assured the noisy throng the quotation was republican; they would not listen; he was forced to leave the tribune.

The same day another speaker, *citoyen* Sudret, began thus: "*Citoyens*, to-day is the 10th of August, a memorable day . . . the 10th of August is indeed

a memorable day . . . *Citoyens . . . citoyens . . .* Long live the Republic, and death to aristocrats!" These words had a prodigious success and were greeted with wild applause.

I was fond of slipping into these meetings, not so much for the sake of the speeches, as for the singing, which fascinated me, though I did not understand what it was all about.

I learnt later how much it used to pain my parents to hear revolutionary verses in my mouth; but they did not dare remonstrate with me, in case I should quote their reproaches, and thus draw upon them undesirable attention.

Passes, passports, identification cards were necessary for the smallest journey; one could not go from one parish to another without being thus provided.

With the object of urging on the march of the Revolution the Convention had sent representatives of the people into every *département* to preach a propaganda. Lakanal (L), who died a member of the Institut de France at an advanced age in 1845, was one of the first sent to our part. Lakanal was an ardent Republican, and as such had voted for the execution of the King. He was not a cruel man; indeed he was a simple-minded and agreeable fellow in all relations of life except public affairs. He was learned, but full of theories and ideas. He arrived in Dordogne armed with a complete code of rules, projects, and reforms which he evidently thought it would be quite simple to put into execution. For instance, meaning to improve the roads, he organised a general levy of workers. My father, mother, brother, and I were forced to turn out and work. It

is hardly necessary to point out that an untrained crowd of the sort could achieve no useful result, so the plan had to be abandoned.

When Lakanal first arrived at Périgueux he surrounded himself with all the notable members of the local Jacobin Club. Even the least important country place possessed its Jacobin Club, organised on the lines of the well-known one in Paris. Villefumade, or, as he was generally called, Fuma, was one of the most violent men of the period. M. Despieux, a man of quite mild opinions, was his lifelong friend. Fuma presented him to Lakanal, in order to ensure his safety from denunciation. The conversation was conducted in the following terms:

“*Citoyen Représentant*, allow me to present to you my friend, *citoyen* Despieux.”

“Ah! a patriot, no doubt?”

“Not a patriot, but an honest man, prepared to sacrifice life and fortune in the service of his country.”

Lakanal held out both hands to Despieux, and drew him towards him.

“Let us embrace each other, as mutual friends of Fuma,” said he.

Lakanal spent the fifteen years of the Restoration in America. I saw something of him after his return. He rendered signal services to art and science under the Convention; to him is due the foundation of several useful institutions. He was respected by every section of the community, and was much mourned at his death. He once said to me:

“The condemnation hitherto meted out to the Convention is based on the most unjust prejudice. Posterity will judge it more fairly, for it will have



greater facilities for realising the peculiar difficulties of that illustrious assembly in the mission it had to perform. It will recognise its burning love of country, its unexampled disinterestedness, and the courage and earnestness of the majority of its members."

All the *Conventionnels* of my acquaintance have spoken in the same terms, and have betrayed their deep resentment at the manner in which the public regarded their work. Now, when all concerned are dead, posterity has pronounced for them, and the prophecy of Lakanal is being realised every day. Indeed, the Convention did render immense service to France: it preserved the country from the yoke of the foreigner, and founded institutions which will live for all time.

"You need not be surprised," he used to say, "at the difficulty experienced in France in spreading liberal ideas. In the United States, where I lived for fifteen years, republicanism is so indigenous that monarchical principles are only grasped with difficulty. Even our ordinary forms of politeness are smiled at as servile and ridiculous. Well, even there, in the heart of a firmly established democracy, there are people who still regret the English rule. When it is pointed out to them that in the days of the English there were only three million inhabitants where there are now twenty, that few fortunes then totalled more than six thousand francs a year, whereas in the present day they are reckoned in thirties and forties of thousands, these worthy folk still shake their heads incredulously." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lamartine: "A new government rising up to replace old forms, old opinions, must inevitably wound many susceptibilities and many hearts during the process. Many years

Lakanal had been on very friendly terms with Robespierre for several years prior to the Revolution. "He was," he told me, "a man full of good qualities, and gifted with a most gentle nature. The moment has not yet arrived for me to state all I know and think of him; but my opinions are committed to writing, and some day they will see the light of day."

I may add that I have heard a Norman gentleman, M. de Broc, tell how in 1792, being forced to go into hiding with his wife and two children, he took lodgings in the house of one Duplay, under a fictitious name. He very rarely ventured out, and then only at night. Robespierre lodged in the same house. He was fond of children and took kindly notice of M. de Broc's little ones whenever he met them. This brought about an acquaintance with the parents. The Comte de Broc found him most agreeable.

"In spite of the injury he inflicted on several members of my family," he went on to say, "and in spite of his opinions which I execrate, I can never forget what he was to me at that time."

Robespierre's partisans assert that he might have saved himself by arming the Commune against the Convention, but that he would never consent to lay a sacrilegious hand on the national representation; they say he refused to sign the proclamation calling the Sections to arms. But this is a mistake. Robespierre was in the act of inditing the proclamation himself when the constable Méda smashed his jaw

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were needed to accustom republican America to the Republic, and even quite recently there were parties in its innermost ranks which proposed a return to a monarchical government. It lies in human nature."—*Author's note.*

with a pistol shot. The sheet of paper on which he had already written ten or twelve lines was spattered with blood; it is preserved in the splendid collection of autographs of the late Villenave; I have often seen it.

One of my patients was a wealthy retired builder and contractor called Palloy (P).

In the course of business he bought the Bastille, or rather the materials yielded by the process of demolition. Although the prison had been open to the public from the 14th of July, 1789, and had been visited by the whole of the town, Palloy was able to collect a sufficient number of interesting objects from among the ruins to form a museum. It contained every kind of relic: locks, enormous keys, bars, chains, rings, bolts, heavy hooks, all made of iron; old shoes, stones with hollows scooped out, similar to those sometimes found in old churchyards, etc. What has become, I wonder, of this collection, called by old Palloy, the Revolutionary, his Museum of Liberty? It would be valuable in these days. I possess one fragment of it, a stone from a dungeon wall.

In the year 1820 I was often called in to attend a woman who was known in the house where she lived as the widow Marat. I am convinced she was only Marat's mistress. She told me in confidence that, since the Restoration, she had met with such cruel treatment at the hands of the neighbours that she intended to migrate to another part of the town and change her name. She was extremely plain and could never have had any good looks. She assured me that in the whole course of her "married life" Marat had never given her a single cause for com-

plaint; that he was all gentleness and consideration in his home relations, but his fanaticism was so intense that he would cheerfully have sacrificed his life to bring about the triumph of his ideals. I know nothing more of the woman (E).<sup>1</sup>

In 1835 a man came to me at the public infirmary and asked for a free consultation. He was tall and bent, and gave his age as eighty-six. His appearance excited my curiosity, for though he was clothed in rags and looked abjectly poor, his dignified bearing and refined manner of speech betrayed a superior social position. I afterwards discovered that he was the Montaut of the *Convention nationale*, who had taken such an active part in its bloodthirsty deliberations during the Reign of Terror. When I visited him in his garret I found he was without the commonest necessities of life. He made no complaint, and bore stoically his present sufferings and the dreary prospect of ending his eventful life in the pauper ward of the infirmary. However, I was able to save him from that fate. I found out some of his rich relations, and they gave him assistance through me, without his knowledge.

I had many a long talk with him about the Convention and the notable men of that period. He, like all those of his colleagues I have met, protested that the intentions of the Convention were honest; he lauded its ardent patriotism, its integrity, and the courage of its members.

"The majority of us," he said, "were poor, and have remained so. I was a Marquis, and rich, but I gladly sacrificed both title and fortune to my political

<sup>1</sup> Simone Evrard.

convictions and my burning love for my country. If those who judge us so harshly now would study the history of our glorious Revolution, they would realise that circumstances dominated men. Now that my blood has cooled with age I am willing to admit that the Convention made mistakes. But, on the other hand, its noble achievements will force the forgiveness of posterity. Forgiveness, forsooth! Where would you find men of greater devotion, zeal, and passion for work? We laboured six and eight hours a day on committees, besides attending the ordinary sittings."

Montaut described his sufferings when he was transported to Sinnamary, with Billaud-Varennès and others, and how, on his return to France, he found himself an object of detestation, shunned even by his own family.

"I have lived alone, among my books," he said. "My political opinions and convictions have never changed. You will live to see that the future will avenge the past and the present" (M).

Old M. Spire, who was head of the accountant's department of the Ministère des Finances during the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, told me that the Republic of 1792 was absolutely disinterested. Cambon and the other members of the finance committee were scrupulously honest. Up to the fall of Robespierre the Treasury was constantly depleted, and was forced to make money by every available means; but not a penny was wasted; every disbursement was strictly for the country's needs. Later, it was otherwise. When Bonaparte was made First Consul he found the funds low, the accounts in

confusion, receipts anticipated, credit nil: everything pointed to the impossibility of avoiding bankruptcy.

M. de Sèze (s) often visited M. de Lacalprade (L), whom I attended professionally for many years. It interested me to hear him describe the great event of his life, his defence of Louis XVI. He did not strike me as worthy of his reputation. He was full of petty vanity; it was impossible for him to converse ten minutes without dragging in the name of the King half a dozen times. I met him on the very day, in May, 1825, when he was appointed a Cabinet Minister. It was on the occasion of the coronation of Charles X.; he was strutting about like a peacock. But his conversation was worth listening to, for the sake of the many curious side-lights he gave on the men of the Convention. Louis XVI. had reposed unlimited confidence in him; he requested him to interview all the influential members of the Convention privately on his behalf. M. de Sèze found that a great many had already formed their judgment and declined to hear him. Robespierre received him with distinguished politeness, and called him his dear colleague. Danton was rough and ill-mannered. Sieyès informed him gently that he intended to vote for the death-sentence. Some threatened him, and turned him out of their houses; the majority were timid and undecided, evidently waiting for a lead. "It must be admitted," said M. de Sèze, "that it was a case in which great determination and distinguished courage were needed." Barère and Cambacérès were typical waverers; the former would have been happy to save the King, if he could have done so with safety to himself, but he would have executed him with his own hands rather than suffer in person.

"I myself," M. de Sèze added, "was not without anxiety; I received over a hundred letters threatening my life if I contributed towards letting the tyrant escape his fate. My friends and relations implored me to take no part in a matter which was already prejudged. Every one is not born a hero, and I must confess there were moments when I had to struggle hard against fear and discouragement. After the judgment and condemnation of the King, the bold defence I had conducted on his behalf was looked upon as a crime, and I had to go into hiding for some months."

There is one fact I regret to have to state in connection with M. de Sèze. It is known to very few people, but I heard it from M. de Lacalprade, who was told by M. de Malesherbes (M). M. de Sèze charged Louis XVI. eighty-four thousand francs for his services. The King said nothing at the time, but when he received M. de Malesherbes a little later he told him how much this exorbitant demand had pained him, and how impossible it was for him to comply with it.

"It is a great deal to pay for a defence I disliked in many respects," he remarked. "Besides, where does he suppose I can find eighty-four thousand francs?"

"Pray allow me to do so, Sire. M. de Sèze is not well off. He feels he may be forced to leave the country, so he appealed to your Majesty."

"Ah, well, if that is the reason . . ." the King answered sadly.

Malesherbes himself paid M. de Sèze, as from the King. According to a memorandum found among

Malesherbes's papers, he applied successfully to Louis XVIII. for repayment.

The Comtesse de Rochefort related to me that her grandfather, M. de Larroque (L), had to conduct a lawsuit before the Parliament of Bordeaux. As he happened to be its President at the time, no attorney could be found to plead against him. At length one appeared, and M. de Larroque lost his case.

Some time later he met the attorney, and noticing that his manner betrayed embarrassment, he said to him encouragingly:

"*Maître*, you did perfectly right. My case was a bad one, or I should not have lost it. Far from owing you any grudge, I shall be pleased if I can serve you in any way."

"Well, *Monsieur le Président*, your kindness emboldens me to tell you that, as I am on the point of resigning my present appointment, I should like above all things to be made solicitor to the Parliament."

"Good. You shall be appointed to-morrow, *Maître de Sèze*."

The attorney was the father of de Sèze the King's counsel.

I was very well acquainted with Barère, whom I mentioned above. The first time we met we sat next each other at table in the house of some friends with whom he dined regularly once a week. He was elaborately dressed, and his hair was powdered and tied in a queue; his pleasant features were expressive of simplicity and good-nature. We got on extremely well during dinner, and I was delighted with my new acquaintance. As soon as we left the table I hastened to ask the name of my charming neighbour.



When I was told "Barère" I could not repress an involuntary shudder; and whenever we met subsequently, which was fairly often, I felt a certain constraint in his presence.

Barère was a good talker, but he had the tiresome monomania of seeking, in season and out of season, to justify his conduct during the Revolution. He could not leave the subject alone. One thing strikes me now, on looking back, and that is that, unlike the other *Conventionnels* I have known, he often spoke harshly of the Convention. I have always heard the others extol the greatness and dignity of that celebrated assembly, and attribute the evil it perpetrated to circumstances rather than to any fault of its members. Barère's anxiety to set himself right before posterity led him to write *Memoirs*, which he bequeathed in his will to H. Carnot for publication. Carnot handed the manuscript to M. Emmanuel, who edited it. I saw the manuscript several times, and am in possession of a portion of it. It consisted of an enormous mass of loose sheets, each of which contained one incident, with an explanation of the line Barère thought fit to take with regard to it. Some events were reported fifteen or twenty times, either in the same words, or with some trifling variation; the pages were not numbered, the dates not given; it was a regular litter of papers. The *Memoirs* were nevertheless published, but they have no merit. The best account of Barère is given in a *Life* by H. Carnot, which, although slightly biassed, gives a reasonable estimate of the actions and opinions of the man who gained such unenviable notoriety (B).

I have read Lamartine's *Girondins* twice, with great pleasure. I know all the criticisms provoked

by a work which has been justly called the romance of history. Romance it may be, but truthful romance, teeming with incident, emotion, and adventure; it is a narrative in which men, events, and circumstances are judged impartially. Many of the personages who figure in its pages have been personally known to me: Chambon, the mayor of Paris at the time of the King's judgment and execution, Montaut, Santerre, Henry Larivière, Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, Carnot, and others. There are, however, a few errors in this magnificent work. For instance, concerning the death of the Queen, the author writes: "In the books of the Madeleine cemetery the following entries are to be found: 'Coffin for the widow Capet, 7 francs,' and a few pages further, at the death of the Girondins: '21 coffins and expenses of burial, 210 francs';" whereas the truth is that all those who were executed at that period were thrown into a common grave, without coffins. I was once talking of this to an old man called Janiquet, who had been employed at the cemetery of the Madeleine until it was closed in 1798. To my questions he replied: "Coffins indeed! we received the bodies and the heads separately just as they were brought in. Part of the clothing was generally stolen on the way; sometimes even, if the police who accompanied the corpses did not remain until they were put underground, we buried them naked. Until quite lately I had some linen I had come by in that way, and I still have a few old garments from the same source." When the Madeleine cemetery became over-full, the Clamart was used, but it also has long been closed.

It was after 1793 that the corpses of the executed were removed to Clamart. I think Madame Roland

was buried there, though until after the death of Robespierre a few were still taken to the Madeleine. Janiquet was transferred to Clamart and died after the Restoration. When the executions took place on the Place du Trône, an enormous pit was dug in the Plaine de Monceau. Although Robespierre was executed on the Place de la Concorde, he was thrown with twenty-one others into the common grave at Monceau.<sup>1</sup> Terror reigned so despotic that the nearest relations and most devoted friends hardly ventured to evince the slightest interest in the victims. The shedding of one tear was accounted a crime!

Although my father maintained the attitude of reserve necessary for the safety of his family, he attended all public meetings, spoke at them, and endeavoured by voice and example to influence the people in favour of moderation. Many owed their liberty, aye, their lives even, to him. He accepted every trust offered, every office thrust upon him, to prevent their being committed into bad hands. He heartily disapproved of those of his neighbours who, through fear of being compromised, held aloof, and left the field open to marplots and mischief-makers.

The sale of national property had transferred the estates of proscribed landowners into other hands. Some of those who were thus driven into exile richly deserved their fate, but others were the victims of circumstances. The new possessors could hardly credit their good fortune. Some there were who from conscientious or other motives would not buy such estates. I have heard people say: "The pro-

<sup>1</sup> Called Cimetière des Errancis.

perty may be seized again, but I am not risking much." The partition of land, the destruction and mutilation of fine properties, the cutting down of those beautiful woods and forests so carefully tended by our forefathers, all date from this period. The closing of convents and the confiscation of goods threw an enormous quantity of stock and furniture on to the market.

Documents and archives which had chanced to escape destruction were put to the lowest uses. Alas for the irreparable loss to our ancient national history! Libraries, thrown pell-mell into carts, were taken to Périgueux and heaped up in the church and college.<sup>1</sup> Happily certain men of education and influence were able to rescue these intellectual treasures. To the winnowing from all these books we chiefly owe our magnificent library at Périgueux.<sup>2</sup> In 1803, when I was attending the Ecole Centrale, I saw the church literally stacked with books left exposed to injury from the elements. I believe they were afterwards sold by weight.

Furniture was sold for absurd prices, and passed from sumptuous homes to the meanest cottages. Thus the bishop's bed was bought by the shoemaker. When I first went to Paris in 1810, articles of the highest artistic value were still to be found in the homes of poor workmen. When the Louis XIV.,

<sup>1</sup> The latter building was turned into a *préfecture* first, and is now an *école normale* for school-teachers.

<sup>2</sup> This library was principally collected from books belonging to the abbeys, convents, and libraries of the Société Littéraire (1780) and the Ecole Centrale de la Dordogne (1795-1804). It possesses several works which belonged to Marie Antoinette, likewise black-letter editions and priceless books of engravings. Its history has been compiled by M. Ch. Daubige.

Louis XV., and Pompadour fashion set in again, many a fine piece of Buhl passed back again from the labourer's cot to the luxurious salon it had once adorned.

The greater portion of the national property was at first given away; not sold. Often a considerable estate could be bought at the price of the cattle, pigs, and horses seized in its sheds and stables. Some were paid for with paper money which only represented a nominal value.

Famine broke out. My father was visited, to find out whether he had any wheat or other provisions stored away. Fortunately he succeeded in concealing a few sacks of flour and dried vegetables, so he was able to feed his own family and a few starving poor.

My father was the first to start the plan of growing potatoes on a large scale in the district of Neuvic. They were an almost unknown vegetable in Périgord at the end of the eighteenth century.<sup>1</sup> A few feet of ground were devoted to them in the gardens, with no thought of making serious use of the produce. My father's idea was made fun of among his neighbours at first, but when a splendid crop resulted, and brought in a good sum of money, they all set to work to follow his example.

At this juncture a tutor joined our family circle. He considered himself fortunate to escape the pitfalls of town-life. He had already got himself into trouble by singing revolutionary songs in the streets. He

<sup>1</sup> The introduction of the potato into Périgord is primarily due to Marguerite de Bertin, sister of the Comptroller-General of Finance. She started it in 1770, before Parmentier made its cultivation universal. (G. Bussière, *op. cit.*, i., 121.)

turned out to be a charming young fellow, gentle, well educated, and he gained the affection of every one. His name was Charles; he was a native of Périgueux. He carried out my father's ideas for our education. In fine weather we did our lessons out of doors, and good work was done in consequence. He would make a reward of this change of school-room, saying: "You boys have done well to-day, so to-morrow we will go and study at La Siboutie, or the Grand-Pré, or the summer-house at La Vigne."

The remembrance of these careless happy days cheers me now after the lapse of half a century. As I grow older, my thoughts dwell more and more regretfully in the past.

Our good friend M. Charles was very learned; and my father, who was a good classical scholar, delighted in a companion who shared his literary tastes. In the long winter evenings the poets and Latin authors were discussed at length. Together they read *Lucretia*, always a favourite with my father. The study of Cicero started many comparisons between the storms which marked the death of liberty in Rome and those now heralding the birth of our own.

My father had a small but well-selected library, and was devoted to it. I have inherited his tastes to a certain extent. I love my books; I take great care of them, and dislike lending them. Once when a friend of mine wanted to borrow one of my treasures from me, I was begging him, perhaps a trifle too earnestly, to be careful of it:

"It will last longer than you will, anyway," was his rather cross reply.

M. Charles remained two years with us, and then,

impelled by the need of his country, joined the army. My father obtained for him the command of the young *Réquisitionnaires* who formed the contingent of the district of Neuvic. He very soon attracted favourable notice from his superiors and was promoted. When I was in Paris in 1811 studying medicine, a fine-looking officer entered my room one day and embraced me tenderly without uttering a word. It was our M. Charles. He asked for news of my home and people in terms of the greatest affection. He said he owed not only his worldly advancement but also his principles and ideals to my father, and that he had never forgotten us for one moment. We spent two delightful days together. I never saw him again. He rejoined his regiment in Spain, and there met his death . . . (c).

The country was now in a less serious condition and order was emerging from the chaos. My father had been made *Commissaire du Directoire* of the district of Neuvic. Being possessed of sufficient authority to suppress agitators, he filled the district assemblies with men of solid worth, and thus restored law and order. He obtained permission from the authorities to reopen the churches, and in the absence of a priest, M. Margard the schoolmaster used to read the service on Sundays and expound the day's Gospel in simple words. This partial return to religion was joyfully welcomed; the peasants filled the churches. I remember doing my small share by singing the hymns and Christmas carols with my brothers.

Although my father viewed with reprobation the excesses of the Revolution, he was a firm upholder of its principles, which he considered reasonable and

equitable. When it was argued before him that Liberty was responsible for great abuses, he would point out that good is rarely unaccompanied by evil and that no radical change can be accomplished without great disturbance. "Our children will commiserate us for having lived in these stormy times, but they will bless us for what we have done for them," he would say.

The successes of our army filled him with joy, and he was proportionately cast down when reverses were encountered. The victories of Bonaparte in Italy called forth his profound admiration. He would relate them in detail to the neighbours. Bonaparte became his hero: he was devoted to him, and in his small way supported him to the full extent of his influence. But when the hero began to gag his followers, to crush liberty under pretext of regulating it, to recreate the abuses the Revolution had redressed, my father abandoned his cause. He judged him temperately, fully recognising all that had been great and noble in his administration, but he never forgave his ambition and despotism.

In proportion to his pride in the prowess of our armies abroad was his sorrow over our internal disunion. He was generously indignant at the conduct of those of our *émigrés* who fought in foreign armies: "They are doing grievous harm," he said; "they are killing the esteem of honest men; their behaviour is contemptible." The siege of Lyon and the war in la Vendée affected him profoundly. He gloried in the gallantry of our men. Surely no portion of history presents a grander spectacle than that afforded by the devotion of the troops under Bonaparte. One could quote any number of instances of their uncom-



plaining acceptance of hardships. One will suffice—I heard it from Marescot, a general of engineers. Being in charge of some fortification operation with the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, he managed to obtain money to pay the men, but there was none for the officers. The Chief of the Staff came to him and begged the loan of a louis to buy himself some jack-boots, as his only pair had been without soles for a fortnight.

“As for my clothes,” he said, “they are in pretty poor condition, as you can see; but as it is summer I will make them do till winter!”

The clothes were in rags, but this fine officer proposed wearing them until they actually dropped off him.

The Republican calendar was the only one permitted. All kinds of words and colloquialisms were prohibited, and replaced by Republican equivalents. Thus my father, playing piquet with a lieutenant of constabulary, would say “14 *citoyennes*,” and the lieutenant would answer, “Not good; I have 14 tyrants.”

It was hard to keep one’s countenance and not smile at such trivialities. There are old people in Paris who from force of habit still say *Faubourg Antoine*, *Rue Nicaise*, or *Rue Barbe*, without adding the prefix *Saint* or *Sainte*. Everybody knows the story about M. de Saint-Janvier:

“What is your name?”

“*De . . .*”

“There are no more *De*.”

“*Saint . . .*”

“There are none.”

“*Janvier*.”

“*Janvier* exists no longer.”

And his passport was made out in the name of *citoyen Nivôse, ci-devant de Saint-Janvier*.

After the departure of M. Charles our further education was entrusted to an old seminarist, with whom we boarded for three years.

We did not learn much from him, but his moral training was excellent. During this period our plenipotentiaries were assassinated at Rastadt. To commemorate the event, the pupils of every school, academy, and college in the whole country were ordered to pronounce the following imprecation in loud and distinct accents before retiring to rest. The words remain graven on my memory: "At seven o'clock on the evening of the 9th *floréal*, year VII., the Austrian Government inflicted a sanguinary death at the hands of its soldiers on the French plenipotentiaries who had been sent to the Congress of Rastadt to negotiate peace. Revenge! revenge!"

It must have been desperately painful to our gentle master to be obliged to make us repeat these violent words immediately after the night prayers in which we besought the Almighty to forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.

The three splendid words *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité* were inscribed in large characters on the walls of every school. Not all the excesses committed in their name have been able to rob them of their sacred character.

About this time bands of so-called *chauffeurs* or brigands overran Dordogne and terrorised the whole country-side. These brutes would suddenly make their appearance in some isolated hamlet and perpetrate the most fiendish atrocities. The mere men-

tion of their name was sufficient to cause a panic among the rural population. Their wicked deeds lost nothing in the telling. My father had all our weapons put into good order, laid in a stock of ammunition, and himself superintended the locking of the doors at night. At sundown everything was bolted and barred and not opened again without the utmost precaution. The crimes these wretches committed became so numerous that stringent measures had to be taken to rid the country of them. They were chiefly deserters, defaulters, and escaped or liberated prisoners. The chief of the Dordogne band passed under the name of La Bredandaine; it was rumoured that he was of good birth and had occupied a high position in the army. A concerted attack was made upon them; they defended themselves with spirit; several were killed, some escaped, and a great many were captured. La Bredandaine was among the latter; he was picked up unconscious and covered with wounds, from which, however, he recovered in time to be executed with his comrades at Périgueux. Not the most stringent inquiries prosecuted in the name of the law succeeded in piercing the veil of mystery surrounding La Bredandaine: his identity was never established; he carried his secret with him to the grave. He was a man of forty-five or fifty, of courtly manners, and refined diction; he did not condescend to offer a defence. He and the rest of his men marched to death with the utmost intrepidity.

By this time we had left our little school, and were studying at Périgueux. The town presented a somewhat singular aspect, also to be found in other parts of France. It was caused by the transference of

places and fortunes. The sale of national property had at last been taken seriously. New proprietors had quickly become accustomed to their new positions; others had made lucky speculations. The result was an entirely novel grade of society composed of people formerly poor, now become rich, side by side with those whom fate had treated in the opposite way. Society as at present constituted bears no trace of the upheaval it experienced at that time; but people who are old enough to recall the days of the Consulate can relate much that is odd and eccentric of those days. The reaction after the long period of plague, pestilence, and disturbance, produced a veritable thirst for pleasure; every opportunity of merry-making, dancing, and picnicking was seized upon. Aristocracy and middle class mingled freely. This fusion of classes lasted only until the Restoration; thereafter the aristocracy resumed its splendid isolation and once more lived apart.

The sensation produced by Bonaparte on his return from Egypt has not been exaggerated. It was truly prodigious. I remember my father bringing us the news from Périgueux; it spread rapidly, and was greeted with extravagant joy. The peasants rushed out of the cottages and wrung each others' hands with eager delight; bells were rung and bonfires lighted.

From the earliest years of the Consulate the weight of a yoke, which was to become insupportable in time, began to make itself felt. It was borne easily at first because it was thought the young Consul had no option but to tighten his grip on certain factions always ready to sow dissension in the Republic.

The less prominent members of the Convention had returned to their districts and resumed the practice of their professions. Noël Pointe (r), some of whose speeches are to be found in *Le Moniteur*, came to Périgueux and settled down as a gunmaker; his wife took in fine washing. Though he had been an excessively violent member of the Convention, Noël Pointe was a mild man in private life. He never referred to the past, and was particularly reserved in conversation. He was respected and liked by everybody.

*Préfets* had just been instituted. As a rule they were men of experience; many had been through the campaigns of the Revolution; others had served in one or other of the legislative assemblies. The *préfets* were all personally known to the First Consul, received their instructions from his own lips, and were advised by him. It must be admitted that they were despotic to a degree of which the present system of *préfectures* can give no idea. The first *préfet* in Dordogne was M. Rivet (r); his son has since been a *député* and *préfet* of the Rhône. He was upright and just, but his rule was stern. The clergy obeyed his orders without murmur; returned *émigrés*, erstwhile Jacobins, fanatical republicans, one and all walked in the narrow path, and knew that the slightest deviation would be rigorously punished. Villefumade, who, though excitable, was quite inoffensive, and was beloved by everybody, was torn from the bosom of his family, no one ever knew why, and banished to Ribérac, where he died (v).

During the period of the Revolution, and up to that of the Consulate, the arrival of newspapers was

eagerly looked for in the country districts. They were literally snatched from hand to hand. The Government worked openly; decrees, orders, laws, resolutions, items of news from inside and out, were addressed to the *départements*. Each district printed and placarded these in every parish and village. But Napoleon detested not only the liberty of the press but the press itself. One of his earliest measures was to suppress it as far as lay in his power. In Paris the number of newspapers was restricted to five, and placed under rigorous censorship. They were reduced to very small proportions, and the price was raised. Besides Paris readers there were thousands all over the country. By way of compensation the official army reports were issued in great quantities. This state of things continued until 1814, when the need of more newspapers became imperative.

In the course of my forty years' sojourn in Paris I have seen several revolutions. I have noticed that each time a government is overthrown, its successor begins by proclaiming itself in favour of the press and publicity. This lasts for a short time, but the moment the new government finds itself firmly established the restrictions begin again, accompanied by censure, fines, and imprisonment. No French government has ever yet remained favourable to the press. Why is this? To what end this hatred of so valuable an organ? Are we never to have a government enlightened enough, shrewd enough, to profit by the lessons of the past and adopt frankly the liberty of the press as practised in England?

In place of the colleges which had been engulfed

in the revolutionary torrent, a central school was established in the county-town of each *département*. The professors were numerous and carefully selected; the majority belonged to teaching corporations; a few aristocrats, exiles who had crept back to France under assumed names, managed to get themselves enrolled among them.

I knew the Abbé Jacoupy (J), who died in 1848, Bishop of Agen, and heard the following story from his own lips. The Abbé had left France in 1793, to save his head. He went to England, and remained there, teaching French and Latin, until the opening days of the Consulate. He arrived in Paris in 1801, at the moment of the signing of the *Concordat*. He had seen in the reports of the battles of the Republic that a French general of the name of Jacoupy was holding high rank in the French Army and stood high in the favour of the First Consul. As this officer happened then to be in Paris, the Abbé went to call upon him.

“My heart beat fast as I rang the bell,” he told me. “I, a poor priest, wretchedly clad, trembled at the idea of finding myself face to face with a general of the Republic. His kind, jovial, military countenance reassured me at once. Still I hesitated, and hardly knew how to open my subject.”

“Well, my friend, I see you have something to ask of me. Speak without fear. I am quite ready to help you if I can.”

“General, I am unknown as yet, and have no claim on your kindness beyond that of bearing your own name. I am called Jacoupy, like you.”

“Well, well, that is something. Speak.”

“Before the Revolution I was curate of a small parish in Périgord, near Ribérac. I should much like to return there as parish priest.”

“That is not a very high ambition. Come back to-morrow,” replied the General, jotting down in his note-book the name the Abbé gave him, by way of reference.

The following day the Abbé returned, feeling somewhat more at his ease.

“As I said yesterday, you are not asking very much. A country curacy! Why do you not plead for a bishopric?”

“Oh, my views are not so exalted. I should be afraid of not fulfilling the duties satisfactorily. I am really only a poor country priest.”

“The job is not so difficult as you think. You will soon learn the duties. I have applied for the bishopric of Agen for you. You are to have it. The First Consul has promised it to me.”

From that moment the closest friendship sprang up between the two namesakes. The Abbé filled the See of Agen with great dignity during forty years; his name is still venerated in the diocese.

The story of the young drummer, Etienne, who was the first to swim the canal at the battle of Arcola and was rewarded with the Croix d'Honneur, is interesting. Etienne was afterwards drum-major of the 10th Légion of the Garde National, to which I belonged. I saw a good deal of him, and have heard him describe this incident of the campaign in Italy. At my request he wrote the following note. I transcribe it below exactly as I received it from him.



Etienne died on January 1, 1838; the whole staff of the Légion, with numerous deputations from regiments of the line and the Garde National, followed his body to the grave. His figure is among those of historical personages sculptured by David on the front of the Panthéon.

Copied verbatim:<sup>1</sup> "Etienne (André), born October 13, 1777, at Cadenet (Vaucluse); joined the 2nd battalion of the volunteers of the Bouches-du-Rhône, commanded by *citoyen* Valon, as drummer on September 27, 1792. The said battalion was, at Suspel, *comtat de Nice*, amalgamated with the 99th half-brigade, which afterwards became the 51st half-brigade of Infantry of the Line. *Citoyen* Lafon was Colonel, and Soulas Captain of the 3rd battalion. Nandout was Captain of the Grenadier regiment in which I was a drummer (*sic*) at the battle of Arcola, November 15, 1796, when I swam across the canal under the enemy's fire, in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief Bonaparte, General of Division Augereau, Brigadier-General Lannes.

" (*Signed*) ETIENNE.

" Paris, September 23, 1837."

M. J. Bessièrès, *député* for Dordogne, who died a peer of France in 1840, related his romantic adventures several times in my presence. I should like to give them here, as they have never yet been published, though I believe he left Memoirs.

He was attached in early youth to the Egyptian expedition, and was taken prisoner with Pouqueville,

<sup>1</sup> From the Poumiès de La Siboutie collection of autographs (*Bibl. mun. de Périgueux*).

who was afterwards a member of the Académie Française and wrote a curious History of Modern Greece. They were both sent to Constantinople, where they were sold as slaves, passed through the hands of several masters, and were finally bought for the celebrated Ali Pasha of Janina, and set to work as gardeners.

One day Bessières was watching the drill of Ali Pasha's guard. He could not restrain a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"What is the meaning of that, dog of a Christian?" shouted Ali brutally. "Do my soldiers not drill properly?"

"They know nothing whatever about it!"

"You impertinent rascal! I will have your head cut off."

"That will not improve your soldiers."

The Pasha looked straight into Bessières's eyes, and said more gently:

"Show me what is wrong with them."

Bessières seized a musket and went rapidly and skilfully through the exercises.

The Pasha was much impressed.

"Could you teach my soldiers to do that?"

"Aye, and much besides!"

"It is well. To-morrow you shall take up the duties of instructor."

At the end of one month the soldiers knew the manual exercise perfectly and could drill passably. The Pasha was enchanted, and showed his gratitude. Bessières became a favourite.

One morning Ali started off very early with engineers and other officers to inspect the site of some fortifications he proposed to erect on the extreme

frontier of his pashalic. Bessières watched his opportunity, and when the attention of the engineers was fully engaged he dug spurs into his fiery mount and dashed off at top speed. Shots were fired wildly after him, but he galloped on unhurt. In five minutes he was over the border, and ten days later had rejoined the French Army in Italy, just in time for the battle of Marengo.

Bonaparte, the First Consul, was desirous of treating with Ali Pasha on certain matters. The story of young Bessières's adventures having reached his ears, he sent for him, and proposed that he should undertake a special mission to the redoubtable Pasha.

"He will cut my head off," answered Bessières.

"You will be the Envoy of the French Republic. He will not dare touch a hair of your head."

Bessières went. Protected as he was by his diplomatic position, the Pasha received him with the utmost urbanity.

"You were lucky to make your escape. Had you been caught, I should have caused you to be impaled. Pray now, tell me the object of your mission."

He overwhelmed Bessières with attentions, begged him to assure the great General Bonaparte of his attachment and devotion, and they parted mutually pleased with one another.

M. de Pouqueville managed to take refuge in Greece.<sup>1</sup> He set up as a doctor, became consul, and collected the materials for his *Histoire de la Grèce*. He said to me, "Herodotus broke off his work

<sup>1</sup> In connection with the diary of the captivity of François de Pouqueville ("Une année de ma vie en Morée"), cf. M. Jules Lair's lecture at the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, November 14, 1902.

at the enslaving of Greece; I have stopped at its emancipation."

His history embraces the Middle Ages, the conquests of the Crusaders, and the Turkish domination. It met with a very favourable reception.

## CHAPTER III

### THE EMPIRE

AFTER the Consulate came the Empire, and the Coronation. All France was jubilant. Nevertheless, symptoms of opposition were already beginning to manifest themselves, and were destined to go on increasing. The following curious announcement was circulated, and was received with approval:

“Citoyens frères et amis  
De la province et de Paris,  
Partisans de la République,  
Grands raisonneurs en politique  
Dont je partage le douleur,  
Venez assister en famille  
Au grand convoi de votre fille  
Morte en couches d’un empereur.

“L’indivisible citoyenne,  
Qui ne devait jamais périr,  
N’a pu supporter sans mourir  
L’opération césarienne;  
Mais vous ne perdez presque rien,  
O vous que cet accident touche;  
Car si la mère est morte en couche,  
L’enfant, du moins, se porte bien.”

“From Barère, late Principal of the Republican Mint,  
in the Place de la Révolution, guardian of the

deceased, and from the *citoyens* Fouché, Réal, Rœderer et C<sup>ie</sup>, her nearest relatives. . . .”

I was very happy at Périgueux. I lived in the Rue du Plantier with my grandfather, M. Cellierier, who afterwards sold his house to M. de Flageac. He entertained a great deal, and I was therefore introduced everywhere.

Périgueux was not then what it has since become. The town was not lighted. The first street-lamp was erected at the gate of the Philologie in 1808 or 1809, in what was then called, I think, the Rue de la Miséricorde.

The theatre was a large room above a stable.

There were no private parties, receptions, or balls. One single subscription ball (24 francs) in the course of the winter brought everybody together; it was held in a hall of the Préfecture, which was on the site of the present Bishop's house, Place de la Clautre.

We attended lectures at an excellent school kept by an old priest, the Abbé Loqueyssie.<sup>1</sup> The teaching was good and fine scholars were trained there. The

<sup>1</sup> The principal boarding-school of Périgueux had for its head “*citoyen* Loqueyssie, who had long been distinguished for his talents and virtue,” as stated in the *Annuaire de la Dordogne* of the year XI. He held his appointment under the supervision of the *Préfet*. In 1806 the pupils numbered 165. Three of these were admitted to the École Polytechnique after the examinations in 1807. (*Arch. nat.*, F<sup>le</sup> 5, Dordogne I.)

In a report drawn up in 1812 by the *Sous-préfet* of Périgueux to the *Préfet* of Dordogne, the following passage occurs: “This district owes special praise and gratitude to M. Loqueyssie, who was headmaster of the boarding-school at Périgueux; for he succeeded by his zeal and self-abnegation in bringing that establishment up to a degree of order and method as conducive to good education as to the physical welfare of his pupils. It may moreover be truthfully stated that from the time of his induc-

mathematical master was a Neapolitan refugee, M. Messia by name; he prepared a considerable number of notable scholars for the École Polytechnique.

Our rhetoric and Second Form professor was M. Thoulouzé: he was a lover of beauty in literature, and inspired us with a like appreciation; he did not confine his instruction to the classics, but introduced us to our own great authors; we went through them all; he read well, though almost too dramatically and with a pronounced Southern accent. He followed up his readings with deeply interesting remarks on the style and treatment of the subject in hand, and taught us how to draw inferences on morality, philosophy, politics, the arts, intended by the author.

To him I owe my devotion to the classics and our own seventeenth-century writers. Of the classics, M. Thoulouzé preferred Horace: he would make us remark how Horace has touched upon almost every subject, treated almost every question, and what depth of observation can be discerned under the apparent lightness of his method.

By order of M. de Fontanes, Grand-Master of the University, all the compositions of the Second Form <sup>1</sup>

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tion to the post, until his retirement when the Imperial University took charge of public education, the school has furnished to the École Polytechnique and the law-schools a number of distinguished scholars." Quoted by M. Dujarric-Descombes, *L'Instruction Publique en 1812*.

The school was accommodated in the former Benedictine Convent, which is now the grammar-school.

<sup>1</sup> The names of College Forms are here translated literally; but the French and English do not correspond: for instance, the French "Classe de Seconde" is the English Fifth Form.—*Translator's note.*

had to be on Bonaparte, the General, the First Consul, the Emperor, his feats and his ability. Papers enjoining military ambition and loyalty to the Emperor were set; for that was the only patriotism known at that period. Of liberty, of the duties of citizenship, no word was spoken. There exists a collection of our essays printed in 1807 in which every item without exception conforms to M. de Fontanes's order: my contribution is a French poem in imitation of Horace's Ode *Martiis cælebs* (Book III.) eulogising the victory of Austerlitz.

Chateaubriand had just published *Le Génie du Christianisme*; the sensation created by this work was as marked in scholastic circles as in the social world. I was transported with delight at the style, the poetry, the revival of ideas, and topics so long consigned to oblivion. I learnt passages of the book by heart, and used to declaim them. I can remember them now.

My brother left home at this juncture to enter the *Vélites*. These regiments formed part of the Imperial Guard, and provided a training which replaced that of the military college. All the young men of position crowded into them, in a frenzy of enthusiasm. A few years' service in the *Vélites* qualified them for commissions as sub-lieutenants, without passing through the intermediate ranks. They paid £8 a year. Some of our best general officers began their military career in the *Vélites*.

The Empire was then at the apex of its glory. The diadem of the young Emperor shone day by day with increased lustre. In 1808 we learnt that he would pass through Périgueux on his way to Bayonne, for a meeting with the Royal House of Spain.



As soon as the news was officially confirmed a guard of honour was organised; nobles, citizens, merchants, thronged to enrol their names. A uniform was designed: it was to be green with white facings.<sup>1</sup> Chargers were carefully selected and elegantly caparisoned. Drill took place twice a day. A very short time sufficed to produce a certain degree of smartness, and the corps began to present a military appearance. Everything was ready for the reception of the great man, when he suddenly changed his route, and decided to travel by way of Angoulême.<sup>2</sup> All our efforts were wasted! To my mind the eagerness shown by all ranks and parties to enrol in the guard of honour was a remarkable indication of the state of public opinion. One may safely assume that the country was unanimous in acclaiming the Emperor. The result of Napoleon's interview with the Spanish Princes is well known.

Not long afterwards a strange procession wound its way into Périgueux:<sup>3</sup> a long string of heavy, antiquated coaches, painted scarlet, escorted by tall footmen in Louis XIV. liveries, with emaciated faces and burning, sunken eyes. The effect of the whole was grotesquely sordid. In the coaches sat the three Princes and their suites. They were the Prince of the Asturias (afterwards Ferdinand VII.), his brother, Don Carlos (afterwards King *in partibus*, otherwise the Pretender Carlos V.), and their uncle, the Infante, Don Antonio. With their old-fashioned

<sup>1</sup> Prefectoral decree of the 11th of January, 1808.

<sup>2</sup> By Angoulême and Barbezieux, for Bordeaux and Bayonne.

<sup>3</sup> In the absence of local testimony, the Spanish Princes' journey from Bordeaux to Châteauroux cannot be traced. Cf. Geoffroy de Grandmaison.

clothes and their dazed, wondering faces framed in the windows of the lumbering coaches, they seemed to have stepped down from another world and a forgotten century. We saw something of them, for they appeared several times on the balcony of the house (I might almost say the prison) prepared for them, for the guard of honour of twenty-five *gendarmes*, which formed their escort, took good care not to lose sight of them. They rested two or three days at Périgueux, smoking endless cigarettes—a custom very surprising to us in those days, though it would not be so now. On leaving Périgueux they went to Valençay, where a residence had been assigned to them, and where they remained close upon six years. Their little Court was sadly poor and humble. Don Carlos was a very young man, and was not bad-looking. Don Antonio was of a fine Bourbon type; his extraordinary resemblance to Louis XVI. struck everybody. But Ferdinand's countenance was devoid of either expression or intelligence; he was totally uneducated, but was not without a fair share of native shrewdness. He found the yoke imposed upon him by the Revolution hard to bear, yet he was able to treat it humorously. A grandee of Spain sought him out from a far distant spot, to crave his support in some matter of importance.

“I will do all in my power for you,” answered the King. “As a proof of my good-will I present you with this cigar, a genuine Havana. It is the only thing the Cortes have left at my disposal. Pray do not ask more of me.”

War with Spain was beginning to be discussed. So little was known of that country that no doubt whatever was entertained of our success. Even the

Emperor shared this ignorance to such an extent that he despatched an army consisting entirely of recruits, under General Dupont, to invade it. Ultimately it was forced to capitulate at Baylen, and every man was made a prisoner of war.

My parents' expenses were increasing with every year, though their fortune remained stationary. Of eleven children, eight survived and required education. Our means were accordingly much straitened. My father considered it a point of honour to preserve intact the modest patrimony still remaining from our once comfortable fortune. He did manage it, but the effort was almost too much for him. My mother and he submitted uncomplainingly to the harshest privations, content with the realisation that their children were healthy and dutiful, and that they themselves possessed the esteem, almost the veneration, of the whole countryside. Sugar and coffee, which cost from six to eight francs per pound, were given up. Every luxury disappeared from house and table. My brother cost between twenty-five and thirty pounds a year in the *Vélites*; two of us were day-boarders at the college; one sister was a nun, and the others attended small schools. When I consider the courage and devotion they showed in consenting to a life of such privation and anxiety, when but for their moral obligations they might have been perfectly comfortable, my heart is like to burst with love and gratitude to their memory. Alas! I have long since lost them both. I must add that this grinding poverty never produced the slightest alteration in their natural kindness and cheerfulness. I preserve their many letters as precious relics: they are full of tender,

wise counsel, and of sympathetic delight at any good fortune that befell me. We wrote to each other punctually every week. My father was a great believer in close correspondence; he thought it was the best means of minimising the disadvantages of separation, and of maintaining his influence over me. He was perfectly right. The habit of writing him long, detailed letters, telling him everything, often restrained me from foolish acts.

The passage of time brought heavy sorrows to those devoted parents. Of my four brothers, Pierre-Victor was killed in Spain (P), where he was serving in the regiment of which our old tutor, M. Charles, was a captain; a second, Eyméric-Paulin, took service as an artilleryman (P) in the Imperial Guard, went to Russia, and was never heard of again; a third, Matthieu-Raymond, was killed in an accident at home (P). The eldest, Jean-Baptiste (P), became a lieutenant in the infantry on leaving the *Vélites*, and was sent to Batavia with his regiment by the frigate *Medusa*, which was shipwrecked on the way.

Batavia was captured and my brother was taken to England, a prisoner; he remained there until the peace of 1814. He was well treated by the English officers during the passage, and on his arrival was fortunate enough to escape the hulks; he was sent instead with his comrades to Abergavenny and put on parole. Thanks to his excellent education he was able to support himself by giving lessons in French and Latin, and managed so well that when he returned to France it was with a well-lined purse. Being then on half-pay he went to Mauritius, where his perfect acquaintance with the English and French languages gained him good employment. He did not

live long to enjoy it. He was caught in a squall when on a sailing excursion with friends; the boat sank and he was drowned. As a soldier of the Old Guard he lavished an almost fanatical worship on Napoleon; he extolled even his faults. He told me once that during the battle of Iéna the Regiment of Rifles with which he was serving became annoyed at the rain of spent balls and bullets which fell among them, and dashed forward to join in the fray. Napoleon saw them at once and ordered the men back to their places: "You wretched recruits!" he shouted, "wait till you have fought a score of battles like I have before you dare question an order. In the meanwhile, obey!"

I have written these few lines concerning my family for the sake of the side-light thrown on the period to which they relate.

*April, 1809.*—My preliminary studies were now completed; I had worked my hardest at mathematics with the ardent desire of entering the *École Polytechnique*. As my own college had lost its excellent professor, my father sent me to Bordeaux, where the grammar-school enjoyed a distinguished reputation. I started in April, 1809, alone, on foot, stick in hand, carrying few possessions, a slender purse, and a light heart. At Mussidan I was stopped by two *gendarmes*, who, after examining my passport and searching my person, allowed me to proceed. At that time one could not move a yard without being exposed to such inconveniences. I spent the night with my uncle, a neighbouring parish priest. He received me most kindly, and entertained me the whole evening with stories of his life in Spain, during the Terror. He

had taken refuge there, with another of my uncles, the vicar of Montrem.<sup>1</sup> French priests were very well treated in Spain; everybody did what they could for them. My uncle told me some curious things about Spanish customs. I left him early the next morning, and at Libourne I boarded a sort of barge called "*la caverne*" in which I proceeded towards Bordeaux. When I disembarked night had already fallen, and I had still a couple of miles to walk before reaching Carbon-Blanc,<sup>2</sup> where I was to sleep. I joined company with a young girl and a sergeant, who seemed exceedingly good friends, although their acquaintance had only begun on the boat. I was an unwelcome third, as I very soon perceived; but I was too much afraid of losing my way in the dark to accept the broad hints they gave me; so I stuck to them, and we arrived safely at Carbon-Blanc, where we parted without regret.

I had been consigned to the care of a worthy priest at Bordeaux, the Abbé Boneau, vicar of Saint-Seurin, who had consented to take me as a boarder, send me daily to the grammar-school, and look after me generally. I arrived at the end of Lent, 1809. Bordeaux was still agitated over Napoleon's passage through on his return from Spain. The town and the neighbouring villages were thronged with troops, on their way to Germany to take part in the memorable campaign of 1809. The soldiers were all, not even excepting the mounted grenadiers, emaciated, weak, and in rags. They were thankful to quit the inhospitable land of Spain, where the enemy refused to come out

<sup>1</sup> Montrem, a parish in the district of Saint-Astier, a few miles from Périgueux.

<sup>2</sup> The market-town of a district not far from Bordeaux.

into the open, but fought from behind trees and bushes, and lay on their faces in the roads, to shoot at their ease. I shared the feelings of the soldiery, and showered maledictions on those brigands, as I then called them, though I have learnt since to call them heroes.

Bordeaux welcomed Napoleon warmly, although he had well-nigh ruined the town. Not a vestige remained of its former splendour. Its harbour was deserted except by a few old coasting vessels. M. de Monbadon (M), the mayor, whom I afterwards attended professionally in Paris, told me that Napoleon often expressed in private his deep regret at the sad condition of that once great and flourishing city. In public he was more reticent, and only gave a few vague promises, and arranged to build the bridge which now exists, but till then had been thought an impossible feat of engineering.

The Abbé Boneau welcomed me kindly, and allowed me to board with him at a very reasonable price. He procured my admission to the grammar-school, the headmaster of which had just been curtly dismissed for an alleged want of tact. It happened thus. When Napoleon passed through the town the pupils were presented to him. According to his usual habit, the Emperor put a few abrupt questions to some of them, and also to the headmaster. Observing that a number of boys were untidy and badly dressed, he drew his attention to them somewhat disagreeably. The master replied:

“Sire, their parents are not well off. The misfortune of bad harvests, and also that of constant warfare, have been disastrous to our country.”

“Say rather, sir, that of your own bad manage-

ment, your want of care and of aptitude for the duties confided to you. The remedy is easy."

At Bordeaux I saw the great Talma for the first time. His acting produced an ineffaceable impression upon me. I learnt by heart every part I saw him play. I used to recite them, and imitate, as well as I could, his pose, intonation, and gestures. There was always a huge crowd to see the pieces in which he appeared. It took a four hours' wait outside the theatre to secure a place. My schoolfellows and I went to the pit, which in those days had no seats; we had to stand, jammed close together, unable to move hand or foot, yet so great was our excitement that no one dreamt of complaining of a state of discomfort which endured for eight or nine hours.

I set about my studies with grim resolution. I took a double course of rhetoric, attended mathematical lectures, and learnt drawing. I did fairly well at the examinations, though the examiner, M. Labbé, alarmed me horribly. There were thirty of us. Eight or ten passed brilliantly; I felt a presentiment that I had not qualified. I knew I must turn my thoughts to a different profession. Presently I received a letter from the War Minister offering me a vacancy at the Military College of Saint-Cyr. But my parents refused; our family had already paid too large a toll of blood to our country. I was miserable at having failed for the *École Polytechnique*. It had been the dream of my whole college career. However, neither envy nor jealousy tarnished my regret; my successful comrades had done better than I, and I had no fault to find with the judges. Everything turned out for the best; nearly all those who beat me in the examination went into the army, and at



least three quarters of their number sacrificed their lives on the field of battle.

It was settled that I should become a solicitor, and, to give me a foretaste of my future profession, I was entered for a year in the office of M. Lacrousille, a distinguished solicitor at Périgueux, and an old friend of my family. He made me read Roman Law, and set me to write writs, memoranda, and consultations from his dictation. I did not care at all for the work, but as I was not there for my amusement I persevered with it.

In small country towns such as ours there is a good deal of unimportant litigation. Thus we had many trivial cases, police-court proceedings, and so forth. We prosecuted or defended small law-breakers, or pleaded the cause of the widow and the orphan.

An important case of coining false money fell to our share. Three men were concerned in it. One was defended by M<sup>e</sup> Lacrousille, and the two others by M<sup>es</sup> Lainé and Ravez. Ravez was only moderately successful. Lainé did splendidly, and made a profound impression on the people who had thronged to hear the case. His client certainly owed his life to him; though whether this was much of a boon is questionable, as, shortly afterwards, a fresh crime brought him within the arm of the law and earned him twenty years in chains. I met the two lawyers several times in the house of M. Lacrousille. Ravez was a cheery fellow, full of fun, a great chatterbox, and slightly addicted to drink; Lainé was reserved and taciturn.

I spent a year trying to learn the profession; but I hated the work, and presently I went off to Paris

to study medicine. My mother, a great reader of Buffon, had inspired me with her love for natural history while I was still a child. Although that study would only be of secondary importance in the profession I now desired to take up, it added to the attractions of the prospect. I had always thought the life of a medical man a most enviable one. In the country districts there were very few, and they were only called in in emergencies. On ordinary occasions people were content with the services of *officiers de santé*.<sup>1</sup> Doctors were welcomed everywhere, and highly paid. They kept fine horses, and received numerous presents of early fruit, vegetables, game, and fish, and were treated with universal deference.

October, 1810.—I left my family on October 30, 1810. I was to perform the journey on foot. Three miles from Celles<sup>2</sup> my further advance was checked by a stream which had overflowed its banks. There seemed no possible means of getting over. As I stood wondering perplexedly what I should do, a strong-looking farm-hand with a pitchfork in his hand strolled up and offered to carry me across on his shoulders for five francs. We struck a bargain; he stripped to his shirt, and I climbed on to his back. When he got waist-deep into the stream he stopped,

<sup>1</sup> The diploma of *officier de santé* is a secondary qualification and licence to practise medicine which used to be granted to men who had not proceeded to the degree of M.D. of the Université Nationale. Nowadays it is merged in the degree of M.D. The granting of the qualification of *officier de santé*, *per se*, was discontinued about the close of the nineteenth century.  
—Translator's note.

<sup>2</sup> Celles, a parish in the district of Montagnier, in Dordogne.

and, leaning on his pitchfork, said, "I shall have to go back; I cannot get across." I exclaimed in dismay, and implored him to try, but he would not move. I began to be afraid he meant to throw me into the water, or play me some nasty trick.

"If you will give me another ten francs I will make one more effort."

"Go on then; you shall have them."

"You must give them to me now."

"All right. Here they are!"

Two minutes later he put me down on the opposite bank. I might have felt disconcerted at this inauspicious beginning to my journey, but I was young and cheery, and only laughed.

Next morning very early I started for Angoulême. I lodged at an inn of modest exterior, but clean and comfortable inside. An air of excitement pervaded the place. I soon found out the cause. The daughter of the innkeeper was being married. At first nobody paid any attention to me, but presently, after scanning me carefully from head to foot, they invited me to the wedding. I accepted eagerly, and joined the party in my travelling suit. My shabbiness was condoned on account of my tall figure, good features, and jolly laugh, for at twenty I was a good-looking lad. By the end of an hour we were the best of friends. They sang and danced all night, and though I had travelled over thirty miles on foot I was not behind the others. The bride and her companions were charming. It was a most successful evening. After the festivities were ended I slept till noon, and breakfasted with the family. When I asked to pay my bill, not only did they refuse to take a penny, but they made me promise to come back on my return

journey and lodge with them again on the same terms. I have often passed through Angoulême since, but I had forgotten the name of the hotel and that of its proprietor, and have never been able to find it. This delightful incident amply made up for my disagreeable adventure at the stream.

Rain poured in torrents; the road was no better than a marsh, and it speedily became impossible for me to proceed on foot. I took the *diligence* from Bordeaux to Paris. It was a good enough method of travelling. The coach was heavy, and clumsily built, but fairly comfortable; there were six places inside, and three in front, in what was called the *cabriolet*. We were a full party—nine, besides the conductor. I secured a place in the *cabriolet*, which was much cheaper than an inside seat. It was open to the elements, but could be enclosed by means of two leather curtains with a couple of glass peepholes in them. A start was made at six or seven o'clock in the morning; there was a halt at noon for lunch, a meal over which we did not hurry. In the evening we stopped again for dinner, and then went to sleep till next day. The journey from Bordeaux to Paris occupied one hundred and twenty hours. Later, just before railways came in, I did it in forty-eight hours in a stage-coach. That mode of travelling was very expensive. To begin with, the price of seats was high; then there were tips galore to be dispensed, hotel charges, etc., so that the journey cost three times as much as it does nowadays by rail. To return to my first experience, the inside of our coach was occupied by six young officers from Spain, beside themselves with delight at quitting that accursed country, as they called it. I soon joined their party,

but I had no stock of stories and adventures of more or less unsavoury character to amuse them with, so they dubbed me "Mademoiselle" or "the little doctor," for my passport had revealed my status of medical student. As they wished to ensure our remaining together, they made me come and sit inside, where there was really plenty of room for an extra traveller. We sang and laughed and played practical jokes on each other. The journey passed all too quickly. My fellow-travellers shook me warmly by the hand at parting. We never saw one another again.

*November, 1810.*—Here was I at length in Paris, the city of my dreams! My first impressions were sadly disappointing: I had to demolish the town of marvels my imagination had constructed, and to rebuild it with the hideous landmarks the Revolution had left. Ruin and desolation reigned. The churches and convents were dilapidated, deserted. On their walls, as on those of many public buildings, could be read the legend: "*National Property. For Sale.*" As late as 1833 a like inscription was still to be seen on the southern tower of Notre-Dame. My readers will remember that this magnificent church was sold by the nation and passed for a few days into the possession of a dealer in scrap-iron.

The streets were narrow and muddy; some were not paved; others, owing to their unfinished condition, were impassable. Such dark, unattractive shops as met the eye on every side would not be tolerated to-day in the merest country village. The population of 600,000 was poorly clad. The few public conveyances were mouldy, ramshackle, unlighted; the horses broken-down hacks, in shabby harness.

The drivers looked like savages. Their rude manners and language matched the squalor of their attire.

There were very few sewers. After a heavy fall of rain some of the districts were flooded. The streets became rivers of rushing waters. Street-porters were furnished with huge planks to act as movable bridges, by which foot-passengers might cross from pavement to pavement on payment of toll. The magnificent market-places we are accustomed to did not exist. Dealers and hucksters stood about in public places, and still further impeded the traffic. Our fine galleries of shops were undreamt of. The Palais-Royal was the chief meeting-place of social Paris. Strangers flocked to see the wonderful bazaar; yet it had few of the attractions it offers now. At night it was lighted only by a few lanterns. The shops were dressed each according to its owner's individual taste, and presented a shocking incongruity; the wares overflowed into the Galleries, and hindered the movement of the crowd. In place of the Orléans and Nemours Galleries, there were only wooden sheds. These were, however, a favourite meeting-ground in winter, and were full of people all day long. The Palais-Royal catered to all tastes: there could be found the best cafés and restaurants, two theatres, tumblers, ventriloquists. It was a world in miniature. There were three gaming-houses, each with its different set of patrons, from No. 113, where labourers might resort in their working-clothes, to No. 124, where evening dress was indispensable. Admission was easy to obtain. In the outer room lounged half a dozen lusty fellows, called grooms of the chamber, who relieved would-be patrons

of their weapons, walking-sticks, and hats. The apartments were large and handsome, furnished with comfortable seats and arm-chairs. Roulette, trente-et-quarante, biribi, and craps were played. Each game had its own hall.

At No. 124 dancing, called *bal sentimental*, took place every night, beginning at midnight and going on till four in the morning. The dancers were girls, young rakes, and, sad to relate, old libertines, who were always present in large numbers. Strangers also came, anxious to see "Parisian life." Entrance and refreshments were free, but smart dressing was expected. Often when male partners were scarce the girls danced merrily with each other. These balls acted as traps for girls who had earned good money in the day, and young men who had dined too well and carried well-lined pockets. The gaming-room was next to the ball-room. The girls were great gamblers: they would drag the men in between the dances, borrow their money, and when that was lost, set them to play on their own account. Sometimes a youth who had merely strolled in out of curiosity would lose every penny he had on him and walk out with the passion for gambling awakened in his soul. After all expenses were paid, this ball brought in a nightly profit of 3000 to 4000 francs for the management. I was present once, so what I describe I have seen with my own eyes. It came to an end in 1816.

I am bound to add that the gambling was conducted with perfect fairness. A man might rage against his luck, but could impute no fault to the bankers. Their profit accrued from the chances secured to them by their contract with the Government:

the players fully understood these, for the bankers were bound to make a public statement of them at the beginning of each evening.

There were also houses of ill-fame in the precincts, whose inhabitants haunted the Galleries at night. These persons had a world-wide reputation for their taste in dress. They wore ball-gowns, with flowers in their hair, and smart shoes and gloves. Only those who actually lived in the Palais-Royal were allowed to promenade in the gardens and Galleries. Ladies of easy morals from other parts of the town might not even walk across except in the company of a man. Thus it frequently happened that one was accosted and importuned for the favour of one's protection under pretext that it was unpleasant for a lady to be seen there alone. Young men from the country or old *roués* were usually singled out to perform this office. When the shops began to be uniformly decorated, and more brilliantly lighted, these unsavoury houses were closed and the right of entry to the gardens withdrawn from that class. From that moment the fortunes of the Palais-Royal began to decline.

Cambacérès (c) was fond of going to the Palais-Royal; he rarely missed his evening walk there. He was always accompanied by his two gentlemen-in-waiting, spoke to nobody, and disliked being saluted. He dressed in French fashion, with a sword at his side, powdered hair, and a queue. Everything in his appearance betokened a man of note.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon represented to the Duc de Parme that it was beneath his dignity to make a show of himself in the Palais-Royal, wearing all his decorations; but Cambacérès replied vain-gloriously: "Sire, the French people enjoy the sight of their



I have perhaps devoted more space than was strictly necessary to the appearance of Paris and the Palais-Royal at the close of the Revolution; but the changes that have taken place are so wonderful that my remarks may prove interesting to the young generation.

As soon as I arrived in Paris I betook myself to the Military College to see my brother. He was out. His comrades begged me to wait for him. They stared hard at me, but made no remarks. I heard afterwards that my countrified appearance and shy manners led them to imagine I was a seminarist, and with kindly tact they forbore to embarrass me further by engaging me in conversation. Before I left home my father had told me the state of his affairs and how small was the sum he could afford to spare for my support in Paris. "It is very little, you poor boy," he said. "You will have a hard time; promise me that you will not let your heart fail you." I did promise, and I may say that I kept my word. He added: "If you do your best, these pecuniary embarrassments will soon be over, and the future will amply repay you."

I found lodgings in the Rue de la Harpe, in the midst of the student world of the Quartier Latin. I made my arrangements so as to keep within my slender means. Lodging, board, personal expenses, were all reduced to the narrowest limits. I never felt better in health or had a cheerier time. The only luxury I allowed myself was the theatre. The Théâtre-Français was then at its very best: Talma,

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princes; it pleases them and teaches them to respect authority." —*Souvenirs du Comte de Montgaillard*, p. 256. See also *Journal du Maréchal de Castellane*, vol. i., p. 76.

Lafon, Bourgoïn, Duchesnoy, in tragedy; Fleury, Mlle. Mars, Levert, and others too numerous to mention, formed a company whose perfection can never be surpassed.

It has often been observed that, as a rule, the needy pupils are those who succeed best in the schools, and gain distinction in arts, science, and letters. Schopin, the winner of the Prix de Rome in 1831, who became one of our best painters, is an instance in point. "Do you remember," he asked me only a short time ago, "those old days when my parents could do absolutely nothing for me, and I fed on dry bread and water? It never quenched my spirits, did it?"

A curious characteristic of that period was the great number of hunchbacks and cripples to be seen among the students. This was equally the case in other classes of society. Conscription, the volunteer service, and the military schools monopolised the flower of our young men, leaving behind only the weak and sickly whose physical disadvantages unfitted them for service. It may be said in passing that this same circumstance exercised great influence on the population of France; the sons of those men inherited the disabilities of their fathers, and manly vigour, beauty, and height suffered perceptible depreciation. The standard for the army has several times been lowered.

Our expenses as medical students were considerable; the course comprised sixteen terms of three months each, two diplomas, *bachelier ès sciences* and *ès lettres*, five examinations, and one thesis; books, cases of surgical instruments, subjects for dissection, soon swallowed up our resources. The days were

hardly long enough for the duties of walking the hospitals, attending lectures and post-mortems, studying at home, and writing out notes of lectures and clinical records.

I entered on my first term in November, 1810, and began to learn anatomy. At first this seems dull and uninteresting; but as soon as a little progress has been made it becomes daily more engrossing. It consists of osteology, or the science of bones, of the framework which supports the human edifice; then follows the study of the nerves which originate movement, the muscles which execute it, the blood-vessels which distribute life, and finally the organs which, each in their own sphere, have separate existence and exercise their several functions. After that one goes on to physiology, which teaches the use of those nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, and organs. Everything is splendid and marvellous in this science. The body of man, aye, even that of the meanest insect, is a machine of incredible perfection. All the scientific discoveries, machinery of the most transcendent precision, find their application therein; no excursions into hypothesis could avail to add to, subtract from, or otherwise improve this stupendous masterpiece. Yet the intimate knowledge of one's own construction is rare, even among men of learning; one constantly detects, in their conversation or writings, errors in anatomy or physiology, of the most elementary description.

In my student days each professor had his own amphitheatre. There were a great many in and round about the Place de Cambrai, the Enclos Saint-Jean-de-Latran, the Rues des Carmes and de Beauvais. They were furnished with long, narrow tables

for the accommodation of the corpses to be dissected. These were supplied by the hospitals, whence a theatre attendant fetched them every morning; the same attendant had to collect all the fragments left over from the studies of the day before, and take them to the cemetery; he placed them tidily in coarse canvas, and disposed them as nearly as possible in the shape of a human body. So strong is the force of habit that the man who spent his days in planning and making up these horrible packages was not in the least depressed by the nature of his work, but used to laugh and sing over it as light-heartedly as if he were packing flowers.

One day our theatre attendant, whose name was Prat, was struck down with apoplexy at the Barrière de Fontainebleau on his way back from Bicêtre, where he had been collecting bodies. His wife had him placed on the hand-barrow she had been helping him to push, brought him back to the theatre, and after the usual formalities had been complied with insisted upon an autopsy being performed. She lifted the body of her husband, arranged it on the table, and when the operation was over took it herself to the Clamart cemetery.

One subject (which cost twenty francs) was accommodated on each table, and had to serve four pupils, who took turns at dissecting and preparing the portion forming the day's work; one of their number read directions aloud from a treatise on anatomy.

Anatomy is a science which can only be learnt by practical work extending over a long period. No man can become a good surgeon or a good operator without having trained his hand for years by means of dissections, or operations performed on corpses.

It is a positive science; if I may express it thus, a geographical study of the human frame. Physiology, on the contrary, is built upon supposition and induction. It has, however, made enormous advances of late years; the most important functions of our organs are perfectly appreciated. Physics and chemistry have been of great assistance in enabling us to identify and explain things. But there still remain mysterious organic functions which up to the present are enshrouded in obscurity.

The students lived together in the greatest harmony. They were a quiet, well-behaved set. There were then, as there always have been, veteran students, so-called because they had already spent ten, fifteen, even twenty years in the schools. Being their own masters, or having over-indulgent parents, they dawdled away long years of life, without ever opening a book or attending a course of lectures.

In 1810 I saw the last of the "majors." This was the nickname bestowed upon indigent students of medicine, who came to Paris without any means of subsistence, and were employed as barbers' assistants in hairdressers' shops. These young fellows intended to set up in their native villages as barber-surgeons on the completion of their studies. Some of them did very well in after-life. The number of "majors" gradually decreased. In 1810 there was only one left. One day, at a lecture in the Grand Théâtre of the Schools, the unfortunate youth was pointed out as a "major." There was an immediate uproar; he was forced to retire amid derisive shouts of "Turn him out! Turn out the 'barber'!" It was then unanimously resolved that no "major" should be

allowed to attend lectures. I never heard of another after that.

On my arrival in Paris I was taken by a fellow-student to Flicoteau's, an eating-house in the Rue de la Parcheminerie. The *patron* was the third of his name, his father and grandfather having conducted the business before him. There was a great dark hall, furnished with tables and benches. Everything was scrupulously clean, although there was no table-linen. The dishes, whether of meat or vegetable, cost from three to five sous each. But, for one sou, one could cut oneself a huge wedge of bread, put it in a soup basin, and take it to Père Flicoteau, who would conscientiously fill it to overflowing with soup. Some of the basins, destined for one consumer only, would have sufficed for ten or twelve ordinary guests. The portions of meat for five sous were enormous; a plentiful meal could be had for about six sous.

Five or six other restaurants in the Quartier Latin were kept by members of the Flicoteau family; prices ranged from sixteen to twenty-two sous. Old Père Flicoteau of the Rue de la Parcheminerie, the head of the family, was wont to make sarcastic remarks about the "luxuriousness" of the new establishments opened by his nephews. "They have a card on which they announce: 'Bread ad libitum!' Poor dears!" he would remark with a grin.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There was one Restaurant Flicoteau in particular, overlooking the Place de la Sorbonne and the Rue Neuve-de-Richelieu, at which the dinner consisted of three dishes, costing eighteen sous with a half-pint of wine, or twenty-two sous with a pint of wine. The bread was gratis. Balzac gives an amusing description of this establishment, where Rubempré met Lousteau, in *Illusions perdues: Un grand homme de province à Paris*, vol. i., p. 240.

In spite of Père Flicoteau's strictures, I migrated to the nephews, and remained their customer until I entered the hospitals.

The Court of Napoleon was then at the zenith of its power and brilliancy. Grand receptions were given at the Tuileries on Sundays and feast-days. Splendid carriages with prancing horses and smart liveries dashed through the streets, bearing the salt of the earth to the Palace: yesterday they were modest soldiers, or plain men vegetating in the depths of the country; to-day they are Marshals of France, Kings, Princes, Dukes. Strange turn of the wheel of fortune! The Court was the most splendid and imposing to be found the world over.

The Marshals were young, and had a soldierly carriage and proud mien which repelled the old-fashioned gentlefolk of former times. Murat above all others was a brilliant figure; and I believe Napoleon was, perhaps unconsciously, swayed by jealousy when he called him *le roi Franconi*. It was said of him that he commanded respect in drawing-rooms and awe on the field of battle. Murat stands in my memory for the highest type of nobility and greatness. I said so once to the old Comte de Béthisy; his reply was:

"Where the devil did he inherit that? You must have been blinded by his fine uniform and aggressive swagger."

Murat was the intimate friend of Mme. Michel; she adored him. When M. de Mosbourg broke the news of Murat's death to her, the shock was so severe that she was seized with a nervous trembling which lasted until her death in 1837. Her salon had become the

meeting-place of all the remarkable personalities in Paris.

Maréchal Berthier, Prince de Wagram, had for his mistress the beautiful Marquise de Visconti, for whose sake he did many foolish things. On service he carried a bust of her, which he used to set up, under a canopy, in his tent. When I came to know her she was paralysed down one side; but this did not prevent her from going into society. I have often played whist with her.

Marie-Louise was about to become a mother. She took exercise daily on the terrace, near the lake. There were always crowds of people present, and although they were perfectly friendly, she was somewhat embarrassed by their curiosity. In order to spare her annoyance, a subway leading from the Palace to the terrace was constructed for her use in the short space of three days. It was filled up at the time of the Restoration, and excavated again by Louis-Philippe.

I saw the Empress several times. She was a tall, handsome woman, fair-skinned and golden-haired, but carried herself awkwardly. She was enormous at that time, but looked well under the circumstances. A stout peasant woman was standing near me one day, gazing at her, and suddenly called out: "Don't you be afraid, big mother; everything will go off all right. I ought to know, for I am the mother of eight!" The Empress blushed scarlet. She bowed to the woman, but it was this incident that brought about the construction of the subterranean passage.

The King of Rome was born the 20th of March, 1811. The birth of an heir to such vast possessions



was greeted with extravagant demonstrations of joy. When the first gun was fired a sudden hush fell. The people stopped in the streets and counted. At the twenty-second, which betokened a Prince, a tremendous shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" arose. I flew with my comrades to the Tuileries. Everywhere people were hurrying out of their houses: workmen threw down their tools, shopkeepers put up their shutters; everybody chattered, shook hands, and embraced without previous acquaintance. The public delight was uncontrollable. Although we had started off at once, we found the quay, the Carrousel, the gardens already closely packed with a shouting, dancing, cheering crowd. Surely history can hardly quote another instance of a birth so unanimously and extravagantly acclaimed. All France shared the emotion. Everywhere the people clamoured for a sight of this child, the pledge of peace, splendour, and prosperity.

As soon as the baby-King was old enough, he could be seen every day on the terrace in a beautiful miniature coach drawn by two gentle, snow-white sheep.

The birth was marked by universal feasting. Food was distributed far and wide to the populace. Platforms were erected in the Champs-Élysées, around which congregated every kind and condition of person. At a given signal men standing on the platforms flung far over the heads of the crowd saveloys, sausages, roast meats, bread, upon which the people swooped like hawks. They issued from these struggles covered with mud, with their clothes torn off their backs and their faces bruised and bleeding. When wine was distributed the scene was even more repulsive: the people fought, bit, scratched, to reach the

taps with their buckets or jugs; sometimes the receptacle held out was knocked over and the wine flowed away over the pavement. Those who had been successful in the fight strayed away and sat down to eat and drink gluttonously. Drunkenness led to fighting and fresh scenes of violence. Later, individual distributions of food and drink to the poor replaced these disgusting orgies.

The King of Rome was a beautiful child. I saw him for the last time in 1813, in the Park of Saint-Cloud. He was then two and a half years old. He would have commanded admiration had he been a nobody's child. He was taken out without an escort, accompanied only by an officer and a servant. Free access to him was permitted.

The popularity of Napoleon now began to decline. Troops were being raised without interruption for the Russian campaign, although already every family was mourning a husband or son; further bloodshed was dreaded by all. The Emperor superintended every detail of the preparations in person. Most of the regiments which were to take part were concentrated in Paris and reviewed minutely by him. The troops were full of eagerness. The very sight of Napoleon electrified them. But alas, smooth chins were more numerous among them than beards. The war in Spain, which still dragged on its weary length, had robbed us of the majority of our seasoned soldiers. The new regiments of young Guards called respectively *Voltigeurs*, *Tirailleurs*, *Flanqueurs*, were composed of fine but untried material. They possessed ardour and courage indeed, but lacked stamina. They were so young! The pressing need for men had lowered the standard of age from twenty

to nineteen, and again to eighteen. They were mere children, and many of them totally incapable of bearing up under the hardships of a campaign.

Great festivities were held in celebration of the baptism of the King of Rome at Saint-Cloud.<sup>1</sup> The Emperor gave a dinner to all the regiments of the Guards present in Paris. I saw immense rows of tables erected in the Bois de Boulogne, with walls and bastions composed of four-pound loaves of bread. The Dutch Lancers got very drunk: a company of them dashed into the Park of Saint-Cloud, sword in hand, and scattered the people. Several were wounded, and I narrowly escaped being among their number. These madmen were with difficulty disarmed.

A theatre had been set up in the park;<sup>2</sup> an Italian opera was given. Madame Barilli was singing magnificently when a heavy storm broke; a deluge of rain came down so suddenly that the spectators had no time to reach shelter. The piece was only half finished. The Emperor and the whole Court set off running towards the Castle; the public rushed helter-skelter to the carriage-stand; some of the conveyances were forcibly seized, others were bargained for and paid as much as five hundred francs. The coachmen, ignoring their own employers, made as much as they could out of the unforeseen circumstances. The confusion and disorder were increased by the curtain of darkness which suddenly fell. Torches were sent from the Castle to light the road and lessen the risk

<sup>1</sup> Sunday, June 23, 1811. There were about 300,000 persons present.

<sup>2</sup> The theatre had been erected among the trees. The rain alone prevented the festivities being prolonged until daybreak.—*Moniteur* of the 25th and 26th of June.

of accidents. I was fortunate enough to secure a place on the back of a cab. The crowd of people on foot and in carriages formed a compact mass, which progressed at snail's pace to the sound of oaths and shrieks of pain. From my place of vantage I could see people falling to the right and left of me. A good number were injured. The torrential rain fell steadily all night. In the morning the road was found strewn with fragments of clothing, shoes, harness. Madame Barilli, the celebrated singer, contracted inflammation of the lungs, and died in a few days, to the great sorrow of her many personal friends and all lovers of music.

On the 15th of August, 1811, the fête Saint-Napoléon was celebrated with great pomp. It was the last time Napoleon was present in Paris at his own feast. He appeared in public in the theatrical attire he had latterly adopted, at the instigation, they say, of Talma, the great tragedian, who devised it.

He was greeted with great enthusiasm. He looked gay and smiling, and walked hand in hand with Marie-Louise, followed by the little King of Rome in the arms of a lady-in-waiting. The Emperor was surrounded by all the members of his family then sojourning in Paris, and by the Marshals and grand officers of the Household. He had a pleasant face with refined features, and a kind, benevolent expression. None of the many portraits known to me, even by the greatest of artists, give more than a faint idea of his noble countenance. The famous English portrait-painter, Lawrence, was wont to remark: "Napoleon has never been painted!" He talked in animated fashion during the concert, gesticulating freely, and

repeatedly kissing the little King of Rome, who was then five months old.

M. Dunod (D), who was three years gentleman usher of the bedchamber, told me many curious things, of which I made notes. Napoleon was very fussy; the least thing set him grumbling and complaining. Throughout his whole military career he was not once wounded, though he never spared himself. The wound at Ratisbon, of which so much has been made, was a mere bruise, from the blow of a spent ball.

Napoleon was also very superstitious, quite impervious to reasoning about number thirteen or Friday. On one occasion, for instance, the removal of the Court had been fixed for a certain date, without ascertaining on which day of the week it fell. It happened to be a Friday. As soon as the Emperor heard of it he antedated the arrangements and started on the Thursday.

Léger, who had formerly been the Emperor's tailor, and was afterwards my neighbour at Ville-d'Avray, also gave me some account of the great man whom he had enjoyed the honour of dressing.

Napoleon's tailor, previous to the year 1810, was a man of the name of Chevalier, who turned him out abominably. He was a good artist in his line, but was weak enough to fall in with every suggestion of his illustrious client, although the latter knew nothing about dress. In 1810, when Napoleon went to Compiègne to receive Marie-Louise, one of his sisters, I think it was the Princesse Borghèse, said to him:

"Your clothes are badly cut and do not fit you. You are so obstinate about not wearing braces, your trousers always look as if they were falling off——"

"Well," answered the Emperor, "what do you advise me to do about it? Can you recommend another tailor?"

"Have a talk with Constant."

Constant, the Emperor's valet, was sent for, and named Léger, who was tailor to Murat, Prince Eugène, Joseph, and Jérôme Bonaparte. A messenger was sent to summon him, and he arrived at Compiègne the next day; from that moment he made everything Napoleon wore. He consistently ignored his Imperial patron's suggestions concerning his clothes. For instance, the Emperor wished the skirts of his tunics to be turned back like those of Frederick the Great. "I should not think of allowing such a thing, Sire! You would look absurd, and my reputation would be lost. The eyes of the whole world are upon your Majesty, and if you were seen wearing such a uniform as you propose, it would be a disadvantage to you, and I should have to bear the blame. I would not make you such a tunic if you offered me the whole of your Empire."

The Emperor laughed heartily and gave way. Early on the morning of the state entry of Marie-Louise into Paris, Léger went to Saint-Cloud to deliver the Emperor's uniform and his mantle, embroidered with bees. When he entered the room, Napoleon said:

"Léger, is it going to be fine?"

"We shall have a glorious day, Sire."

"Good"—and the Emperor ran to the window.

"Are you sure, Léger? It looks rather dull——"

"No matter; I can promise your Majesty splendid weather."

"While I was dressing him," continued Léger, "he

broke off at least a dozen times to go to the window and look anxiously at the sky. He was so economical about his dress that he once asked me to put a patch on his hunting-breeches, where his hanger had worn a hole. I refused point-blank. He was a bad customer to me: he had his own embroiderer, his silk-merchant; he argued over the bills, and made me waste my time. Once I had to go fifteen days running to Saint-Cloud about one coat. He was always either engaged or asleep, for as he was a bad sleeper at night he often dozed off in the daytime. I gave him up in 1813. My other customers were worth much more money to me. Murat, Prince Eugène, Borghèse, Berthier, spent from 40,000 to 60,000 francs a year on their own backs, besides the bills they ran up for their households. Some years I made 100,000 francs' worth of suits, greatcoats, and uniforms for Murat alone. My partner, Michel, and I were then earning 400,000 francs a year.

“Acting on M. de Rémusat's advice, Napoleon consented to restock his wardrobe in 1810. Up to that year he had been so parsimonious that his whole outfit, exclusive of lace and trimmings, was not worth 2000 francs. I obtained a standing order for half a dozen grey greatcoats in the winter, and a like number of the green uniforms, made so familiar by his portraits, in the summer. He also had a new pair of trousers and a white kerseymere waistcoat once a fortnight. Those were his largest expenses. He never wore plain clothes.”

In the month of November, 1811, I was raised to the position of dresser and appointed to the staff of the Hôpital Saint-Louis in that capacity. This hos-

pital was founded by Henri IV.; it was well planned, solidly built, perfectly ventilated, and was set in the midst of large court-yards and well-stocked gardens, which served as recreation-grounds for the patients. It was intended for diseases of the skin and scrofula, and was also reserved for the use of girls of a certain class residing on the right bank of the Seine. The latter were a turbulent set, undisciplined and awkward to deal with. Not being confined to bed, they spent their whole time in the passages and grounds, singing, laughing, and dancing amongst themselves. I have had every opportunity of studying this unhappy section of the community. My respected friend, the late Parent-Duchâtelet (p), wrote an exhaustive treatise concerning them, entitled *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris*. My special experience of these girls enables me to give an authoritative opinion on the book, and I may say that everything in it is true and founded on careful observation. I spent a year in the hospital with great profit to myself, dissecting, attending lectures on surgery, taking clinical notes, and thus preparing for admission to the post of house-physician.

I went, for the Carnival days of 1812, to the home of one of my fellow-students, a few miles from Chartres. His father was a rich farmer, like so many inhabitants of Beauce, Normandy, and the neighbouring provinces. He was a clever, sensible man, active and hardworking, the first to rise in the morning and the last to retire at night. He superintended all the farm work, and often took a hand in it himself, labouring side by side with his men. He was a kind but exacting master. He took me all over his property, and showed me the immense flocks of



sheep, cattle, horses, poultry, the carefully manured soil, well-built outhouses and cowsheds, and the great airy stables so constructed as to allow of all refuse and dirty waters being conducted direct into an outside reservoir. The dunghills were sheltered from sun and rain, and the liquids escaping from them ran likewise into a cess-pool. Accustomed as I was to the small farming of Périgord, with its dilapidated buildings, filthy cattle-sheds, and sorry flocks, I marvelled at this imposing and intelligent manner of conducting business. M. Manoury discussed his profession enthusiastically. He rightly considered it of the utmost utility and attraction. His conversation made one feel that the cultivation of land and the care of live-stock was the only creditable pursuit. He would say: "I have three sons, and my greatest happiness would have been to make farmers of them all. But my desires have been thwarted. The eldest indeed shares my labours and will come after me. But the second is at the *École Polytechnique*, and the third is studying medicine. Well, they must do as they wish." He quite won me over, and made me pity the two younger and envy the eldest.

On Shrove Tuesday he said to me: "We always dine on this day with our assembled household. I trust you will not mind." There were forty places laid, I being the only outsider. A sumptuous repast was served. In preparation for it a calf, two sheep, and innumerable chickens had been slaughtered. Everything was excellent, and very little was left over from the feast by the hearty appetites of the guests. They drank largely, though not to excess. After the meal came singing and roystering. The young men dressed up, and their rude jests delighted

the maids. Masters and servants danced all night; it was a real saturnalia, always, however, kept within the bounds of decency and respectability. The good farmer looked like a patriarch among his people, and thoroughly entered into the delight of his dependants.

Alibert (A) was the head physician of the Hôpital Saint-Louis. He was a pioneer in the study of skin diseases. I knew him well, and enjoyed his intimate friendship for many years. He lectured on cutaneous disorders at Saint-Louis, and in fine weather we used to assemble in the grounds and study with him under the trees. Men of science from other countries passing through Paris seized their opportunity and attended these lectures with his own numerous pupils. He spoke fluently, with charming inflection of voice. He was enthusiastic over the terrible diseases he studied, and would cry out, in a tone of almost fanatical enjoyment: "Gentlemen, we will now turn our attention to the whole group of skin diseases, a group composed of genera, species, varieties, each one more engrossing than the last. . . ." After the lesson consultations took place: there might be forty or fifty individuals of both sexes, waiting to exhibit their infirmities. More than once I have seen Alibert in a frenzy of delight over some peculiarly revolting monstrosity. One day a poor devil afflicted with advanced elephantiasis came before him.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Alibert.

"Can you cure me, sir?"

"I will have you painted!"

"But, sir, do tell me whether there is any hope for me."

"Certainly, certainly; but I must have you painted."

"May I have a bed in the hospital?"

"If you asked for ten, you should have them all, my good fellow!"

The greater portion of those terrible examples of deformity and degeneracy which appear in his great book were collected at these consultations.

On Sundays he gave most interesting breakfast parties, at which men of letters, celebrated artists, and a few women renowned for their wit and charm were present. The current topics concerning art and literature were discussed. Alibert inclined to the classical in art, and for some years his friends followed his lead. By degrees, however, tares grew up among the wheat, to quote the imagery of the time; romanticism began to make its influence felt. Alibert fought hard for his ideals; but when he found himself overwhelmed and left behind, he wrapped his mantle about him and relapsed into silence.

His acquaintance with literature was prodigious. He was cultivated, and talked well on his own subjects. He had a pronounced Southern accent, which his friends and followers thought rather attractive than otherwise. Alibert was of middle height and thick-set, with a pleasant, slightly mocking expression. He was faddy about his clothes, and always wore exquisitely fine linen, which he put on clean every morning. He was faithful all his life to the regulation doctor's attire, knee-breeches and silk stockings. Yet he never looked either neat or clean. He had a slovenly habit of crossing his legs when he sat down, smearing his white stockings with the mud off his shoes; and while lecturing he used to thrust his fingers into his

stock and crumple his shirt. He was good-tempered and easy-going, and had a large circle of faithful friends. At his house I met the celebrated singer, Garat, whose beautiful voice charmed three successive generations. After he grew old he no longer sang for money, but he never refused to delight his friends or to lend his art at benefit concerts in aid of needy colleagues. During his performance he exacted the tribute of absolute silence. "When I sing," he would explain, "I will not submit to an accompaniment of door-slamming, whispered conversation, or rattling tea-cups." Garat was the most unpunctual of men, but always had the best of excuses to offer for being late.

When Cherubini, the President of the Conservatoire, was invited to attend Garat's funeral at twelve o'clock precisely, he did not put in an appearance until two o'clock.

"I know Garat so well," he said in apology. "When he says twelve he always means two o'clock!"

As a matter of fact the funeral procession did not reach the church until half-past two, and Cherubini fussed about, exclaiming impatiently, "Always the same! Poor old Garat, unpunctual to the last!"

Docteur Delpech, whom I often met at Alibert's, said to me once in his Gascon way: "I have met Poverty at close quarters. I have been on intimate terms with her. She even attempted to seize me by the shoulder, but I gave her a good kick behind, and she never tried it on again."

He finished up with a fortune of twenty thousand francs a year.

Docteur Labat-Bey (L), who had lived several years in Egypt and Turkey, told us that Mehemet-Ali

occupied a portion of each day with study. He engaged an engineer, a chemist, and a mechanic, who came daily to the Palace to give him instruction. He constantly spent hours discussing anatomy, physiology, and kindred subjects with his private medical attendant, Docteur Clot-Bey (c); and although he could hardly read or write he had a smattering of education, and could talk intelligently of the new discoveries in science and art.

Labat-Bey complained bitterly of the bad faith of the Turks. He used to quote instances, among which I have selected the following. On one occasion he hired horses to make an excursion in the vicinity of Constantinople. When he arrived at his destination, the livery-stable-keeper asked him three times the price previously agreed upon. When Labat declined to submit to this extortion, the services of a *cadi* were called in. Without giving the doctor a hearing, the *cadi* ordered him to pay the sum demanded and threatened him with imprisonment. Labat, purse in hand, was about to comply when he suddenly remembered that he had in his pocket a *firman*, given to him that very morning, to facilitate his journeys all over the empire. At sight of the document the *cadi* bowed down to the very earth, and promptly fell upon the livery-stable-keeper, belabouring him with blows, and shouting: "How now, miserable wretch! You want to be paid three times over? Get out, or you shall rot in prison. . . . You see, O my lord, the treatment I mete out to him who dares insult a Frank!"

In 1812 Docteur Texier, of Versailles, suggested that I should spend two months with him and do

the work of his assistant, while the latter took a holiday. I was overjoyed at this, and the matter was speedily arranged.

Versailles was a dull desert, a town ruined and depopulated by the Revolution. Napoleon had contemplated putting the Palace into repair, and refurnishing it as his residence, but he was unable to face the enormous expense involved. He used it for the accommodation of some of the Household, for the college of the Imperial pages, the stud, and the kennels; several regiments of the Imperial Guard were quartered there, and the regiment of the wards of the King of Rome—boys ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age who attended the elementary schools and were under military discipline.

M. Texier was medical attendant to the Imperial servants. I took over for him the care of the outriders, grooms, and their families. I also attended patients in the town. In my spare time I took long walks in the Park, book in hand. I managed in this way to read for the second time the whole of Virgil, who was then my favourite poet, though my maturer judgment now places Horace above him. A dismal atmosphere of desertion brooded over the vast parks and walks. Even the town had lost three parts of its population and resembled a city of the dead. One memorable Sunday Napoleon came, with all his Court, to dine at the Trianon; the great fountains were turned on. He descended from his carriage and moved about among the crowds which had assembled to do him honour, speaking pleasantly to several people.

I stood gazing at him with eager eyes; he asked me smilingly who I was and what I was doing. I was so confused that I could not articulate a single

word, but stood stock-still with my mouth open. Noticing my embarrassment he passed on, with another kindly word or two. He allowed the crowd to press around him, elbowing, staring, and pushing; he even seemed gratified at the friendly excitement his presence occasioned. That evening, when I was on my way back to Paris, the carriage in which I was driving was stopped by a mounted messenger, who inquired whether I or any of my fellow-passengers could act. It seems that after dinner Napoleon was suddenly seized with a desire to have theatricals at the Trianon. Messengers were sent out to collect actors, and a troupe was speedily organised.

Marie-Louise took a great fancy to the place her aunt Marie-Antoinette had loved so dearly. She insisted on having a suite of rooms prepared for her use at the Petit Trianon. I saw the bedroom several times; it was elegantly furnished, and decorated in white satin embroidered with roses and corn-flowers.

The Russian campaign opened auspiciously. At Versailles, where I was then living, the *Te Deum* was sung and the entry of our troops into Wilna was celebrated with feasting and fireworks. Alas, the rejoicings were of short duration! Before many months had passed we were to be crushed by the sinister intelligence of the disasters of the Grand Army. From that moment the star of Napoleon began to wane. Thousands of families mourned their beloved dead. Each day brought forth further trouble. . . .

The Malet (M) conspiracy occurred in October, 1812. The Hospital of Saint-Louis, where I was liv-

ing, was only a short distance from the barracks of the Faubourg du Temple, then occupied by the Dragoons of the Municipal Guard of Paris. Early in the morning we heard a tremendous noise in the direction of the barracks. I ran there, with others, to find out what was going on. Three hackney carriages full of men were standing in the Quai d'Horloges. We were informed that they were prisoners.

It appears they had turned out by order of Général Malet, and had been overpowered by others who had got wind of his rebellious intentions. On the day of his execution, I saw the Garde de Paris marching to the Plaine de Grenelle, without arms and with their uniforms wrong side out. An hour later they were on their way to join the army in Russia. They arrived in Poland just at the time of the retreat, and were cut to pieces at the battle of Leipzig. I have never seen the punishment thus meted out to these regiments mentioned in any of the accounts I have read of the Malet conspiracy.

One of those implicated, a friend of mine called Boutreux, managed to evade capture for some time. He had been appointed by Malet to an important position in the new Administration of Police. Poor Boutreux was finally caught in March, 1813, and shot eight days after. He was a very studious young man, highly educated, devoted to his books, simple, honest, and brave; his unruffled calmness and dignity in meeting his fate gained him the sympathy of the Council of War, the members of which would gladly have saved him. Commandant Laborde was ordered to superintend the execution; he was by no means a tender-hearted man, but at sight of the youth and



gentleness of the victim he was seized with profound emotion. This was the same man who dashed at Malet and endeavoured to stay his hand when he fired at Général Hulin, Commandant of Paris. He gave me many details of this affair, in which he played an active part. According to him, Malet broke down when he was arrested; he lost his presence of mind, and allowed himself to be bound and thrown into a hackney carriage without making the slightest resistance.

Immediately on his return to Paris the Emperor began fresh preparations for war. He raised four new regiments of Cavalry and called them Gardes d'Honneur; they were composed of young men whom he took from their studies, although the greater number had bought substitutes. They had to provide themselves with uniforms, weapons, and horses.<sup>1</sup> This act of despotism aroused great indignation among the very classes whose good-will is so essential to a government. Other regiments were formed of men who had been exempted from military service; they were called "cohorts." Here we find fresh proof of the ease with which a French peasant can be transformed into an efficient soldier. Very few months sufficed to turn the so-called "cohorts" into splendid bodies of men; their ages varied from twenty-five to thirty; they were well set-up, soldierly, healthy, and determined. History shows that in the campaigns of Saxony in 1813 and France in 1814 they did all, and more than all, that was expected of them; yet

<sup>1</sup> Decree of April 5, 1813, concerning the organisation of the four regiments of Gardes d'Honneur created by the *Senatus-consultus* of April 3, 1813.

every man had been torn against his will from the plough or the family circle. I was ordered to join the 3d Regiment of the Gardes d'Honneur, which was being formed at Tours; but, as I had already three brothers serving under the flag, I had the good fortune to be let off. My kind chief, Professor Pinel, gave me a certificate stating that my services were necessary to his patients.

In 1812 I was appointed a hospital house-physician. It is the post of honour for a student of medicine, and is keenly contested. A hundred and twenty candidates entered, to compete for eighteen vacancies. I passed seventeenth, and thought myself lucky to get through at all. The position has great advantages. A house-physician sees patients on arrival, reports on their condition, performs or superintends the most important dressings, draws up the notes on any particularly interesting case, and makes the evening round. An enormous amount can be learnt. For my own part, I consider that I owe everything that has been of use to me in my subsequent practice to my four years as house-physician. Besides which, the emoluments were not to be despised by us students, who were generally far from affluent. We received five hundred francs a year, besides board and lodging when we were on duty. From the moment of my appointment I ceased to be an expense to my parents, who had fallen into needy circumstances. I began to have patients of my own, and took over some surgery practice for a few aged doctors. I thought myself quite rich; I delighted in the feeling of being self-supporting.

I was sent to the Hospice de la Salpêtrière. It continues to bear that title in spite of the wish of the

Council of Hospitals, which renamed it Hospice de la Vieillesse. The words "hospice" and "hospital" are often confused by laymen. They fulfil, however, two totally distinct functions: an hospice is an asylum for the aged and for incurable diseases; whereas a hospital is for use in acute illness.

The Hospice de la Salpêtrière is the most important in Paris. It is planned on a very large scale, and its façade recalls that of the Tuileries. The buildings, halls, and detached houses form a little town in miniature. It covers a ground-space of about three hundred and seventy-five acres, portioned off into court-yards, gardens, and covered walks.

One of our professors was Capuron (c), an excellent fellow, known far and wide for his eccentricity. He was tall and lean, and wore, both summer and winter, a shabby, threadbare frock-coat. For fifty years he lived in a lodging in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, for which he paid four hundred francs per annum. Books were his one extravagance; otherwise he had reduced his expenses to the barest minimum. He took his meals in small restaurants in the Quartier Latin, in company with the students. He was as economical of his time as of his money; he made the round of the hospital every morning, lunched off a hunch of bread and cheese, attended to his private practice, which brought him in from twenty-five to thirty thousand francs a year, and then sat down to his beloved books and studied till far into the night. He was immensely learned; he knew everything, but was so modest that he always pretended to know nothing. He was the butt of his colleagues, clients, and pupils, on account of his parsimonious habits and shabby clothes. To all their quips and

jests his only reply was a whimsical smile, which never failed to impress me. I felt that something lay behind it. When he died in 1850, at the age of eighty-three, the poor of the city rushed in crowds to his modest lodging. Then the secret which no one had even suspected was unveiled: Capuron had consistently denied himself all but the barest necessities, that he might more freely give in charity. But he had been wise in his administration. He gave food to the hungry, education to the children, of whom he had adopted about thirty. He sent them to school, apprenticed them to a trade, assisted them to set up for themselves, secured patrons for them, and never lost sight of them. About a hundred families owed their all to him, and prospered and lived honestly, thanks to his generosity. His death alone revealed the mystery. Praise was in every mouth, tears bedewed every cheek. I remembered then and understood that fine smile which illumined his countenance when he was asked: "For whom are you saving? You are not married, you have neither chick nor child!"

The chief surgeon of the Salpêtrière was M. Lallement, Professeur de la Faculté. He was remarkable for his erudition and excessive modesty. He never spoke in a hurry. When there was a general discussion he would remain silent, so long as he felt that the matter in hand was well treated; but if his assistance was needed, he would interpose with a degree of tact, charm, and power that easily dominated his hearers. He was too unassuming to secure among the surgeons of Paris the position that should have been his by right of professional skill. His means were slender. He did not entertain; and he

served his meals, not on the table like other people, but in a large drawer. If an inopportune visitor arrived, he took off his napkin, shut the drawer, picked up a book, and was found looking as if nothing was further from his mind than dinner.

Worthy M. Lallement was terribly afraid of illness. His house-physician knew how to play upon his weakness. His hospital round was generally unduly prolonged. If the house-physician happened to be in a hurry he would say to him when he arrived:

“Dear me, sir, are you unwell this morning?”

“I? No! Why do you ask?”

“You do not look at all as I should wish.”

“I am not feeling ill at present, but perhaps I had better shorten my visit a little”—and the trick was done.

Lallement was also a poltroon in other ways. The Salpêtrière, like the other prisons of Paris, had its tragic 2d of September. Several aristocratic women who had sought concealment among the hospital paupers were denounced and massacred. The building resounded with shrieks. Unfortunate creatures, streaming with blood, fled through the court-yards in a vain attempt to escape from their butchers. Lallement, shivering with fright, watched from behind the window of a room in which he had hidden himself. Suddenly the doorbell rang violently; Lallement opened, and a sinister-looking man in blood-stained clothing entered and said roughly:

“Are you the surgeon? Here, dress this cut for me.”

Lallement prepared to do so. The palm of the hand was laid open by a gaping wound, evidently produced by some sharp instrument.

“Did you get that wound here?” inquired the surgeon in a shaking voice.

“Good Lord, no! Do you take me for an assassin of women? When the *work* was portioned out this morning I selected Bicêtre because I knew I should have to deal with men there—and by Jove I did my share! A devil of an aristocrat seized a sword and gave me this memento. He won’t wound anybody else. . . . But it’s bad luck for me, for I shan’t be able to do anything more, and they say there will be another couple of days’ work!”

When the dressing was over the wounded man pulled a twelve-franc piece from his pocket, laid it on the table, and went out. I have often seen that piece of money with the bloodstains on it: Lallement kept it.

Another curious story occurs to me here:

Among the priests massacred at the Carmelites on the 2d of September was the Chanoine de Goy. When the bodies were collected for interment, a carter observed that the one he was lifting in his arms showed signs of life. He pointed this out to the Inspector of the cemetery, who ordered him to delay the burial. The carter was a humane man and sent secretly for a surgeon, who tended the priest so well that he recovered completely. He was full of gratitude toward the two who had saved his life, but fearing to compromise them he quitted the shelter they offered him. He lived for some time under an assumed name with an old relation, studied dentistry, and practised with distinction in Paris, until, order being restored, he was able to rejoin his Order. As he was registered as deceased, he amused himself by procuring his death certificate; he has often shown

it to me. He sometimes signed himself *late de Goy*.

I attended Cuvier's (c) lectures at the Jardin des Plantes. He was the best organiser I ever met. He never wasted an instant of his time. His carriage was fitted with a lamp which enabled him to read at night. When he dressed he always had a pupil present who reported the progress of some experiment, or read aloud to him. Later in life he took to politics and public affairs, and soon mastered them. He could discuss administration, jurisprudence, diplomacy, as if he had never done anything else all his life. He was the moving spirit of the Académie des Sciences, and few months passed without his contributing some scientific article to current literature. What a man he was! what a professor! He could draw animals, the subjects of his lectures, with marvellous skill; a blackboard and a bit of white chalk between his magical fingers were sufficient to ensure a life-like picture. He was struck with apoplexy on May 10, 1832, and succumbed on the 13th at the age of sixty-three.

I also attended Thénard's lectures. He was one of the best professors of chemistry it has ever been my privilege to listen to. He spoke clearly, methodically, and without effort. His lessons seemed all too short. An English lady, whom the pupils nicknamed *Madame Potasse*, was invariably present. She also came to the botany and physics lectures. Years after I left the college I heard that Madame Potasse was still prosecuting her scientific studies.

I studied other subjects at the Collège de France, among them literature under the Abbé Delille, the

greatest poet of our time. Although he was afflicted with blindness he was very merry, and often made us laugh. One day, however, shortly before his death, he read us an ode which began thus:

. . . *Celui qui n'y voit pas*  
*Longtemps avant la mort a connu le trépas.*

His eyes filled with tears, and he was so overcome that he was obliged to dismiss us.

Another time, speaking about chatterboxes, he quoted innumerable passages in every literature, from the Bible downwards, in condemnation of this odious fault.

"I once had a friend," he said, "who was full of good sense, wit, and intelligence; but all these pleasant attributes, were overshadowed by his annoying propensity to incessant prattle. Writing one day to a mutual friend, I happened to quote the following lines, which I thought applicable to our chatterbox:

*"Lassé de l'écouter, je me livre au sommeil;*  
*Je le trouve toujours parlant, à mon réveil.*

"My letter was unfortunately shown to him, and he came to me, furiously angry. I reasoned with him, and he ended by good-naturedly acknowledging that he was conscious of his failing.

"'I have always envied that fellow who took three days to think over his answer to the simplest question,' he exclaimed. 'He met with an accident once, and was asked whether he was hurt. He considered for three days, and then replied, "Yes, my arm is broken."'"

Dear old Delille was much beloved by his pupils. When he died they harnessed themselves to the hearse



and dragged it to the cemetery; they all subscribed to raise a monument to his memory.

In 1813 the first Matron of the Salpêtrière was still alive; I often had a talk with her. She told me many interesting things about the early management of the establishment, and the female prisoners; I much regret that I did not write them down at the time.

The Comtesse de Lamotte was handed over to her charge under sentence of imprisonment for life. After her public whipping and branding in Place de la Grève, she was carried in a dying condition to the Salpêtrière and put to bed in a cell in La Force. Fever supervened, accompanied by violent delirium, and for several weeks she lay between life and death. When hope was abandoned and she thought she had not many hours to live, she sent for the matron and told her the whole story of the celebrated necklace and the part she had played in the drama.

“You can see for yourself I am not guilty,” she concluded. “Before appearing at the throne of my God, I swear I am innocent.”

She recovered her health, but her spirit was crushed. She did her share of household work, brooding ever on her mournful lot. At last, despite the close supervision kept over her movements, she managed to escape, disguised as a man. Money was spent like water to contrive her flight. All the servants and junior officials were bribed. A carriage had been in waiting for her outside the hospice from early morning on the day arranged. Everything went off perfectly, and the unhappy Countess was free at last. An inquiry was held for form’s sake, but no measures were taken for her recapture, nor were the

details of her flight ever divulged. Even Madame Lamotte herself never told, for the account she gives in her *Mémoires* is fictitious. The matron thought her more foolish than guilty, in the story of the necklace, and was of opinion that she did not grasp the meaning or the importance of the part she played.

The real culprit was her husband, the so-called Comte de Lamotte, who seized the diamonds and sold them in London. The remaining actors in the story were mere tools. Lamotte returned to Paris, and died there in 1831, very old and terribly poor. I knew him when he was a ticket-collector at the Odéon Theatre.<sup>1</sup>

The stories of some of the women incarcerated in the Salpêtrière would read like the pages of a novel. Several had played a celebrated part in social life, and possessed large houses, many servants and admirers. Some had been much before the public, and had led lives of dazzling extravagance and luxury. Among these were fashionable actresses, singers, even great ladies fallen from their high estate to this extremity of misery. At Bicêtre there were also artists and brilliant men of letters, but very few who had ever been rich.

When I lived in the Salpêtrière I was fond of talking to these poor creatures. My opinion, formed on what I gleaned from them, is that, with a modi-

<sup>1</sup> Mustiphragosi, Chevalier de Saint-Louis et de la Couronne, married to Jeanne de Saint-Rémy de Valois, and known under the name of Valois-Collier, managed cleverly to seize the celebrated necklace and escape with it to England, where he broke it up and sold the diamonds. He dissipated his ill-gotten gains in shameless debauchery. I tried more than once to get the true story in detail from him, but directly it was mentioned he took refuge in obstinate silence.—*Author's note.*

cum of method, economy, and honest toil, most of the derelicts of the hospice might have ended their days in easy circumstances, amidst the comforts so necessary to old age. They belonged to a class which is generally idle, improvident, and lawless. A few of the prisoners enjoyed a small weekly or monthly allowance from their families; but in nearly every case the money was dissipated as soon as received, on sweets or trivialities, without a thought that on the morrow there would be none left for necessities. I imagine the same trait might be observed in every hospice. M. de Gérando, who spent so much of his time and thought on philanthropical problems, used to say: "Half the people who die of starvation have only themselves to blame."

On January 1, 1814, I left the Salpêtrière and entered the Pitié.

Public affairs were in a serious condition; fighting was going on a few miles from Paris. Napoleon had collected a fresh army with incredible effort. The campaign of Saxony demonstrated what Frenchmen were still capable of doing; but Napoleon, who was accustomed to wars of invasion, had never turned his attention to the problem of provisioning an army. Therefore, when his men found themselves forced by overwhelming opposition and internal treachery to retire through a hostile country, they had no resources of their own to fall back upon. The raw young soldiers and recruits proved unequal to the strain of fatigue and privation. At Mayence, where they arrived helter-skelter in the utmost confusion, there were no preparations for their accommodation. Typhus fever broke out and took heavy toll of the

troops. All who could be moved were passed on to other towns. Several convoys of sick arrived in Paris.

The Hôpital de la Pitié was quickly overfilled. The beds were partially stripped, only one mattress being left for each, the remainder were placed on the floor; straw was strewn in the corridors, in the halls, even in the church. The sick lay in long rows side by side; gaps left by death were filled at once. Docteur Lerminier, whose assistant I was, obtained authority to despatch all who could bear the journey to their own homes.

“Now then, my boys,” he said to them, “hurry up and get well; as soon as you are able you shall go home. Your people are expecting you.”

The words “home” and “people” produced a magical effect. Sunken eyes shone again, dying men pulled themselves together, for many poor fellows were suffering as sorely from home-sickness as from typhus. This clever plan saved many lives, and another fortnight saw the greater number cured.

February of the same year brought me the fulfilment of my long-cherished wish. I was appointed to the Hôtel-Dieu. This vast hospital is more central, and more convenient for lectures. The teaching is first-rate, the management excellent, and the sick are well nursed and kindly treated. In former times the beds were supposed to accommodate four or five patients each; even in my day two were frequently put in together when the hospital was crowded; now each patient is sure of a bed to himself, in every hospital.

Dupuytren was head of the surgical department,

for good old Pelletan's reputation was due to his elegant manners and social tact rather than to his practical ability. Dupuytren, on the contrary, was a surgeon born. He was absorbed by his enormous practice, and had but little time left for research. This has been quoted against him as a reproach; but I may say, without fear of contradiction, that he did not need study. What he did not know, he either guessed or invented; however intricate or unusual the difficulties presented, his genius surmounted them instinctively. Pupils came to him from all parts of the world, and crowded about him on his hospital round or at his clinical lectures. He spoke fluently, but so low that the moment he began the usual buzz of the theatre ceased, and everybody listened intently. He has been accused of fondness for money, but he certainly never weighed possible gain against the welfare of his poorer patients; he was invariably kind to them, used to inquire about their business and their families, give them good advice, and see that they were properly nursed; more than once I have heard of his interesting himself in them after they left the hospital, and giving them his powerful patronage.

Dupuytren was grave, rather stilted in manner; he was more respected than beloved by his colleagues. They used to say that his every word and gesture was studied, that there was nothing impulsive or spontaneous about him.

This may have been true in his intercourse with the outside world, but in the small circle of his intimates he was perfectly charming. He adored his daughter, the Comtesse de Beaumont. He was served with devotion by his servants, and rarely had to make changes in his establishment. He once took me as

his assistant when he travelled to a house about three hundred and sixty miles from Paris, to perform an operation. In getting out of the carriage, I smeared my greatcoat against the muddy wheels, and was excessively annoyed at the contretemps. In the evening, when we retired to rest, he took off his coat, turned up his sleeves, and with a goodwill of which I should not have thought him capable, soaped and rubbed and brushed my modest garment to such good purpose that I could find no stain when I examined it in the morning. I call that a real instance of good nature.

Docteurs Marx and Lebreton, who were for some years his confidential secretaries, have told me various interesting stories about Dupuytren. To Marx he bequeathed his books and private papers. Among the latter was the correspondence which took place between Boyer and Dupuytren on the subject of the engagement between the latter and Mlle. Boyer, afterwards Madame Roux. The friends of both were invited to witness the marriage; the wedding party assembled—waited—but no bridegroom arrived. For thirty years he allowed himself to be blamed and accused of disloyalty, though he could at any moment have given a perfect answer to the charge. On the very morning of the ceremony Mlle. Boyer had written to him confessing that she did not care for him, that she loved another man, and imploring him to prevent the marriage.

Although Dupuytren could speak with practised ease and elegance, he hardly ever wrote. A few memoranda are all he contributed to science. His official account of the death of the Duc de Berry may be recalled in this connection. It was a pattern of

composition, wording, and lucidity. Dupuytren disliked writing the simplest note; even an invitation to dinner cost him an hour's reflection and a dozen sheets of paper.

Lebreton attributes his death to his envious and anxious disposition. His constitution was robust, but was undermined by constant worry over imaginary troubles. He was most loved by those who knew him best, for he had many sterling qualities. The voice of calumny did not spare him. For instance, it was said and stated in print that he behaved so violently to his wife, from whom he afterwards obtained a legal separation, that he broke her arm; whereas the truth is that he bore himself throughout the whole sorry business with perfect dignity and moderation. He was also accused of being a gambler: I know that he never touched a card.

He went to London once, and was received as a king among surgeons. The scientific and medical associations vied with each other in paying him honour.

The famous surgeon, Astley Cooper (c), who had retired from practice, entertained him several times at his country seat. One day Dupuytren was congratulating him on his princely home and the splendour of the great trees in the park.

"Yes," replied the English surgeon, "they are very fine. I walk round them every morning to select the one on which I shall hang myself. If I had remained in London, I should probably have died of overwork—but here I am bound to die of boredom."

"If I were you, I should go back to London."

Cooper did, in fact, return to his practice, and continued working up to the time of his death.

Dupuytren was greatly impressed by the conversation above related, and often said: "I shall practise my profession to the end. When I can no longer walk to my patients, I shall be carried to their bedsides."

Dupuytren at the Hôtel-Dieu and Boyer at the Charité were the two shining lights of their time in surgery. The ablest surgeons of our day owe everything to their teaching. But whereas Dupuytren left no writings of any importance, Boyer, who was quite as busy, found time to write a *Traité de Chirurgie* which is a standard work, and will remain so for many a year.

Boyer had come from Uzerche to Paris, a short time before the Revolution of '89, to study medicine and pass his examinations in order to qualify for the position of an *officier de santé* in his native town. As his parents were unable to support him during his student years, he took service with a barber, as a *major*. I have already explained that impecunious students of surgery, who were forced to take menial positions in order to support themselves and pay their fees, were known by that name. He did not remain one long. His progress in anatomy was so rapid that he was soon able to take pupils. He used to give them private lessons, and he has told me that he often taught them what he had himself learnt the day before. He allowed himself practically nothing for his personal needs. He had no general education, and he spent part of his earnings on supplying his mental deficiencies. In course of time he mastered Greek, Latin, some mathematics, and last but not least, correct French, which he had originally spoken with the accent of a Limousin peasant. Thus he gradually improved himself into one of the most learned men



of his time—Professeur de la Faculté, Membre de l'Institut, Chief Surgeon to Napoleon. But though he cultivated his intellect so assiduously, in personal appearance, manners, and accent he remained ever a peasant. Boyer was a Limousin to the end; a man of coarse build, but simple-hearted, kindly, and witty. Napoleon thought more of him than of all the Members of the Académie Française put together.

I was House-physician at the Hôtel-Dieu with Lallemand, of Montpellier, a Membre de l'Académie des Sciences.

A few words about his eccentricities will not be out of place. I have never met anybody with half his appetite for work. His original education was absolutely nil; therefore he determined to acquire one. He set himself to learn Greek, Latin, medicine, surgery, and the kindred sciences, and was so successful that in two years he was able to read the classics in the original. He produced a translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates which was pronounced by the great student of Hippocrates, Docteur Littré, to be one of the best in existence. His progress in medicine was no less rapid. He was slovenly and dirty in appearance. His clothes were always out of repair, spotted with ink, and covered with fluff; this last peculiarity was owing to his odd habit of lying flat on the floor with a pipe in his mouth during his hours of study. He did not improve much in tidiness, even when he was making an income of thirty thousand francs a year.

He was as indifferent to time as to cleanliness. Sometimes he would dine at eleven o'clock at night. He was always late for everything, and his invariable excuse was: "I really must get a watch!" In

medical science he was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of the day. He could talk agreeably on every subject: science, literature, the fine arts, he was equally at his ease in all. He told a story well, and made the most hackneyed anecdote sound amusing. He told me once that a Marseilles patient of his, who wished to have his portrait painted in oils, asked him the name of the best portrait-painter in Paris. Before Lallemand could reply, a friend who was present exclaimed: "You want to go to Paris to be painted in oils! But, my dear chap, everybody knows there is no oil in Paris. They have nothing but butter, and as sure as fate, they will do your picture in butter."

The following was another of his stories:

One of his patients died, and the widow resolved to build him a fine tomb; but when at the end of a month she was sufficiently recovered from her grief to attend to the business, she found that her intention had been mysteriously anticipated. A handsome marble tomb covered the remains, and on it was carved this somewhat invidious inscription: "*A mon ami P——, le modèle des amants, son amie inconsolable.*"<sup>1</sup> The widow was never able to discover the perpetrator of this grim jest.

He also told me that, during the Terror, he used to attend a little school, the master of which was a fanatical revolutionary; on the chimney-piece of the class-room stood two busts, one of Marat, the other of Peltier, editor of a newspaper called *Les Actes des Apôtres*. The schoolmaster had read some numbers of this journal, and could not forgive the

<sup>1</sup> Which might be read as signifying: "To my friend P——, a pattern lover, from his inconsolable mistress."

author for his jokes and witty criticisms on the men and events of the time. He hated him as bitterly as he worshipped Marat. Each day, therefore, before beginning lessons, he would advance solemnly towards the chimney-piece, imprint a reverential kiss on the bust of Marat, and box the ears of that of Peltier.

In 1845 Lallemand resigned the chair of clinical surgery at Montpellier, and migrated to Paris, to qualify as a *Membre de l'Institut*. He invited all his old house-physician colleagues to his house-warming. We sat down twenty to dinner, almost all contemporaries: Cloquet, Cruveilhier, Moreau, accoucheur to the Princesses of Orléans, Rayer, etc. It was a real students' dinner, except for its magnificence. We all felt thirty years younger, and were wildly hilarious. Each one contributed some reminiscence. One told how Borie, who was mayor of Paris for twenty-four hours, used his short term of office to get himself appointed Physician at the Hôtel-Dieu, and took up his post the next day. Another spoke of Asselin, a fine fellow and a learned physician.

Asselin, who lived to the age of eighty, had a way of saying, "We will see about that" on every occasion. It was his catch-word, and his answer to everything. "We will see about that," he replied one day to a lady who was complaining of the weather.

He possessed unfailing tact in matters medical, and knew just when to fold his arms and practise masterly inactivity. It occasionally happens that the parents or friends of a patient press the doctor to try some treatment they know of, instead of leaving

<sup>1</sup> Lallemand died at Marseilles in 1854, I think, leaving a large fortune. He left fifty thousand francs to the Académie des Sciences to found an annual prize.—*Author's note.*

him free to follow his own inspiration; they tease, and urge, and argue, to the detriment of the sick person, if the medical man has not the strength of mind to resist them. As an instance of this he told me that he once had a niece suffering from advanced phthisis. Cuvier's only daughter was sick of the same disease. Asselin often said to him: "No assistance that science can afford is of any avail either for your daughter or my niece. Everything possible has been tried, but the malady continues to make its deadly progress. Let us leave the poor girls alone, and not torment them further with nostrums and treatments which are incapable of curing them. You do not believe me; every day you beg for a further consultation. Well, I shall act for my niece as I think fit. By so doing I may keep her alive a year longer than your daughter. At any rate I mean to spare her the sufferings you are inflicting on your child." It is a fact that Mlle. Asselin did actually survive her friend by two years.

As Asselin was good enough to take an interest in me, I went to see him and announce my forthcoming marriage.

"Are you marrying a rich woman?" he asked.

"No. I do not know what she may eventually inherit, but for the present she has very little."

"So much the better for you both! It is the greatest misfortune for a sensitive man to marry a woman of means. Sooner or later she is certain to make him realise what she has done for him, and what he owes her. Such things are never forgotten. Plautus has put it very well in one of his comedies: *Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi.*"

Asselin also said to me: "There are men who can

talk for a quarter of an hour, others for an hour, and others again for a month. These last are the most difficult to make up one's mind about. It takes most of that time to discover that, as they cannot possibly have anything new to say, they are merely repeating themselves over and over again, like the tunes in a musical box."

He told me that an aunt with whom he was living at the time once sent for a veterinary surgeon to see a little dog of which she was very fond. At the conclusion of his visit Asselin pressed half-a-crown into his hand. "Not at all; not at all, sir!" he exclaimed. "Between colleagues there can be no question of a fee." And he absolutely declined to pocket the money.

When I joined the staff of the Hôtel-Dieu I was assigned to Dupuytren as assistant for fracture cases. He was a stern taskmaster, but worked quite as hard himself as he expected others to work for him. Winter and summer he was at the hospital by half-past five. He began his rounds at once, passing quickly over slight cases and concentrating his attention on the graver ones. He insisted on careful dressings and rigorous cleanliness. "Clean linen has an important bearing on the success of a case," he would observe. He always had a word of kindly encouragement for the sufferers. He would even laugh and jest with them, if he thought it would do them good, though it was not natural to him to do so. After the round, the out-patients were brought in; then he performed operations, and finally lectured, so that he was seldom ready to leave the hospital before ten o'clock. He never failed to accept and pocket the roll of bread which, according to a very

ancient custom, is offered to the doctor at the end of his round. In the evening he would pay a second visit to grave operation cases. It is therefore hardly necessary for me to repeat that, if Dupuytren left a large fortune, it was certainly not at the expense of indigent patients, for he treated them gratuitously.

Fighting was going on at the gates of Paris. The wounded were brought in by hundreds. We were soon overcrowded. Every available inch of space was filled; the ordinary sick had to be sent to their homes; the pensioners of Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière, and the incurables, were turned out of their wards and herded together in dark corners and attics. Before long even that was not enough, and two occupants were assigned to every bed. Each day fresh means had to be devised to house the steadily increasing tide of sick and wounded. The unfortunate fellows dragged themselves into Paris, animated by a feverish desire to obtain shelter and succour. Some fell exhausted on the very steps of the hospital and expired as they reached the haven of a bed. Many had sores and wounds which had not been dressed for days, if ever. Every morning the hospital hearses bore thirty or forty corpses to their long rest. It was the same in all the other asylums and hospitals. Sometimes the men died without being able to give their names, and it was afterwards impossible to trace them or to find the bereaved relatives. The officials could only note the fact of an arrival and decease on the hospital register. At length the overcrowding reached such a point that the authorities decided to move those who seemed able to bear the journey to Versailles, and thence onward to towns in the in-

terior. Parties of travellers were made up of four hundred sick to a hundred hackney carriages. One such convoy started from the hospital every morning.

I was charged by the War Office with the supervision of the convoys. At Sèvres there was an hour's halt for food and rest. The mayor received us. I removed the dead, of whom there were always a certain number. An official report was made. Hospital attendants under my command distributed wine, brandy, food, of which an abundant provision accompanied us in a special waggon. We then started on the second portion of our journey. At Versailles my responsibilities ended, and I handed over the living and the more recently dead to the hospital. On the 30th of March, 1814, when we reached the village of Point-du-Jour, I received instructions to take my convoy back to Paris immediately; cannon thundered from all sides, and the road to Versailles was no longer practicable.

In the early days of March the Garde Nationale was ordered to Saint-Denis to take over three or four thousand prisoners of war. It was thought that public confidence would be somewhat restored by the sight. One battalion from each of the twelve *légions* was detailed for the duty. The convoy was played in by military bands, and marched along the Boulevards of the Place Vendôme. The prisoners were mostly young men with simple country faces, who gazed about them in wonderment at the sights of the capital. The triumphal march failed in its intended moral effect, and was almost universally regarded as an evidence of bad taste.

Towards the end of the month I started one afternoon with some friends for a long walk in the direc-

tion of the Buttes-Chaumont and of Saint-Denis. There were no visible signs of a serious defence of Paris. A few paltry mounds of earth, hastily thrown up and scantily defended by guns, represented our sole preparations against an enemy whose scouts were already showing themselves in the vicinity of Saint-Denis. Ignorant though I was in military matters, I could not but realise the impossibility of saving the city by such feeble means. Yet our resistance was fine; the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry lasted all through the day of the 30th.

It was not until the siege was imminent that the population was organised to withstand the enemy. The Law and Medical Schools were formed into companies of artillery. I have by me as I write the letter in which M. de Roux, Dean of the École de Médecine, notified me of my enrolment in one of the companies. It runs as follows:

“SIR,

“M. le Grand Maître has informed me that M. le Sénateur Comte de Lespinasse, commanding the artillery of the Garde Nationale, intends to inspect the pupils of the Law and Medical Schools at once. In compliance, therefore, with the orders contained in his Excellency's letter of 4th February, I hereby direct you to parade in the court-yard of the École de Médecine on Monday, February 7th, at half-past eleven, for the aforesaid purpose of inspection.

“The pupils are at liberty to enter any protest they may wish to offer, to his Excellency in person, etc.

“I am, sir, etc.”

Everybody put in an appearance. The names on the roster were called over: “Mr. So-and-so!”



"Dead," answered the man named on his own behalf. "So much the worse!" replied the Sénateur de Lespinasse (L). "Mr. So-and-so!" "Gone to his home in the country." Every name called received a similar answer. So far, perfect quiet had reigned over the assembly. But when the Sénateur saw that he was being tricked, he flew into a violent rage, and threatened dire punishment to such as should venture to carry on this ill-timed pleasantry. Thereupon such a hubbub of insults and threats broke out that M. de Lespinasse bowed his head before the storm and promptly departed.

It must be admitted that constant warfare had exhausted the patience of the people, and that they had not yet had time to realise the humiliations of defeat and military occupation. France should at this juncture have risen like one man, made common cause, and offered desperate resistance to the enemies who sheltered themselves behind the name of *allies* to crush us. It was no longer a question of Napoleon, but of our mother-country. We made a great mistake. The Army was still loyal to the Emperor, although the senior officers were worn out and longed for a peace which should allow them to enjoy the honours and fortune they had earned. Napoleon's name was reviled everywhere. The soldiers who were accustomed to live in conquered lands sometimes forgot that they had returned to their own country, and behaved shamefully. I once saw a mounted Grenadier of the Guard knock an old man down into the mud, and when the bystanders interfered, shout insolently at them and call them "*tas de pékins*." A crowd quickly assembled, and would have torn him to pieces but for the interven-

tion of a couple of calmer spirits who managed to get him safely away.

There was hardly a family anywhere that had not to weep for one or more of its members. "As long as Napoleon is at the head of affairs," they grumbled, "we shall never have anything but war; no peace is possible while his insatiable ambition survives." Herein lies the true explanation of our lack of patriotism at the crucial moment. In the south our soldiers were even maltreated by the people. Réveillé-Parise (p), who was at the battle of Toulouse, has often told me that the hand of the English was considerably strengthened by the culpable sympathy offered to them by our own countrymen. Yet, if Maréchal Suchet had brought up the twelve thousand men he had with him at Narbonne, we might even then have crushed the English; but he refused to join forces with Soult and become his subordinate. It has been whispered that the Maréchale Suchet was in part responsible for this resolution. She was a haughty, ambitious woman; it was almost as great a distinction to be admitted to her table as to be invited to a seat in the royal coach. A son was born to her at Saragossa, and she insisted on his being carried to his baptism on a cuirass.

The following letter was written to me from Angoulême by M. Guillemeteau, a solicitor, who afterwards became Attorney-General at Poitiers. It was in answer to one in which I informed him of the death of his brother, a gallant officer who died of his wounds in my ward at the Hôtel-Dieu, March 27, 1814, at the age of thirty-three (g).

“Sir, pray accept my best thanks, etc. I pray that my poor brother may be the last victim of that tyrant, who has no equal in the world’s history. This devouring ogre, this cursed Corsican, cowardly and cruel as the spirit of evil, has far outstripped Nero, Caligula, Robespierre, etc.”<sup>1</sup>

A Gironde newspaper published the rival claims of two districts in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, each of which professed to have rendered a signal service to Wellington; each claimed to have shown the English army a private road, and thus materially contributed towards the defeat of a body of French troops which awaited it in another direction. “What have you to say to that, Capitaine Ravel?” I asked a brave officer, seeing him tear up the newspaper after he had read it. “I have to remark that we Frenchmen are a set of unmitigated scoundrels!”

At the close of 1815 white flags were given to the Garde Nationale in Paris. “Swear loyally to defend this banner and preserve it without stain!” proclaimed the commandant.

“Yes, with the help of soap,” muttered Capitaine Ravel, who had joined our 10<sup>e</sup> *Légion* as a private.

The Allied Armies were much surprised at the reception accorded to them on their entry into Paris. They were acclaimed as friends. The women especially looked upon them as liberators, kissed hands from the windows and vociferated their welcome. A day will come when posterity will blush for this shameful page of our history. I must lose no time

<sup>1</sup> The above letter is dated April 23, 1814, Angoulême. (Autograph letter in the Biblioth. mun. de Périgueux, Collection P. de La Siboutie.)

in adding that the blindness of the people was of short duration. Before the middle of April many regretted bitterly the speeches and acts into which they had been betrayed on the 20th of March. The pretended Allies turned out more redoubtable than the most cruel enemies. Such women as condescended to appear in public in their company were hissed and pointed at with scorn. Four thousand Russians and Prussians encamped in the gardens of the Luxembourg; no men were allowed to enter, but women might do so freely. A very small number claimed the privilege, but they were so insulted by the irate populace that a patrol of Russians was forced to protect their retreat.

We found it hard to bear the visible evidences of our defeat. We turned aside angrily when we first saw those hideous Cossacks, Tartars, and Kalmucks galloping through our streets, crouching low on their little horses and pointing their lances; and we cursed at sight of our own military posts occupied by men in strange uniforms, our bridges lined with cannon. Even now, thirty years later, the recital of these humiliations fills my heart with rage!

In 1814 the house of my future father-in-law, M. Delpont, was unexpectedly entered by a Russian general with two aides-de-camp.

"Sir, you are the present proprietor of this house. It was the cradle of my family, and I was born here. I should be grateful if you would allow me to go over it. I am General Langeron."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Andrault, Comte de Langeron, born at Paris in 1763. Emigrated in 1790, became a general in the Russian army. Died at St. Petersburg in 1831.

“A *Russian* general, sir? ”

“Yes, I command a division of the Russian army.”

M. Delpont rang the bell.

“Show this . . . *Russian General* . . . all over the house.”

And with an icy bow he left the room.

The Hôtel Langeron, 54 Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain, has now passed into the possession of Professeur Velpeau. When I married in 1816 I left the Hôtel-Dieu and came to live with my wife's relations. We remained there until 1824.

I have studied the description of the battle of Montereau in Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. Book in hand I walked over the battlefield in one direction after another, and was amazed at the wealth and correctness of the topographical details. Nothing was forgotten. But one interesting incident was evidently unknown to M. Thiers. The mayor of the town in that year, 1814, was a M. Moreau (M). The day before the battle he asked for an audience of the Emperor, and was promptly received. He informed him that the enemy had overlooked a narrow path in a ravine by which the plateau above could easily be reached by a small body of soldiers. He offered to serve as guide. Accordingly a feinted general attack was made in another direction to draw off the enemy, while one battalion, guided by Moreau marching coolly at its head, gained the plateau. This is certainly the chief cause of our signal victory on that occasion. Two hours later, Napoleon took up his quarters at the Château de Surville. He wrote a letter to Caulaincourt which began thus:

“When you learn the result of the battle of Mon-

tereau, you will regret having so easily accepted and handed on for my approval the conditions of the 'Allied Armies, etc.'

M. Thiers was so exact in his descriptions of battles, and showed himself so able as a strategist, that Maréchal Canrobert used to say he was our cleverest general.

Moreau had never served in the army. He was a peace-loving peasant, quite an ordinary person, but he had his hour of triumph—Napoleon decorated him with his own hand.

A few stories of Napoleon occur to me here, and may prove of interest to the reader.

M. de Gérando (G) was talking to me about him once, and said: "Napoleon rarely missed a sitting of the Conseil d'État, and what sittings they were! Twelve, fifteen hours at a stretch. The Code Napoléon is no meaningless title, for he took the leading part in drawing it up. Our ablest councillors were amazed at his knowledge of jurisprudence. He did not encourage servile agreement with his opinions; he liked to hear every point fully and frankly discussed, and desired that the Conseil d'État should maintain its independence of thought.

"Take, for instance, the day when he placed before the Conseil the utterly unexpected decree re-establishing the nobility: after the audience had been requested to retire, and the proposed decree had been read to the assembled members, Napoleon noticed that no one seemed prepared to speak.

"'Come now, gentlemen!' he cried. 'Give me your unbiassed opinions. You, Monsieur Réal, what do you think?'

"'Sire, I am hardly prepared to argue the ques-

tion; but since your Majesty desires it, I will endeavour to explain how the matter strikes me. You will remember that when I opposed your assuming the title of Emperor I warned you of the consequences likely to ensue. Here is the first. To-day comes the re-establishment of the nobility; to-morrow, after to-morrow, and day by day, you will find yourself forced to resume archaic institutions which no one really desires, and which, far from confirming and strengthening your power, will have the contrary effect. . . .’

“‘Thank you,’ replied Napoleon. ‘The discussion is adjourned until to-morrow.’”

When the Emperor paid his first visit of inspection to Rambouillet, to make plans for his occupation of the Castle, he asked to have a bath-room made next to his study. His chief concern in whatever house he took up residence was always his study, which must be large, with a south aspect, and a bath-room adjoining. He made his choice at Rambouillet. The architect was afraid to point out that there was no convenient space next door for a bath-room. He was obliged therefore to plan one in the thickness of the wall. The walls of the Castle are made of close-grained sandstone, more than six feet thick. It cost six thousand francs to excavate them for the purpose of the bath-room. A first-rate artist was engaged to paint the walls and ceiling with arabesques, foliage, birds, and animals. When the task was accomplished and all was in order the architect prepared to witness the delight and satisfaction of his Imperial master. Alas, a rude shock awaited him! Napoleon inspected the work with a frown and turned away, saying curtly: “Remove that rubbish and paint it white. I hate fripperies.” The discomfited architect obeyed.

In 1815 the white paint was removed, and the beautiful decorations underneath were fortunately found to be in perfect condition.

I have known several people who occupied positions about the person of Napoleon, old servants and the like. All unite in eulogising his kindness, affability, and simplicity. Saint-Denis, first footman, who followed his Imperial master to the Island of Elba and St. Helena, and only left him at his death, could not say enough in gratitude for his unfailing gentleness and consideration. Napoleon was devoted to children, and loved to take them on his knee and listen to their chatter. Saint-Denis had a little girl two or three years old; the Emperor would always stop and have a game with her when he met her in his walks. Saint-Denis afterwards accompanied the expedition which went to St. Helena in 1840, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, to bring back Napoleon's ashes to France.

I was for many years medical attendant to the Saint-Denis family. The old father had served in the stables of Louis XVI. and later in those of Napoleon, in the humble capacity of outrider. His son was in the Imperial Household as footman; his intelligence, devotion, and good looks attracted the Emperor's notice, and he took him as his own personal attendant, and selected him to accompany him to Elba and St. Helena.

Saint-Denis was an uneducated man (s). Nevertheless he made up his mind to keep a daily journal. His duties compelled him to be continually in the Emperor's presence, and he heard much that was curious and interesting. There are four fat folios, not ill-written, but very faulty in spelling and



grammar. I have read them. The following is a passage from one of them :

“Sire,” said Montholon, “I have seen a good deal of the English, and have lived among them, and I assure you they are not really bad fellows.”

“No,” replied the Emperor, “but their Government is not worth a snap of the fingers; they knew very well what they were about when they gave me the biggest scoundrels they could lay hands on as gaolers.”

The journal, which covers the years 1801 to 1821, is written throughout in colloquial, often expressive, always lively style. It is still more interesting after 1814, when master and man were brought into closer contact, and were less reserved in their intercourse with each other. Saint-Denis served Napoleon faithfully to the last.

I see Général Petit at the Invalides at least once a week (P). He was in command of the Garde Impériale at Fontainebleau in April, 1814. Napoleon embraced him warmly at the moment of his departure for Elba, saying: “I wish I could thus clasp all my old comrades to my heart.” Général Petit has more than once related this interesting episode to me. At the last moment, when Napoleon seized and raised the eagle of the regiment, emotion choked him and forced tears into his eyes; but only for an instant. In firm, ringing tones he pronounced the famous words: “Farewell, beloved eagle. May the sound of this my parting embrace reach the ears of posterity!”

The foregoing scenes have been familiarised to successive generations by thousands of engravings.

I have in my possession a letter from Général Dupont, Minister of War (D), to Prince Talleyrand,

of which I append a copy. It is dated April 20th, and runs as follows:

“SIR,

“Napoleon left Fontainebleau this day at noon. He begged permission to take leave of a regiment of the Guard before departing. Général Friant consented. Napoleon in his farewell to the regiment bade the men serve the King faithfully. Your Highness will not be sorry to learn this new evidence of eccentricity and weakness.

“I beg to assure your Highness of my respectful sentiments.

GÉNÉRAL DUPONT.”

On the 29th of March, 1848, I received this note scribbled in haste by the Comte de Fenouil:

“My dear Doctor, I have just been horrified by the spectacle of Général Petit, Governor of the Invalides, a prisoner in the hands of the navvies who are working at the Champ-de-Mars. They have conducted him to Head Quarters at Place du Carrousel. I thought it might be wise to apprise you of this, as he may be in need of your support and services.

“Believe me, etc.”

I flew to the Carrousel, and saw the gallant old General sitting in a cart, bound with ropes. He was white and exhausted. The cords confining him were promptly cut, and we hastened to give him the assistance required by his advanced age and feebleness. The brutes who had perpetrated this outrage had to fly for their lives; such as were unable to effect their escape were caught and severely beaten by the by-

standers. Later on, some of them were had up before the courts and condemned.

Napoleon liked people to talk quite freely before him, on private occasions. "For Heaven's sake," he would exclaim, "let me sometimes see a bit of nature, instead of eternal posing!"

He usually spoke with extreme precision and elegance, but would on occasion make use of slang expressions if they were able to lend force to his words. The Comte de Mailly (M) told me that the conversation in the Emperor's study turned one day on the qualities necessary for the making of a great man. As each opinion was advanced, Napoleon nodded his head; at last he said: "For my part, I think a great man should have neither heart nor—" a word best represented by "sex."

M. de Mailly also said to me: "I have drawn up and published my journal of the Russian campaign. Some day my grandchildren will be as proud of my service under Napoleon as of that of our ancestors in the Crusades."

I have been privileged to read the book in question, and found it full of interest. M. de Mailly was only twenty years old at the time, a Captain of Carabineers. It is difficult to picture to oneself the extremity of misery and privation he endured.

In 1813 the scanty remnants of regiments which had come safely through the Russian disasters were concentrated at Erfurt, and served as a nucleus for the conscripts arriving daily in shoals from France. Napoleon often came to Erfurt to inspect them before they started on service. He would address the veterans, who were familiarly known as *moustaches*

*grises*, in kindly tones, using the friendly *tu*. To the young men he said *vous*. A Captain of Artillery made up his mind to address the Emperor personally, and ask him for promotion. The Emperor came to the Citadel, but the Captain was so overcome with shyness that he was unable to find voice to proffer his demand. When the inspection was over the Emperor was about to retire, when the Captain rushed after him: "Sire! Sire!"

Napoleon paused.

"What do you want, sir?"

"Sire, fifteen years' service, four in the rank of Captain, covered with wounds . . ."

"Major," replied Napoleon.

And he walked on.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FIRST RESTORATION AND THE HUNDRED DAYS

FOR some months the name of Bourbon had begun to be whispered about and remembered. The dynasty was utterly forgotten by the younger generation. One day, while the pupils of the Medical School were gossiping in the theatre, waiting for the professor, some one mentioned the *new King* we were going to have; not one of the three or four hundred lads present was able to say who he was or what was his name. One student asserted that the Duc de Berry was the King, and that all his remaining relations were dead, and we believed him.<sup>1</sup> This may

<sup>1</sup> Chateaubriand writes in his *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*: "The sensation created by my pamphlet *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons* will be recalled. . . . I introduced the former Royal Family to the French people, told them how many were still living, what were their names and characters: it was as if I had enumerated the children of the Emperor of China, so completely had the Republic and the Empire appropriated the present and relegated the Bourbons to the past. Louis XVIII. declared that my pamphlet had been worth an army of a hundred thousand men to him; he might truthfully have added that it was a proof that he still lived."—*Author's note.*

According to the *Souvenirs de Mme. de Chastenay* (ii. 257), the young men of the period, *even those of our own set*, knew nothing of the Bourbons. The young d'Hervilly, who were in the Army, once asked Madame de Jumilhac gravely, "Do tell us, aunt, who are these Bourbons?"

The Maréchal de Castellane says in his *Journal* that the only

seem incredible in these days; but when one realises that for twenty years no single person had either spoken or written the names of the Princes in public, the extent of our ignorance will be less surprising.

The Comte d'Artois, who was said to have travelled in the train of the Allies, made his entry into Paris on the 12th of April. His arrival had been cleverly heralded by a proclamation in which, among other promises, he stated that there would be neither conscription nor taxation of necessaries (*droits réunis*) in future. These magical words gained Louis XVIII. a magnificent reception. He made his state entry on the 3d of May, in balmy spring weather. The city had made grand preparations. I saw the procession in the Rue Saint-Denis, and I must say that the cheers and applause of the crowd were thoroughly unanimous; the women were delirious with delight; they hung out of their windows, waved their handkerchiefs, and screamed themselves hoarse. The Duchesse d'Angoulême looked preoccupied; nay, to be honest, she looked cross; her glowering eyes and frowning brows seemed to reject the sympathy of the people. Perhaps her feelings were excusable on this her first sight of the place where she and her family had suffered so hideously.

We were no longer masters in our own hospitals. We were forced, like everybody else, to give way to the enemy. We had to empty our wards, keeping only a few soldiers who were too ill to be moved, and whom we had to put up as best we could, in corridors

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thing people knew about the Bourbons was that in olden times the sovereigns of France were called by that name.

and garrets. The enemy's sick and wounded had the best of everything. Linen-room, cellars, dispensary, were raided, and provisions of every description seized. They revelled in plenty, while our own men could scarcely get bread. Such are the so-called rights of war: power triumphing over justice.

The substitution of the white banner for the tricolour wounded the susceptibilities of citizens and soldiers alike.

Laughter greeted the appearance of the old-fashioned colonels, major-generals, and lieutenant-generals, in their powdered hair, antediluvian uniforms, and short swords worn horizontally; they bore themselves proudly and spoke imperiously, but the very name of those faithful old fossils, *Voltigeurs de Louis XIV.*, excited ridicule. It must be admitted that three months worked a complete transformation in them; the ancient trappings were decently buried, and the officers showed themselves in the modern uniforms they had openly despised. They received their new commissions and appointments, while our brave fellows who had won their spurs in countless battles retired on half-pay.

The ignorance of the new-comers of everything concerning soldiering, command, and manœuvres, condemned them, in the short space of one month, in the estimation of the troops. A few, of course, were worthy of the French uniform, but circumstances had altered, while they remained as they had been before '89. They certainly acted as a drag on the Restoration, and cooled the devotion of the Army. Louis XVIII. and his Court had lived so long in England that they were completely out of touch with France. When the King disembarked at Boulogne, he could

not conceal his wonder at the array of splendid troops lining the route. We learnt afterwards from the English newspapers that he had supposed the French Army was composed of ruffianly brigands.

No sooner were the Bourbons re-established in France than one impostor after another appeared, claiming to be Louis XVII., the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. One of them kept up the fraud for thirty years. Comtesse Talbot told me that when she was in London in 1834 she eagerly availed herself of an invitation to be presented to his Majesty Louis XVII. She and Madame de Castellane were conducted to his residence. They were received in a fairly good drawing-room, whither his Majesty presently entered, accompanied by an aide-de-camp. The latter kept frowning anxiously at Madame Talbot, because she persisted in calling the King "*Monsieur*" while conversing with him. The King showed her all his credentials, and tried hard to justify his absurd pretensions.

"The Duc de Berry is the only one of my family who has accorded me recognition. My sister the Dauphine has consistently proved herself my most implacable enemy," he said.

The following interesting details were communicated to me by M. Pelletan, chief surgeon at the Hôtel-Dieu. He and his colleague Desault were several times called in to attend the Dauphin at the Temple. Pelletan had known him in former days at Versailles. He performed the autopsy on his body. The report of the surgeons Pelletan and Dumangin states that the Prince succumbed to scrofula, brought on by neglect, bad food, and insanitary conditions. M. Pelletan cut a lock of hair from the unhappy boy's



head. I saw it in 1813. At the Restoration he presented it to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

The Prince had been consigned to the care of the cobbler Simon, and his wife, by the Convention. The cobbler was not a bad fellow, and, but for his wife's influence, would have treated the child kindly enough. He addressed him in the bullying tones adopted at that period, but his heart was softer than his words. The wife, however, was a cruel wretch, who had taken part with ghoulish enjoyment in all the sanguinary scenes of the Revolution. She fell into dire straits in her old age, was the victim of malignant disease, and was admitted to the Hospice des Incurables, where I often had occasion to see her. She died there in 1839 or 1840. Her companions in the Hospice shunned her; they could not forgive her for her wicked treatment of the helpless child, and, worse still, for having taught him to hate and revile his own mother.

Members of the old aristocracy, who had emigrated, and those who had belonged to the former Court of Versailles, crowded back to Paris. They were furious with Louis XVIII. for having granted a Charter. They called him Jacobin, and recalled his treacherous conduct in the early days of the Revolution. They had fondly imagined that there would be no difficulty whatever in restoring the *ancien régime* in its entirety. One of them said to me quite gravely: "This cannot go on! It will never last! Can you believe that the King dines at seven o'clock, and that the bodyguard wear white trousers? Hitherto, all Kings have dined at one o'clock, and their bodyguard have worn scarlet trousers. Mark my words, sir, there

will be another Revolution!" The worthy man meant a revolution in favour of old times, not of new. Another said: "After all, what is the good of a Charter? It is but another kind of Constitution. There is only one Constitution suitable for France; it is contained in the old saying, 'Si veut le roi, si veut la loi.'" <sup>1</sup>

Though the devoted few who had followed the Royal Family into exile were unable to disguise their surprise at the improvements which had been effected everywhere during their absence, they still remained hopelessly old-fashioned. It was said of them that "they had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing."

One day, in Paris, the old Marquis de Saint-Astier seized me by the arm and exclaimed breathlessly, pointing at a commissionaire who held a book in his hand: "Look! look at that impertinent rascal! He is actually reading!" It is a remarkable fact that not one of those members of the Royal Family, who had spent nearly twenty years in England, could have so much as asked for a piece of bread in English; the Duc de Berry was the only one who knew a word of the language, but he had married an English wife while he was there,<sup>2</sup> and kept house with her.

The Vendean officers who had led the Royalists

<sup>1</sup> Roughly translated: "As the King wills, so wills the Law."

<sup>2</sup> While in England the Duc de Berry married Miss Amy Brown, daughter of Jos. Brown and Mary Anne Deacon, of Maidstone, in the County of Kent. By her he had two daughters, Charlotte-Marie-Augustine, who married the Prince de Faucigny-Lucinge, and Louise Marie-Charlotte, who married the Baron de Charette. This marriage was afterwards annulled, and the Duc de Berry married in 1816 Marie-Caroline, daughter of the King of Naples, by whom he had two children, the Comte de Chambord and the Duchesse de Parme.—*Translator's note.*

against our armies now came to Paris to ask for pensions or confirmation of their military rank. They obtained everything they asked for. Mme. de La Rochejaquelein (R), who was my patient for many years, published, with the help of M. de Barante, some interesting Memoirs on the wars of Vendée. Speaking of the occupation of Bordeaux by the English in March, 1814, she says: "My husband ran a great risk: clad in his Bordeaux uniform, he, with the English soldiers, charged the French troops. They directed all their fire against him."

Speaking of this to me one day, she asked ingenuously: "Can you credit such a degree of animosity against our unfortunate family?" She was already the widow of a Vendean General, M. de Lescure, when she married M. de La Rochejaquelein, who later was also killed in La Vendée. She often called herself the widow of La Vendée. She had two sons, one of whom was killed before Lisbon, fighting as a Migueliste. A sad death in a paltry cause!

A Vendean Colonel who suffered from an affection of the larynx asked me: "How is it that I have lost my voice? It used to be so strong. You should have seen me at the head of my men. I could be heard from one end of the division to the other when I roared, 'Soldiers of God and the King forward!' They were electrified!"

I smile.

The old Comte Lynch (L), at one time Mayor of Bordeaux, was in the habit of giving a great dinner-party, followed by a reception, on every recurring 12th of March, the anniversary of the Duc d'Angoulême's entry into Bordeaux with the English troops. He kept up the custom for sixteen years. To these

receptions came all the members of the *noblesse*; yet then, as now, and at all times, the English showed themselves our bitterest foes.

The creation of the Gardes du Corps of the Maison Rouge completed the disaffection of the Army. These companies of officers were a continual subject of derision to our veterans.

It was at this crucial moment that the songs of Béranger made their first appearance. All France sang them in chorus. We used to meet together for that purpose. Our favourites were those which proclaimed our glory or our misfortunes, honoured the tricolour, or ridiculed the crowd of hungry sycophants who flourished under the Restoration:

Voyez-vous ce vieux Marquis  
Nous traiter en peuple conquis!  
Son coursier décharné  
De loin chez nous l'a ramené;  
Vers son vieux castel,  
Ce noble mortel  
Marche en brandissant  
Son fer innocent.  
Chapeau bas! Chapeau bas!  
Place au Marquis de Carabas!

The following couplet was sung standing, in honour of the beloved flag:

Quand secouerons-nous la poussière  
Qui ternit tes nobles couleurs?

The burning patriotism of these stirring songs exercised an enormous influence. I am quite certain that they contributed powerfully towards keeping

alive the sacred flame; I go so far as to say they prepared the way for the Revolution of 1830.

The Government seemed determined to wound our feelings in every way, to despise that which we loved, and rehabilitate that which we loathed. Therefore, when early in March, 1815, there was talk of Napoleon landing in France, one felt at once that he would probably meet with little or no resistance in his march on Paris.

In connection with this I will relate an incident which I witnessed personally, but have never seen mentioned anywhere. The Minister of War had ordered food and wine to be distributed to the troops, on a lavish scale, in the hope of conciliating the regiments composing the garrison of Paris. Banquets were prepared for officers and non-commissioned officers according to their rank. One of these took place at a celebrated restaurant of the period in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital named *Au feu éternel de la Vestale*. The dinner was eaten in gloomy silence and the toast of "The King" coldly received, in spite of the valiant efforts of a few of the guests. By the time dessert was reached, however, the wine had warmed hearts and unloosed tongues, but unfortunately in the wrong direction. The non-commissioned officers went out on to the boulevard, still carrying their table-napkins, and began to dance among themselves, lustily singing Bonapartist songs and yelling with all their might "Vive l'Empereur!"

The Restoration was crumbling on every side. The star of the Empire was again in the ascendant.

I give the following anecdote without comment, for what it is worth. Colonel d'Ornano, a Corsican

officer, told me of a visit he paid to Napoleon in the Island of Elba. He had met him and conversed with him in happier times, and had been so outspoken that Napoleon had laughingly dubbed him his little Gracchus. When M. d'Ornano was presented at Elba, the Emperor was walking with his secretary, whose name also was Colonna d'Ornano.

"Ha! Here comes my little Gracchus," Napoleon exclaimed. "Does he still hold the same opinions?"

"Certainly, Sire, but I shall not utter them again. This is not 1810."

"On the contrary, speak freely; I may understand you better now than in those days. You wished me to do as Sylla did, but it was out of the question. I would have, had it been in any way possible . . . at least, perhaps. I am a republican by feeling and conviction; but when I reached high places, I found so much corruption everywhere that I realised a Republic was out of the question, for another half-century at least. All your grim republicans agreed with me . . . they came and licked my boots and tried to propitiate my valets. Then again, what was the result of Sylla's abdication? The ruin of the Republic, which might have been averted had he remained in power."

All this was said with fire and volubility, M. d'Ornano standing before him meanwhile in absolute silence.

On the 20th of March, early in the morning, I saw a mounted messenger in the Place Maubert, wearing a tricolour cockade and rosette. I had not seen our glorious colours for a whole year. The messenger was instantly surrounded and welcomed, wine was

brought to him, his hand shaken; the people could not do enough to show their delight; they patted him on the back and kissed his horse. It was a scene of delirium. They tore the proclamation he carried from his hand and declaimed it joyfully: "Soldiers, we have not been vanquished. . . ." Napoleon entered Paris by way of Fontainebleau and the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. It was between six and seven in the evening, and quite dark. He made his way rapidly across the Pont d'Austerlitz with a very small escort. An enormous crowd assembled in the streets and lavished endearments upon him; they clapped their hands and vociferated, "Vive l'Empereur!" I shouted with the rest. The battalion from the Island of Elba did not arrive till late at night and bivouacked on the Place du Carrousel, where I saw it next morning. The brave fellows were received with open arms, and given every proof of hearty friendship. Their uniforms were worn out, their busbies bare of fur, their faces bronzed. They looked exhausted. They had made a record march.

There was a complete revulsion of feeling among the youth of the country; they turned again to Napoleon and offered him their devotion and service.<sup>1</sup> Public opinion had indeed changed since 1814. We were eager to join the newly formed companies of artillery, and attended drill twice a day in the gardens of the Luxembourg. We were filled with a fervent desire to blot out all recollection of our

<sup>1</sup> The address presented by Louis-Gaspard Barrachin in the name of the pupils of the École de Médecine is couched in the following terms: "The Napoleons of this world will ever find among us hearts to cherish them and arms to serve them." The Emperor himself added an eagle to the standard presented to the *Bataillon de l'École* on its formation.

pusillanimous conduct in 1814. It was not merely blind passion for Napoleon that animated us. Our susceptibilities had been hurt in every conceivable way under the Restoration, and we really looked upon him as our avenger. How he deceived us, history has since made clear!

Every regiment in the Army was summoned to Paris in its turn; every one responded joyfully. Old soldiers pulled out of their pockets the tricolour cockade they had carefully treasured. An attempt was also made to work up the suburbs, and one Sunday I watched the passing of a huge procession of men, called *Fédérés*; this demonstration had been organised by the police, and was almost entirely recruited from the very lowest class. Napoleon can hardly have been favourably impressed by their visit to the Tuileries, while we of the Schools were distinctly humiliated at sight of the auxiliaries thus selected for us. There was a topical song written at the time, which concluded thus:

Savetiers, quittez vos savates.

Charbonniers, venez dans nos rangs.

Si les ennemis tombent dans nos pattes,

J'y réponds qu'ils n'en sortiront pas blancs.

I was present in the capacity of an elector at the general assembly of electors which took place on the Champ-de-Mars on June 1st. Three or four hundred of us were accommodated in two temporary wooden shelters placed with their backs to the Champ-de-Mars, facing the central block of the École Militaire, where a large platform had been erected for the Emperor, his family, and the principal officers. The majority of the electors were old patriots of '89, still



hale and hearty. Their faces reflected the gravity of the occasion.

The Act which had recently been added to the Constitution of the country had alienated many sympathies from the cause of Napoleon. It was freely criticised and censured. I formed the opinion that the assembly was not favourably disposed towards the Emperor. He was very late in coming. When at last he appeared the vast throng rose, shouting, "Vive la France! Vive la Nation!" The few feeble cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" could barely be distinguished. He threw a scowling glance round him. Everybody remarked the alteration in his appearance. He had grown stouter, and his fat face was pale and weary, though still impressive. The speech which had been composed in the name of the electors by Carrion-Nisas was read by Dubois d'Angers, in fine, ringing tones. Napoleon uttered very few words in reply, and then proceeded to inspect the troops in the Champ-de-Mars and present colours. His descent among them was greeted with frenzied delight. As we were formed up with our backs to the Champ-de-Mars, we could hear but not see what was going on. We had been ordered not to leave our places. At the end of the review, which lasted about an hour and a half, Napoleon walked past us: he carried himself proudly, with flashing eye; he returned our salute haughtily. It was easy to perceive how profoundly he had been moved by the loyal devotion of his troops, following so immediately on the frigidity of the electors.

The Schools had raised companies of artillery; the Garde Nationale, and the working-men under the title of *Fédérés*, were undergoing training; but enthusiasm

was already on the wane. History may some day be able to find a reason for this; I can only state the fact, as it came under my personal observation.

Events were hurrying to a climax. The news of the battle of Mont-Saint-Jean, since called Waterloo, spread terror in Paris. We had already experienced the horrors of military occupation. This time an English Army Corps was among the victors, and our national pride was doubly hurt. There could be no effectual defence of Paris: discord was rife—there was no concerted plan, nor even unity of purpose. Had Napoleon still been the Bonaparte of the Army of Italy, we could have held our own—courage was not wanting. Some of our brave fellows made a dash outside the barriers, but alas, the effort was vain! Among the number was my colleague and great friend, Lallemand, who was afterwards Professor at Montpellier and Membre de l'Académie des Sciences; he managed to escape unseen from the Hôtel-Dieu, where he was among the house-physicians on duty with strict orders not to leave, on account of the wounded who were to be expected at any moment.

There was a repetition of the scenes already witnessed in March, 1814. Crowds poured into Paris from the outside, fleeing before the enemy, and driving their cattle and beasts of burden with them. These unfortunate people had been forced to abandon their houses and their worldly goods. It was a moving spectacle, this never-ending train of men, women, children, and aged invalids of both sexes, hunted by the enemy like sheep before the wolf.

Napoleon was coolly received in the capital after Waterloo. We made a grave mistake at that juncture

in not placing the safety of the country in his hands. So long as he was at the head there was always a chance, however slight; without him it was inevitable that we should go under. A frank appeal to the people and the Garde Nationale, to the patriotism of the working-classes, would have met with instant response. But it was not to be. I went, with the rest, to see him at the Elysée-Bourbon, whither he had retired. I realised then that his day was over. The common people still gathered in crowds under his windows, shouting lustily, "Vive l'Empereur!" whenever he showed himself, but the leaders, the more important personages, held aloof. On this, as on so many other occasions, France was led by outside influences.

I went one day, during this season of disorder and anarchy, to a sitting of the *Chambre des Représentants*. I experienced great difficulty in obtaining admittance, so crowded were the precincts of the *Chambre* with persons vastly different, both in tone and manners, from those who surrounded the Elysée-Bourbon. I heard that day many an extravagant motion, many an impracticable proposition. The worthy but unfortunate Mouton-Duvernet (M) occupied the tribune for some time, demanding that ordinary business should be deferred and a plan of defence urgently considered. He could not obtain a hearing amidst the general excitement. Traitors, of whom there were plenty, only sought to augment the disorder. I went home in a state of despair at the things I had seen and heard.

Paris was once more in the occupation of the enemy: once more guns guarded our bridges; English, Russian, and Prussian patrols paraded the

streets; on all sides insolent victors jeered at us; they bivouacked in our squares and public gardens. The Bois de Boulogne was laid bare, the statues of the Luxembourg mutilated with sabre cuts; our hearths and homes were overrun by soldiers who spoke to us as masters. Such are the rights of war. Our own soldiers had probably abused them on more than one occasion!

One morning in 1815, during the Hundred Days, M. de Jouy went to pay a visit to Maréchal Lefebvre, with whom he was on very good terms. He found him dressing, and in not too good a temper. On a sofa lay his senator's uniform: for when Napoleon, on his return from Elba, decided to retain the higher Chamber, he also preserved the ancient dress.

"What's the matter, my dear Maréchal? You seem put out."

"The matter is, my dear fellow, that the *Chambre des Pairs* is summoned to meet at noon, and I have to put on this Tom Fool's dress," said he, displaying the offending garment.<sup>1</sup>

Napoleon had fallen. Yet that party-rage called *colère blanche*, to which one section abandoned itself, was by no means universal. The bulk of the population did him full justice. My father, who had lost two sons on the field of battle, and who, when Napoleon was at the height of his power, had had the temerity to censure his ambition and despotism, was furious at such baseness. In a letter dated April,

<sup>1</sup> The law of the 3d nivôse, year VIII, which assigned the Palace of the Luxembourg to the *Sénat*, had charged that body to select a costume for its members. The *Chambre des Pairs* had taken the place of the *Sénat* at the First Restoration.

1816, he wrote to me: "Shame on those who seek to tarnish the glory of this noble personality! Nothing they can do will stay the progress of his renown. Those who are fiercest against him now, will live to bow their heads at the mere mention of the name of Napoleon." Barely two years after these prophetic words had been penned, M. de Chateaubriand wrote that a walking-stick garbed in the familiar grey riding-coat and historical cocked hat would be sufficient to rouse the most powerful emotions, not only in France but all over Europe.

Général-Sénateur Achard (A) told me the following anecdote, which he heard from his great friend Beugnot:

Alexander I. had been profoundly horrified by the excesses of the First Revolution, and had firmly resolved to prevent a repetition of them so far as lay in his power. Having conversed with men of all shades of opinion during his stay in Paris in 1814, he had convinced himself that the only way to attain the end he desired was to secure for France a form of Government analogous to that existing in England. He held several conferences on the subject with the Comte d'Artois, who arrived in Paris a month or so before Louis XVIII.; but he recognised with great disappointment that the King's brother had learnt nothing from the former troubles: he remained in 1814 exactly what he had been in 1790. The Comte d'Artois assured Alexander that it was the intention of Louis XVIII. to re-establish the old order which had existed in '89.

It was then the last week of April, and Louis was to make his entry into Paris at the beginning of May. After a lengthy discussion with Talleyrand

and others, Alexander summoned Beugnot and Fontanes, laid his views before them, and commanded them to draw up a form of Constitution founded on the lines he had sketched out, with the least possible delay. An aide-de-camp was told off to report the progress of the work to him thrice daily. Fontanes, who was absolutely stunned by the fall of Napoleon, could do nothing but walk up and down, sighing and wringing his hands. But Beugnot set himself resolutely to the task. Fontanes was merely to be asked to edit the report and amend its style. While they worked the aide-de-camp remained at hand to urge them on. At length, on the third day, he secured the manuscript, all covered as it was with erasures and corrections, and sent it off to the printers.

Here we have the true story of the Charter of 1814. Louis XVIII. never saw it until it issued from the printer's office.

Poor M. Beugnot has been nicknamed "The Tantalus of the Peerage." He spent twelve years on its threshold, entered it with the batch created by M. de Villèle, and fell a victim to the Revolution of 1830.

Général Achard told me that he happened to be at the country-house of M. Choppin d'Arnouville in 1815, after the Hundred Days, and saw Louis XVIII. there on his way to Paris. He was granted an audience for the purpose of discussing military matters. "Your Majesty," said the General to him, "would have been wiser to keep the tricolour as the national flag; for by so doing you would have given satisfaction to the dominant opinion, while you would at the same time have deprived your enemies of their most powerful weapon."

"I regret that I did not do so in 1814," replied the King. "It was possible then; now it is too late."

I consider that in the new nobility, created by Napoleon, there were men worthy in every way of the position the Emperor had given them. Among others, I may instance Général Comte Marescot, with whom I lived in close friendship until he died. I gleaned the following stories from his conversation:

During the siege of Thionville, where he was in command of the Engineers, three swashbucklers arrived, sent by the Commune of Paris to hurry on the progress of the siege. These bravos introduced themselves to Marescot, inquired imperiously how the operations were proceeding, and demanded facilities to enable them to ascertain for themselves the state of affairs. "By all means," replied Marescot coldly. "I have to make a reconnaissance this evening; you shall accompany me."

While awaiting the time appointed the three envoys of the Commune swaggered about the cafés, making outrageous remarks concerning the honour and courage of the officers. But for Marescot's emphatic prohibition they would have fallen victims to the anger of the soldiers twenty times over. As soon as night had fallen they started on the reconnaissance. Marescot conducted the three delegates well into the fire of the enemy, and calmly began to explain the operations in process and those which still remained to be done. Bullets whistled round them; cannon-balls were directed at the group of officers, who without taking the slightest notice of them discussed matters quietly with Marescot and listened to his instructions. Two were slightly

wounded. The three messengers were by this time almost incapable of seeing or hearing; they were white with fear and could not conceal their terror. When they had returned into safety one of them addressed Marescot in the name of the others, saying:

“Citoyen Commandant, we wish to offer our humble apologies to you and your officers. We have made fools of ourselves and been well humbled for our pains. We beg you to keep us with you, and give us an opportunity of repairing the fault of which we have been guilty.”

They became excellent officers; two were killed in battle, the third distinguished himself greatly.

During the time of the Directoire, Marescot was once invited to dine with Barras. Among the guests were Sieyès, one of the Directeurs, and Talleyrand. After dinner these two took him aside and told him without any circumlocution that they were counting upon his assistance to upset the existing condition of anarchy—which was as much as to say that they intended to accomplish for their personal advantage that which Bonaparte did later on for his own. Marescot has always thought that the recall of Bonaparte from Egypt was the direct consequence of his refusal; for the Directeurs had evidently summoned him to Paris to make a proposal which they must afterwards have deeply regretted.

Marescot was Inspector-General of Engineers under the Empire. In 1808 his duties took him to the coast of Spain. General Castaños, learning that his old schoolfellow was in the neighbourhood, declined to sign the capitulation of Baylen unless Marescot countersigned it. The latter acquiesced and signed as a witness—*como testigo*. Napoleon was furious at



the news. It was the first rebuff his troops had encountered since his accession to power. He hardly knew how to restrain his rage against Marescot, whom he had hitherto loved and respected. They had been quartered together in their youth and had become intimate friends; they had even fought a friendly duel with each other.

“Wretch!” exclaimed Napoleon. “What harm had my soldiers done you, that you should thus dishonour them? Better have let your hand rot off at the wrist than pen that infamous capitulation! I will have you degraded and shot.”

The above words were poured out with violence and volubility, without a pause to allow of any justification. Even after Napoleon had calmed down and taken time for reflection, he threw Marescot into prison without a trial, kept him in captivity for a year, and afterwards banished him to Tours.

The General often described the scene to me.

He said: “I had no military command in Spain. I had to depend upon what I was told by the Commander-in-Chief, Général Dupont, a fine soldier. He implored me to sign the capitulation as the sole means of saving his army. I naturally did so. Afterwards I recognised that I had done wrong. I had no business to undertake such a heavy responsibility.”

Thus ended the military career of Général Marescot, one of our ablest engineer officers.

He often expressed his opinion that Bernadotte, King of Sweden, had cherished for a moment the hope of succeeding Napoleon in 1814. When he arrived in Paris, Marescot naturally went to see his old friend and brother-in-arms, but he instantly perceived that his visit occasioned a certain degree of

constraint, and that the meeting was not altogether pleasing to his host. Indeed, the King found it so impossible to disguise his feelings that he said hurriedly: "Général Marescot, I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot ask you to stay; but I am expecting Prince Metternich, and I should not like him to find us together."

"Why not? We are doing no harm."

"No; but I do not wish him to suspect me of conferring with a French General."

"So much the worse for you, Bernadotte!" replied Marescot bluntly, turning on his heel.

Concerning Bernadotte, Général Marbot (M) told me that at his father's death he found among the latter's papers a large number of very curious letters from Bernadotte, who had been his intimate friend. The most interesting were from Vienna, written in the course of his diplomatic mission to that capital. In one of them he expresses himself thus:

"Pity me for being forced to dwell in a court, among slavish courtiers who are always on their knees before him whom they call Master. I cannot inure myself to such a spectacle, though I have it constantly before my eyes. The very name 'King' stinks in my nostrils!"

The letters are remarkable for their revolutionary and democratic fanaticism (B).<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is said that Bernadotte the King would never consent to be bled, although his private physician was a great believer in the remedy. On one occasion, however, he was forced to submit, as the doctor declined otherwise to be responsible for his life. "Well, do as you wish," said the King at last, "but you must never tell anybody what you see on my arm!" And turning up his shirt-sleeve he exhibited a tattoo mark consisting of a Phrygian cap with the motto "Death to Kings!" When the

In 1814 the Emperor Alexander, who had formerly known Marescot well, sent for him and conversed with him for over an hour. He said: "You must be well satisfied with what we have done for you. You wished to have a Bourbon, and we gave you one. We would equally have given you a Republic or Napoleon II., had you desired it."

"But, Sire, permit me to observe that we were not consulted. I doubt whether the Bourbons would have obtained a majority—and even if they had, I do not believe they could have retained it long."

Alexander made no reply.

My worthy friend Marescot received the last Sacraments on his death-bed, though he did not understand much about those things. On the same day a blister was applied to his skin. When one of his friends asked him how he was feeling, he said: "Fairly well, except for that Extreme Unction they have stuck on, between my shoulder-blades!"

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soldier had caused this regicide device to be engraven on his flesh, he assuredly never anticipated that he would himself become a King.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SECOND RESTORATION

LOUIS XVIII. was again established in Paris. He had met with a cool reception. He was credited with a lively desire for revenge on the partisans of Napoleon. A rascally mob, composed of the most sordid elements, collected every evening under the windows of the King in the Gardens of the Tuileries; they danced until a late hour, and yelled the following verses in raucous, drunken tones:

Nous avons notre père de Gand,  
Nous avons notre père.  
Rendez-nous notre père de Gand,  
Rendez-nous notre père.

Des gants rouges nous ne voulons plus,  
La couleur est farouche;  
Nous les laissons pour les soldats  
Qui sont de vrais Cartouches.

Bon père, mettez de côté  
Ces brigands de la Loire.  
Verre en main, à votre santé,  
Vous nous verrez tous rire et boire.

Thus, in the Gardens of the Tuileries, under the very windows of the King, were our brave but unfortunate

soldiers, reviled as Cartouches and brigands. Three or four times every evening, Louis XVIII. would show himself at the window, bowing graciously to the foul rabble, seeming by his manner to approve these shameful ditties.

The substitution of the white banner for the tricolour created even greater disturbance than in 1814. Peasants, workmen, city-folk alike endeavoured to prevent its adoption. A friend of mine, a captain of *Gendarmerie*, was ordered to resort to force in a small district where the population was offering determined resistance. The mayor came to him in great agitation: "What on earth are we to do? They absolutely decline to recognise the white banner. If only we might put it aside and use the tricolour, I am sure everybody would be satisfied."

The worthy man would certainly have followed this course, had he been left to his own devices.

When the Court adopted the lily as a badge, the people started the violet as theirs. Mlle. Mars appeared on the stage decked with an enormous bunch, and was greeted with vociferous applause. The women all wore violets, as an emblem of national mourning.

Once more the hospitals were forcibly taken over and the civilian patients turned out. We French doctors had to give place to others of inferior qualifications. In course of time, however, when we learnt to know each other better, our relations with the foreign doctors became more amicable. They often stated their conviction that our Dupuytren and Boyer were the greatest military surgeons alive. The latter

especially amazed them by his courage and skill. Even Napoleon testified to these in his will. The Prussian doctors were well trained and had perfect manners. The Russians spoke our language as well as we did ourselves; they were polished in tone, but ill-educated. The English surgeons were able, the physicians ignorant. The Belgians were the least pleasant in their relations with us; they were haughty, impertinent, overbearing. In the coalition likewise, the Belgian troops were the most inimical towards our men.

In a general way the English, no matter to what rank they belonged, showed themselves proud and supercilious, as they always do. Wellington, their chief, set the tone. He invariably spoke of France, of our Army, and of Napoleon with contempt.<sup>1</sup> But I suppose one must do justice even to one's enemies, and we must therefore admit that he had great military qualities. Our officers were the first to do honour to his brilliant generalship in the Spanish campaign. He would never accept battle unless all the circumstances were favourable; if he thought them ever so little adverse he did not hesitate to retire before the enemy. He was careful of the lives of his soldiers and never exposed them unnecessarily.

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary to remind English readers that the author was mistaken in this. Numberless proofs might be given, but the following from *Lord Stanhope's Conversations* is sufficient: "I asked him whether he thought Napoleon wholly indebted to his genius for his pre-eminence, and whether all his marshals were really so very inferior to him? 'Oh, yes—there was nothing like him. He suited a French army so exactly! Depend upon it, at the head of a French army there never was anything like him. In short, I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men.'"—*Note by the Publisher.*

In that he showed his greatness. It is the bad general who is always ready to attack. In the retreat from Miranda the only thing he left behind on the road was a cart with a broken axle. His men were always well fed, well clothed, provided with all necessities, whereas their adversaries wanted for everything. Yet, is this, I ask you, sufficient reason for exalting Wellington above Napoleon, as the English do? Why, he is not worthy to unloose the latchet of the latter's shoe!

Paris was overrun with emperors, kings, princes, generals, diplomats from every quarter of Europe. Francis II., Emperor of Austria, whom I had already seen in 1814, was common-looking and badly dressed; his face amiable but undistinguished. Far otherwise was Alexander, the Autocrat of all the Russias. I was present one day at the Greek service, in the Garde-Meuble, which had been temporarily fitted up as a chapel for his use. He was very handsome, with a fine, noble, melancholy countenance. His manners were unaffected, but instinct with dignity. I have seen nearly every crowned head in Europe: but none has impressed me so profoundly as Alexander; none ever conveyed to me so unmistakably the feeling that I was in the presence of a powerful monarch. He stood surrounded by his three brothers. Nicholas, who afterwards became Emperor, and Michael were fine, vigorous young men, adorned with all the graces of youth and manly beauty; fair-haired, fresh-complexioned, tall, and well-built. Constantine resembled them in no single degree: he was a typical Tartar, both physically and morally. I was staring at him, perhaps more intently than good manners should

permit, when he turned his wild eyes upon me; I did not venture to look at him again. Alexander contributed first, at the collection; the Greek service has many points of resemblance to the Roman; his brothers followed, according to rank. Each one, as he passed in front of the Emperor, bowed as low as he possibly could, and when he arrived in front of the altar, inclined his head again, but less profoundly to his God than to his sovereign. Alexander was very devout; he read his Prayer-book attentively, without fuss or affectation.

It has been said that he commanded affection and respect. From what I saw I can well believe it. Sad and bitter as were my feelings towards all these foreigners who oppressed my beloved land, I could not but be attracted by the noble demeanour of the Russian. His expression of gentle melancholy was in striking contrast to the arrogant cheerfulness of those who stood around him. Among the latter I saw a good many Cossacks from the steppes.

A general Review of the Armies was held in the Champs-Élysées and the Avenue de Neuilly. An altar was erected at the Place de la Concorde on the very spot where Louis XVI. had yielded up his life.

This kind of ceremony of expiation gave the impression of an offensive protest against the Revolution. For two whole days the streets of our city were traversed by regiments of every arm and country. Strange weird music filled the air. We patriots mostly remained within doors. Only our veteran *Voltigeurs émigrés*, soldiers of the Army of Condé, found friends and comrades among the alien



hordes. Happy are they who have never experienced a foreign invasion of their country! Yet, such is the weakness of human nature that many sought their own advancement in our desperate plight and were ever ready to draw personal advantage from their country's abasement. Owners of shops, eating-houses, hotels, ice and drink sellers, and countless others, reaped a golden harvest. Many large fortunes date from that moment.

The Second Restoration was marked by a renewal of bitter hostility towards Napoleon. He and his family were universally reviled and calumniated. Would-be people of distinction affected to call him *Buonaparté* in the Italian fashion. One can hardly credit now that, for some years, immense importance was attached to the manner of pronouncing the name.<sup>1</sup> He was sometimes called *Nicolas*, and certain newspapers endeavoured to prove that such was his real name.<sup>2</sup> His mother, Lætitia Ramolino, a venerable lady, a veritable Roman matron, was universally nicknamed *Mère-la-Joie*. Pictures representing Napoleon with fierce face and haggard eyes could be purchased anywhere. I have one in my possession. The vilest pamphlets were circulated and bought up by the scum of the population. He was accused of cowardice and all imaginable crimes. Ridiculous rhymes were sung in the streets.

On the 7th of December, 1815, I was on duty very early one morning as house-physician at the Hôtel-

<sup>1</sup> Thus the *Biographie des hommes vivants* (Paris, Michaud, 1816) called him Buonaparte only. Feller's *Dictionnaire historique* does not mention the name *Napoléon*, and at *Bonaparte* refers the reader to *Buonaparte* (édition de 1833).

<sup>2</sup> Notably the *Journal des débats* of April 8 and 9, 1814.

Dieu, when an old college friend of mine, Beaupoil de Sainte-Aulaire (s), came in. "Come along," he said: "Ney is just going to be executed." It was cold and foggy when we started. We went to the place of execution by way of the Rue de Chevreuse. Ney arrived shortly after: he was dressed in a blue great-coat and a felt hat; his face and demeanour were calm, without ostentation. Courage, self-respect, dignity, shone in his every feature. His appearance was the signal for a great uproar. Although the reactionaries who had condemned him were present in overwhelming numbers, they were powerless to check the splendid manifestations of regret and admiration which were lavished on the unhappy victim. The people did not attempt to disguise their feelings. Ney was marched up opposite the platoon of non-commissioned officers selected to carry out the sentence; he took off his hat, in acknowledgment of the salute of the commandant of the firing party who, from force of habit, or possibly some nobler sentiment he could not repress, had lowered his sword to the Maréchal. Though all the official reports published state that Ney made a short speech, I think I am correct in asserting that he did not utter a word. He fell perfectly straight, his feet against the wall, to the east, his face to the west. Death was instantaneous, and was not even marked by the convulsive twitches usually noticed in such cases.

On the thirty-eighth anniversary of the illustrious officer's execution I was present at the unveiling of the monument erected to his memory. Dupin's oration on the occasion, delivered in a firm voice and with solemn emphasis, produced a great sensation.

The Gardes-du-Corps had been reorganised. The first order given to them was to smash up the Café Montansier, which occupied the site of the present Palais-Royal Theatre. They marched there in military formation, occupied all points of exit, broke the windows, china, glass, upset the tables and chairs, and retired in good order, shoulders squared, eyes front. The "white" organs published full reports of this doughty deed. The reason of it was this: the large hall of the Montansier was used as a café-spectacle, which in 1815 became the rendezvous of all the officers in Napoleon's train. One night, a Palais-Royal damsel, dining with some officers, hummed under her breath a comic stanza, satirising the Bourbons. It was overheard by the guests at the next table, who burst into roars of laughter. The girl was made to mount a chair and give a repetition of the verses; they were received with great applause. This trivial incident was the origin of the singing of topical songs at the Café Montansier during the Hundred Days. The performance took place every night from six o'clock till midnight. Officers and non-commissioned officers brought their songs with them. They were all about Napoleon, the Bourbons, the sorrows of France, regret for the past, hope for the future. Unfortunately no collection of them was ever made; they would have formed a valuable contribution to history. To illustrate the character of the verses I will quote a couple of stanzas which have remained in some corner of my memory. The first alludes to a foul act of the Duc de Berry, who at a review on the Carrousel brutally, with his own hands, tore the epaulettes off the shoulders of a gallant officer

who had been pointed out to him as a partisan of Napoleon :

Comme ce prince aux mains indiscrètes  
Il n'arrache point d'épaulettes.  
Au contraire, dans les combats  
Il en donne à nos braves soldats.  
Vive, Vive Napoléon !

On ne le voit point prendre pour ministres  
Des émigrés, de noble cuistres,  
Comme Duras, Damas, Blacas,  
Brelan de valets ou brelan d'as.

The Ordre du Lis was created; the badge was a silver lily hung on a white ribbon.<sup>1</sup> With such a reward in view many people thought fit to moderate their ill-will. It was granted to all who applied for it. Later on blank patents, ready signed, were given broadcast, and treated as a badge of adherence to be distributed as widely as possible. It was a great success, for the French have an insatiable love for titles and decorations. Soon, however, good sense resumed its natural sway; the Chevaliers du Lis blushed for their childishness, and flung away their decorations. Very few students ever wore the Lis.

Louis XVIII. coveted the reputation of a wit, and really had some claim to the distinction. M. Decazes adroitly made use of the King's foible, and by flattering him strengthened his own position in the Royal favour. It was rumoured that the Sovereign used to

<sup>1</sup> The Ordre du Lis, which was created under the Restoration by an order of the Comte d'Artois dated April 26, 1814, was originally exclusively reserved for the Garde Nationale and the troops of the Line which had been personally reviewed by the King. It was subsequently extended to the whole of France.

send anonymous articles on politics, polemics, and so forth, to the magazines, and that more than once his contributions had been rejected by the censor. Censorship was so strict that the newspapers frequently appeared with large blank spaces, and columns only half filled. Later, blank spaces were prohibited, and editors were required to submit enough material to the press-censor to supply the place of suppressed articles. M. de Musset told me he had been unable to secure the announcement of the magnificent edition of J. J. Rousseau which bears his name.

Louis XVIII. was in the habit of openly discussing his brother's character and habits. The levity, incapacity, and obstinacy of the Comte d'Artois caused him much concern for the future. He said one day to M. Lainé: "I feel that my days are numbered, and I cannot express the anxiety with which I anticipate my brother's reign. Go to him often, I beg of you; try to persuade him that if he persists in his plan of amending the Charter he will not remain two years on the throne." M. Lainé persevered for more than a year in carrying out Louis's behest, but he found the Comte d'Artois impervious to argument. He was infatuated with his plan of restoring the independence of the crown as it existed in former days. Consequently, when Louis XVIII. passed away, men who understood affairs foresaw that catastrophe was inevitable.

M. de Corbière, Minister of the Interior under Louis XVIII., was a worthy man, but so eccentric that everybody had a story to tell of his odd ways. He was casual and absent-minded to an extraordinary degree. If his servant did not forcibly eject him from his bed, he would spend his whole time there,

absorbed in his books, his papers, or his thoughts. One day he was listening to a discussion as to the means of rendering a river navigable, when an engineer stated that it never left its bed (*elle ne sortait jamais de son lit*). "Lucky river!" exclaimed Corbière briskly.

Another time, when he was at work with the King, he took his tobacco-pouch and his snuff-stained handkerchief from his pocket, and laid them beside him on the desk.

"Dear me, you are emptying your pockets, are you not, Monsieur de Corbière?" objected the King.

"So I am, Sire. I beg your Majesty's pardon; but at least it is better than filling them!"

After the elections in 1824, M. de Chilhaud de La Rigaudie (c), Senior Member of the Session which opened on December 22d, said to M. de Corbière:

"I am very much annoyed that that marplot, Labbey de Pompières has been re-elected."

"But are you sure he has been?"

"Yes, I can assure your Excellency it is so. He was present at the Royal sitting to-day."

"Oh, I did not notice," replied M. de Corbière naïvely.

Louis XVIII. had a large, round, high-coloured face, devoid of either charm or distinction. He walked with extreme difficulty. I saw him once at the Tuileries on his way to Mass, walking slowly, legs wide apart, arms swinging, evidently finding the effort very fatiguing. His legs were enormously swollen. His appearance did not in any way suggest the fund of humour he undoubtedly possessed. He was a hard man to serve, and was dreaded in his household. One of his lacqueys was the only per-

son who dared answer him back. Nothing annoyed him so much as to see china or glass broken. He was always watching the servants and exclaiming, "Take care, you are going to smash that!" "Oh, you always think that," the above-mentioned lacquey would reply. And Louis XVIII. only laughed, for he had had occasion to test the man's devotion.

The Abbé Séjan, his chaplain and confessor,<sup>1</sup> told me that the King was most zealous in the discharge of his religious duties. He received Holy Communion daily at four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. He died on the 16th of September, 1824. I witnessed his lying-in-state; he was very emaciated; the sores on his legs, which dated from twenty years back, had become much worse towards the end, and no efforts could minimise the stench arising from them. The funeral was carried out with great pomp. The Duc d'Orléans, afterwards Louis-Philippe, was in a coach with the Duc d'Angoulême and the Prince de Bourbon. The official reports state that there was universal grief at the death of the King, and that consternation could be read on every brow. This is a pure fabrication. It is quite true that enormous crowds congregated to see the procession, but the people were noisy, excited, inquisitive, and they ate and drank and made merry. There was no genuine sorrow, for he was utterly unloved. There was little hope of improvement under his successor, but change is always welcome!

The same observations apply to the Duc de Berry, who was assassinated by Louvel in 1820. His harsh, rough, violent manner and coarse features, his squat

<sup>1</sup> He was Quarterly Clerk of the Chapel at the Grande Aumônerie de France.

figure, with large head and short neck, his bibulous complexion, combined to make his exterior most unattractive; people said he looked like a butcher's boy. With the Army, too, he was equally unpopular: he was invariably dissatisfied at parades and reviews, and lost no opportunity of sneering at the officers of the Revolution, and criticising the uniforms and equipment of the Republican and Imperial Army. He was, however, supposed to be kindly in his home-life and charitable to the poor. He had married in England, and returned to France accompanied by his wife and two daughters. The union was annulled when he wedded a Princess of Naples. Of his daughters, one married M. de Charette, a Vendean officer, and the other M. de Faucigny, afterwards created Prince de Lucinge. The mother, whom I frequently met, went by the name of Mme. de Broux; she was stout and common-looking, and very English in appearance.

In 1819 Broussais (B) started before a very small audience the lectures which afterwards became famous and attracted a large concourse of pupils. No professor, surely, has ever lectured with so much animation and charm. He has been justly censured for his venomous attacks on such men as the venerable Pinel, but that was merely a manifestation of his fiery, untamed nature and fanatical convictions. He was fond of sport, cheery, and a delightful companion. I met him several times, dining with Fée, who was afterwards Professor at the Medical College at Strasbourg.

His witty sallies, and jovial songs which he gave with inimitable zest, made him a most enter-



taining companion. He had a stock of excellent stories.

The following is one of his:

Surgeon-Major Lefebvre was a Provençal. He was a blind worshipper of Provence, and Draguignan, his native town, was in his eyes the masterpiece of creation. Although he was a good, kind fellow, he was rather abrupt in manner. One day, after his work was over, a conscript presented himself and timidly applied to be admitted to the Hôpital de Barcelone. The doctor examined him, and then said in his usual brisk way:

"Get back to duty, my lad! You are no more ill than I am."

"Pardon me, sir, I have been shivering with ague all night," protested the soldier, with a pronounced Provençal accent.

"Hullo! Where do you come from?"

"Draguignan, sir."

"Draguignan! Here, some of you! get this poor devil some hot soup at once! Draguignan is my home too. Go to bed, my boy, and we will look after you. Why on earth did n't you say at once you were from Draguignan?"

Broussais's theories were certainly far-fetched, but no one will deny the value of his contributions to science.

He died in 1838. Amussat (A), who attended him in his last illness, was deeply hurt by certain malicious rumours which gained circulation. He insisted on having an autopsy performed, and the official report was signed by some of the best-known men in surgery. It was proved that Broussais died of an internal cancer.

A series of mysterious outrages took place in 1819. A number of people complained of being stabbed in the streets. The wounds were in every instance inflicted from behind, sometimes in the midst of a crowd, at other times in lonely places. Men, children, but more especially women, were the victims. I was ordered by the Commissaire de Police, M. Sobry, to report on a stab thus inflicted on a midwife under the following circumstances. She was walking along the Quai d'Orsay at nightfall. A few other people were about, some in front of her, some behind. All of a sudden she felt a sharp pain, like a vicious prick; she screamed and turned quickly to look behind her, but no one was near. Two gentlemen ran to her assistance, and caught her as she fell fainting to the ground.

When I examined her, I found in the left buttock a stab, which was bleeding profusely. An abscess supervened, and I afterwards extracted from it a fragment of steel about a centimetre in length, sharpened on both sides like the blade of a dagger. I enclosed the fragment with my report, and forwarded it to the Préfet de Police. I do not think any of the ruffians who committed these assaults were ever caught.

A regular panic was caused by these incidents, which happened daily in great numbers. People passing in the streets gazed apprehensively at each other, and constantly looked over their shoulders. Some walked in the middle of the streets; others, still more timid, shut themselves up in their houses for days.

One day in 1822 Paul Garat (G), of the Banque de France, who was a patient of mine, asked me to

go with him to see Gall, whom he wished to consult professionally. We were shown into a room, and kept waiting for a time that seemed interminable to me. But Paul had seated himself at a magnificent Erard piano, and was playing like an angel. I heard Gall's carriage drive up, and a moment later he dashed into the room with a face of amazement, exclaiming:

"What on earth is all this about?" in guttural Teutonic tones.

Paul jumped up hurriedly, offering voluble apologies.

"Apologies! Good heavens, a fellow who plays the piano like that making apologies! Congratulations and thanks from me rather! You have a marvellous gift. Have you come for a consultation? Then we'll strike a bargain. You give me a quarter of an hour of your music, and I will give you half an hour's professional advice, and I shall still be your debtor. Let me examine that head of yours. My word, it's magnificent! What a pity you were not born without a penny, instead of merely having to sign banknotes for a living. You would have made a first-rate artist. I have never seen the bump of harmony more stupendously developed."

Gall, usually so calm and self-contained, was quite beside himself with excitement.

With the coming of the Restoration the great family houses of the Faubourg Saint-Germain were opened again by their owners. As I had been living in the Faubourg for over forty years, and counted the greater number of its inhabitants among my patients, I fell quite easily into delightful relations with the

old aristocracy. I was surprised to find its members so different from what I had expected. I was struck by the ease, grace, and distinction of their words and carriage, the agreeable warmth of their welcome, and a kindly interest which it has never been my good fortune to meet elsewhere. The servants were well treated, carefully looked after, and their devotion was accepted and appreciated. The Revolution proved to what a degree these servants carried their fidelity towards their masters, and how wholeheartedly they dedicated their lives to them. Not till I was brought into intimate relations with the aristocracy was I enabled fully to realise the meaning of the words: to live, speak, and behave like a gentleman.

I was received in their houses with gracious consideration. My professional services were appreciated, my fees invariably handed to me with delicate and often affectionate expressions of gratitude. The lapse of a few years placed me on the footing of an intimate friend. No words of mine can do justice to the fascinating urbanity of the old dowagers. I have known a great many, from among whom I will select Mesdames de Narbonne, de Pardaillan, de Mailly, de Choiseul, de Saint-Aignan, de Duras, de Laval, de Donissan, de Parsac, d'Arcy-Talbot, de Malherbe, etc. I spent many pleasant hours with them. I also heard priceless recollections of their old days at the Courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., of the distinguished men of a past generation, of the emigration. I have often regretted since that I did not make notes of what I heard. The art of telling a clever, rather naughty story, as my patronesses could, is extinct; their wit and bonhomie, their grace-

ful turns of phrase, their delicate trick of innuendo, deprived it of all coarseness. These ladies had lived in an age of licence both of speech and conduct; their conversation unconsciously reflected the morals of their time, but there was a strange charm about their little wicked speeches and absence of prudery. At the same time, be it thoroughly understood, these easy manners but thinly disguised the prejudices of their blue blood and the aristocratic pride which slumbered only so long as it was secure, but was prompt to awake at the slightest attack.

The Maréchale de Mailly could not forgive Napoleon for having drawn her only son into his service. She used to say that the son of a Maréchal de France should have taken his rightful place among the officers of France. But she was very just in her criticism of the Emperor, and spoke of him with a moderation rare in her circle. Once, in 1810, in the palmy days of the Empire, she resolved to address the Emperor in person on business of importance. Without waiting to ask for an audience she proceeded to the Tuileries, and made her way, without encountering any difficulty, into the anteroom, which was as usual full of officers of every arm and rank. Addressing the first-comer, she said quite simply: "I wish to speak to the Emperor. Pray take in my name. I am the Maréchale de Mailly."

Her name, to their generation unknown, and the exceeding plainness of her attire, brought derisive smiles to their lips, but her behest was executed. The Emperor came in immediately.

"Madame la Maréchale," he said, bowing low, "I thank you for the honour of your presence here. Gentlemen, this lady is the widow of the gallant

de Mailly, Maréchal de France, an officer as distinguished for his devotion and fidelity to his cause as for his courage on the field of battle." And offering her his arm, he escorted her deferentially to the private apartments.

The greater number of these ladies had formerly held appointments at Court. The Marquise de Saint-Aignan had, as she termed it, belonged to the *service* of the Princesse de Conti. It had been one of the most agreeable houses in Paris. Supper was at nine o'clock, and was always laid for thirty people; invitations were not required. This was a custom of the great houses, and was called *tenir maison*. Madame de Conti's housekeeping was done on a careful system; if only ten or twelve guests happened to be present for supper, the food left over was served for dinner next day.

After supper there was dancing or card-playing. The small number present at these informal gatherings naturally produced a sense of intimacy which lent a great charm to society. They broke up very late.

"How different life was in those days, my friend!" the Marquise would sigh.

The dignity, urbanity, and daintiness of these old aristocrats of a bygone age was a thing never to be forgotten by those privileged to see and appreciate it.

M. de Lacalprade was devoted to his former solicitor, Boulard (B), the most enthusiastic old bibliomaniac that ever lived. He literally gloated over books, and would touch them, move them about, heap them one on the other, like a miser with his gold. He had enormous pockets made in his clothes, and would fill them with books and empty them several

times a day. He possessed a huge house, from which he ejected all the tenants one after the other, to fill their apartments with his beloved volumes. The shops on the ground-floor soon shared the same fate: he declined to renew the leases, in order that he might have more space at his disposal. Madame Boulard made a firm stand in defence of her own rooms, and exacted a promise from him that not a single book should be put inside her doors; but she had occasion once to go into the country; on her return a fortnight later, she found the whole place blocked with them. The sale of M. Boulard's library, at his death, occupied several months.

Boulard had been a great friend of the Prince de Talleyrand; he had never asked for any favour, and had maintained perfect freedom of speech with him. The Prince asked him one day: "What part do you think my father would have taken in this Revolution?" "I can't tell you that," replied Boulard; "but this I am sure of: if your father had lived he would have made your arms as bad as your legs."

The Prince was hopelessly lame.

Bourdois-Lamothe (B), a clever doctor as well as a man of wit and learning, was Talleyrand's medical adviser for over thirty years. Talleyrand appreciated the brilliancy of his intellect, but rated his professional skill very low. One morning Bourdois came, as usual, to visit his sarcastic patient.

"Tell the doctor I am sorry not to be able to see him this morning," was the Prince's message. "I am ill."

"Ah, indeed!" rejoined Bourdois, not to be outdone. "I should not have come if I had known that.

Please tell his Excellency I shall not come back until I hear he is quite well again."

M. Delaporte, Ministre des Affaires Étrangères, told me that he accompanied Talleyrand to the Tuileries one day in or about 1824, and as they went up the grand staircase together they saw M. de Villèle going down and M. Pasquier going up. "Look at those two men," said Talleyrand. "What they appear to be doing is exactly the opposite of what is really happening to them; for Villèle is going *up*, and Pasquier *down*."

Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse, was undoubtedly one of the most able men of the Empire. It was said of him that he knew and understood all things. He was a terrible spendthrift. When he was Governor of Illyria he maintained regal state; he had one hundred menservants in livery, quantities of horses, carriages, packs of hounds and hunting equipages. These particulars were given me by M. Heim (H), who was for some years Secrétaire-Général of his Government.

Marmont was appointed Ambassador Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary at St. Petersburg in 1826, to represent France at the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas I. He was given three hundred thousand francs towards the expenses of his mission. It was to last six weeks or two months. In the end it cost Marmont over a million francs.

Another time the lady whose true knight he professed to be at the moment expressed a wish to see a mimic battle: he organised one for her at Vincennes, to which he invited the whole Court and



on which he expended forty thousand francs. In addition to his passion for display and splendour, he embarked on vast commercial speculations and industrial enterprises; he sank enormous sums in them.

He was constantly in difficulties. His propensity for borrowing petty cash was so well known in Paris that nobody would lend him a sixpence. M. Heim met him one day wearing clogs on his feet and a battered hat on his head.

M. Richeraud (R), a Professor at the École de Médecine and a distinguished surgeon, had an only daughter, a beautiful girl, rich and well-educated. M. Villemain had proposed for her hand, with the approval of her parents. Villemain was so engrossed with his poetical and literary studies that he had no leisure to follow the fashions or even to realise that such things existed. He was untidy, and eccentric in appearance and manners. It is therefore not surprising to learn that he did not find much favour in the eyes of the beautiful Mlle. Richeraud. One day Villemain was just about to ring the bell at M. Richeraud's house, to pay a morning call, when the gnawings of hunger reminded him that he had omitted to break his fast. A market-woman happened to be passing by, carrying a basket of hard-boiled eggs. He made her a sign, and without more ado, bought half a dozen, sat down on a bench outside his fiancée's house, and proceeded to peel and eat them, the while he chatted pleasantly with the good dame. As ill luck would have it, Mlle. Richeraud was standing at her window, and saw the transaction; she then and there insisted upon sending her queer lover about his business. She married

soon after M. Cauchy, Keeper of the Records at the Luxembourg.

M. Galos (G) told me his father-in-law, Général Foy, formed the habit, at the age of eighteen, of writing up a diary day by day containing his thoughts and reflections and an account of everything he either did or saw. The result is an enormous mass of material which will eventually be published and should prove very interesting; but, as usually happens in such cases, so many contemporary people are involved, that at least half a century must elapse before it will be possible to print it without fear of offending susceptibilities.

I will here describe what used to be called *la chaîne*, and was the procession of prisoners condemned to irons which started from Bicêtre for the hulks. The dread convoy set out once or twice annually, and was always very numerous. I witnessed its departure several times, and as this terrible punishment is now happily abolished, the few particulars I can give here may prove of interest to a new generation.

A few days previous to the start, the neighbouring districts sent their condemned prisoners to Bicêtre. The day before, these were summoned one by one to the great court-yard of the prison, where the soldiers detailed for escort duty under an officer (for a long time it was Capitaine Thierry) were drawn up at attention. Each prisoner as he entered had his head shaved, was stripped, and clothed in his travelling garb. He was minutely searched; yet it often happened that, in spite of all precautions, some fine file

or other tool was somehow secreted and hoarded with the hope of assisting escape eventually. Handcuffs, chains, and iron collars were placed in readiness. Each prisoner laid an unwilling head on the anvil. Ankle and neck irons were riveted cold, by blacksmiths armed with weighty hammers. The victim's head was carefully protected by assistants, for the slightest movement on his part, or slip on the operator's, would have crushed the skull to powder. The collar was attached by a handle to a bar of iron about three yards in length. Every bar accommodated thirty prisoners fastened back to back, forming two files, separated by the bar which they supported on their shoulders, to minimise its weight. This was called a *cordon*. There were sometimes fifteen or more. The set of *cordons* formed *la chaîne*.

When the chaining-up was completed the prisoners were conducted to the chapel, where a priest addressed them. They usually listened respectfully. The most hardened criminals were cowed by these terrifying preparations. Sometimes a *cordon* would be seized with mad rage; the poor wretches would sway violently, and tear at their irons in a vain endeavour to loose them. "Gently! gently, my pets!" Capitaine Thierry would say in a tone of admonition. "Mind the china!" Some there were who succumbed utterly to the weight of combined shame and sorrow, and would fall to the ground and weep helplessly; others stared stupidly about them in a dazed kind of way. There was generally a certain proportion of old offenders, nicknamed "returned horses"; they were cheerful and would chaff: "Ah, and how are you, Capitaine Thierry? How good of you to trouble about us! It will be charming to

travel with you again. . . .” They slept that last night on straw in the court-yard.

At daybreak they were loaded on to long narrow drays where they sat back to back, with their legs hanging: there was one *cordon* to each dray. Four armed soldiers sat in front and behind, facing each other and watching every movement of the condemned men. There was also a numerous escort on foot, and Gendarmerie besides. Detectives always attended the preparations and departure to make themselves acquainted with the appearance of the malefactors, learn their features by heart, overhear their confessions, and get hold of their secrets.

They set off; but as the same horses journeyed all the way to Toulon only short stages could be made. It was a lengthy business! The convicts having somewhat recovered their equanimity, or else being fired with a desire to defy the curiosity of the crowds assembled to see the show, would sing at the top of their voices. Among them were invariably men who by birth, circumstances, or education were entitled to the high places of this world. In one convoy that I saw, there were two priests, a doctor, a solicitor, a marquis, and others who had held good positions. They were stupefied with shame and misery. Their hideous fellow-travellers overwhelmed them with obloquy; they jeeringly called them “Monsieur le docteur,” “Monsieur le curé,” and yelled with laughter at them.

Nowadays the convicts travel in vehicles partitioned off into separate boxes—a much better arrangement.

I have had opportunities of seeing the same convicts afterwards at the hulks, and I can testify that

they are a less repulsive sight there than in the prisons. Their physiognomies are less degraded. I believe that the regular diet, the mildness with which they are treated so long as their conduct is good, the healthy open-air life and unexacting toil, conduce to their moral and physical improvement to a degree which exercises a favourable influence on their countenances, though these unfortunately relapse into their former grossness when they are restored to liberty and a life of crime. The lot of a convict is not as wretched as is supposed, and I am not surprised at the preference shown by habitual criminals for the hulks over prison life. At the hulks they can at least enjoy fresh air, sunshine, and space. Escaped convicts when recaptured are riveted to their pallets by a short length of chain which only allows of their walking a few steps. They are herded in one room, closely guarded by officials.

## CHAPTER VI

### CHARLES X. AND THE JULY REVOLUTION

THE stage-coaches called "omnibuses" made their first appearance in Paris in 1826; they had been in use in Nantes for about a year. Their success was never in doubt. They were cheap and regular. Their coming was heralded by an instrument composed of horns and trumpets, placed under the driver's foot, which, when set in motion, executed a sort of *fanfare* and warned would-be passengers of the arrival of the coach. They were roughly constructed, and furnished with a door at one end. Great was the consternation among hackney-coach proprietors and drivers when the new vehicle made its appearance. It presaged ruin for them, and they were not sparing of insults, practical jokes, and even murderous attacks on the drivers and conductors of the stage-coaches, and sometimes on their fares.

The proprietors banded themselves together and started an opposition service with their carriages; so that, from every stand, a hackney-coach started at regular intervals of a quarter of an hour, and drove to a fixed destination. This venture failed. It was too irregular to find favour; one could never be sure of finding a coach ready to start, or a vacant seat. In the space of one month the omnibus service was

firmly established, and, curiously, far from killing the hackney-coach industry, it made its fortune: it absorbed a certain class of traveller, and left the private coaches for the use of a section of the public which had never before patronised them. The same thing occurred when railways started, and the reason was the same.

The hackney-coaches became very fashionable. The Duchesse de Berry enjoyed driving about *incognita* with one of her ladies in attendance.

I used to know the old Vicomte de L——, who had been ruined by the Revolution at St. Domingo. He spent the whole of his time in the Café Desmares, at the corner of the Rue du Bac. The customers who frequented the café<sup>1</sup> were chiefly men of education and social position, who could estimate at their full value the wit and charming manners of the unfortunate gentleman. In 1828 his doctor prescribed carriage exercise for him during convalescence after a serious illness. The depleted condition of his exchequer made it impossible for him to carry out the recommendation, and he mused sadly on his helplessness as he walked slowly to Saint-Sulpice to give thanks for his recovery: it was his first outing. When he arrived at the church he found a funeral service being held over the remains of an important personage. It suddenly occurred to him to seat himself in one of the many carriages following the hearse to the cemetery. No sooner said than done. He stepped gravely in, and had a three hours' drive, ending by request at his own door. The venture had been so

<sup>1</sup> A celebrated café situated at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Rue de l'Université.

successful that he repeated it, and for the space of three months hardly a day passed without his following some corpse to its long home in one or other of the Paris cemeteries. On one of these occasions his good looks and distinguished appearance earned him the distinction of being invited to pronounce the funeral oration. This was a most embarrassing difficulty. He had no idea of even the name or sex of the departed, still less of what he or she had achieved during life. However, a few hurried questions, discreetly put, gained him enough information to enable him to get through without betraying his ignorance.

The reign of Charles X. opened fairly auspiciously. He had a kindly though rather foolish face, and was much beloved by his immediate entourage. He was easy of approach, and on the day of his entry into Paris bowed with great affability to right and left. He rode very slowly, and passed so close to me that I could have put my hand on his knee.

Charles X. had always been so addicted to the pursuit of pleasure that he had somewhat neglected the claims of art and science. He was quite uneducated. I heard him open a Parliamentary Session. In his hand he held his speech; it was written in such sprawling characters that I could distinguish the words from my place in the audience. He read it, stammering and hesitating like a child over his primer. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, who occupied a box opposite to me, could barely restrain her impatience and annoyance.

He was the keenest sportsman in the kingdom. He spent entire days shooting or hunting; hence the



nickname the people gave him: *Robin des bois*. He might be seen any morning, driving out with a small escort, in full sporting kit. He went out shooting<sup>1</sup> on the 26th and 27th of July, 1830, the very day and the morrow of the publication of the *Ordonnances*, those famous documents which caused the final fall of a dynasty. A caricature was published on the occasion, which showed all the game, large and small, executing a frenzied dance around the Tree of Liberty.

He could not converse on intellectual or political subjects; indeed he hardly read even the newspapers. Prior to 1789, in the palmy days of Louis XVI., the Court was the meeting-place of all the wits, scientists, and literary men of the day. Conversation of the highest order was cultivated, and Charles X., then Comte d'Artois, was forced to take his part with the others. To enable himself to do so he engaged the services of a reader, the Abbé Cornillon, whom I knew well and who has often laughingly told me what was expected of him. It was his duty to read any work which was being talked about, make a ten-line *précis* of it, add a couple of biographical words about the author, and hand the whole to his Royal master. The latter studied the paper, and having primed himself would boldly take his share in the conversation.

Charles X. was devoted to whist, but was a great grumbler when the cards went against him. He said to the Dauphine one day: "Do you notice that I never grumble about the cards since I have become King? It would embarrass people too much; but it is rather tiresome for me." At the beginning of his

<sup>1</sup> In the original "*Il chassa*." The date of the "*ouverture de la chasse*" varies in different parts of France.—*Translator's note*.

reign he seemed inclined to govern on constitutional lines, and on those conditions a great many partisans rallied round him. M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed one day, in my presence: "I can be a Royalist now; all France is Royalist."

The monarch was a great dissembler. M. Audibert (A), chief editor of *La Quotidienne*, told me that, having learnt in August, 1829, on good authority, the news of the fall of the Martignac Ministry and substitution of that of Polignac, and also that an *Ordonnance* was to be published in the next day's *Moniteur*,<sup>1</sup> he flew to Paris to his uncle, M. Portalis, who was one of the Ministers. He imparted the intelligence he had just received, but M. Portalis scoffed at him.

"It is quite impossible, or surely I should have heard something of it. But you had better go to Martignac and repeat to him what you have just told me. Ask him to meet me at the Foreign Office at four o'clock. I have to go to Saint-Cloud now. I may hear something there!"

M. Audibert went at once to M. de Martignac, and found him in his shirt-sleeves, in the garden, watering the flowers. He was equally incredulous:

"But I was with the King for two hours yesterday, at Saint-Cloud," he objected. "We discussed several plans for the immediate future. There was no question of a change of Ministry. I cannot believe what you tell me."

The very next morning the *Ordonnance* appeared in the *Moniteur*.

Again, M. de La Rigaudie, as Senior Member of the

<sup>1</sup> This passage refers to the *Ordonnance* of August 28, 1829.  
—Translator's note.

Session which was to open on August 3, 1830, was received by him in audience at Saint-Cloud on July 25th, the day the *Ordonnances*<sup>1</sup> were signed. I dined with him that evening. He was enchanted with the urbanity of his reception. The King had repeatedly expressed his hope that the functions of his position would not prove too heavy for his advanced age. He discussed the work of the coming Session, inquired whether many of the deputies had already arrived, and dismissed him with a gracious hope that all would go well. This is evidence not only of the profound dissimulation of the King, but also of the fact that the secret letters sent to the deputies did not reach them by accident or by mistake, as has been suggested, but were rather intended to warn off those who were suspected. It was perfectly well known that there would be no Session.

It was not difficult to forecast that the slightest pretext or opportunity might prove the occasion for events of the gravest nature.

The grand review of the Garde Nationale very

<sup>1</sup> On August 8, 1829, Charles X. dismissed the Martignac Ministry, and appointed Prince de Polignac head of the new administration—a most unwise and impolitic move, which set practically the whole French nation in opposition to the Bourbon régime.

A year later, by a strained interpretation of Art. 14 of the Charter, the King promulgated the celebrated *Ordonnances* (July 26) which were the immediate cause of his downfall.

They were: (1) Suspension of the freedom of the press; (2) Dissolution of the newly elected Chamber of Deputies; (3) Important changes in the method of election, curtailing popular rights; (4) Convoking the two Chambers on September 28th; (5) New nomination of extreme Royalists to the Council of State.

These measures were regarded as a practical subversion of the Charter.—*Translator's note.*

nearly set the match to the conflagration. It took place in beautiful weather on the Champ-de-Mars. The King and the Royal Family met with a very cool reception. Some of the battalions maintained complete silence. Still, "Vive le Roi!" was shouted fairly heartily during the march-past, though "À bas les Ministres!" was also to be heard. But this apparently did not reach the ears of the King: he seemed gratified at the way the review had passed off, and exclaimed repeatedly to the captain of the Garde Nationale, who escorted him back to the Tuileries, and who happened to be my father-in-law: "I am pleased, extremely pleased!" That same evening witnessed the disbanding of the Garde Nationale, at the request of M. de Villèle, who could not forgive the mortification inflicted on him by the shouts of the rabble, and especially of one of the *légions*: "À bas Villèle!"

History will certainly attribute blame to M. de Villèle, although he possessed some of the qualities which go to make a statesman. He had gentle, pleasing features, but was delicate-looking and of insignificant stature. The wits described him thus: "*C'est une illusion en frac fleurdelisé.*" He offered an impassive front to the attacks of the Opposition, and at the end of a sitting where he had been somewhat roughly criticised, would mingle with the members and exchange jests and pleasant speeches with those who had just been vituperating him.

*Et Villèle prisait, en homme tolérant,  
Dans les boîtes de Foy, de Benjamin Constant.*

The morning after the review I was walking casually past the Palace, below the Pont Royal, when

I suddenly came upon a heap of muskets, swords, and equipments thrown in disorder on the pavement at the foot of the wall. They were the weapons and belongings of the Gardes Nationaux who happened to be absent when at cockcrow the order came to disband them and turn them neck and crop out of the barracks. Even the men who were present were barely given time to collect their property. Great indignation was caused by this high-handed measure. The soldiers were desperately wounded in their loyalty and self-respect, and instantly moved over to swell the ranks of the Opposition.

I have named M. de Villèle as the chief cause of the disbandment, but I have also often suspected that the Duchesse d'Angoulême had something to do with it. She had looked exceedingly cross at the review, almost ill-tempered in fact. The Princess was not popular, though she might have captured the affections of the nation with very little effort. When she arrived in France the people remembered all she had suffered at the hands of their forebears, and were prepared to indemnify her by their devotion; but for some reason unexplained, or perhaps because she had been irretrievably soured by misfortune, she refused to acknowledge their friendly dispositions. She was harsh, disagreeable, ungracious in private life, and never spoke a pleasant word. She was said to loathe France. The Comtesse de Rochefort, who moved in Court circles under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and also in the society which surrounded the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais-Royal, said to me: "The Duchesse, or Dauphine, did the honours at the Tuileries very badly. Neither in person nor in manners was she dis-

tinguished or pleasing. She was by nature haughty and disdainful; in short, it must be owned that she was not a lovable person. Her good qualities were esteemed, her sorrows commiserated; she was respected by many, loved by few. The contrast between her salon and that of the Palais-Royal was striking. The Duchesse d'Orléans, the future Queen Marie-Amélie, had all the charm the Dauphine lacked: a few moments of her gracious attention were sufficient to make one overlook the disadvantage of a complexion ravaged by small-pox; so charming was her expression that an evening spent in her society left one with a distinct impression that she was a beauty. She carried her fascination with her to the Tuileries."

The Comte de Mailly told me that he saw the Dauphine several times on his various trips to Germany. Discussing the possibility of a Restoration with him, she said: "Bordeaux and his sister may yet return to France; but I have quite made up my mind never to set foot on French territory again. I shall end my days on foreign soil. The people of France have consistently treated me with so much cruelty that I do not wish to have anything more to do with them." Nevertheless, so persuaded were Charles X. and his son of the temporary nature of their exile, that for the first few years they only took the lodgings of their suite and household by the fortnight.

The Comtesse Talbot once showed me a lock of hair the Dauphine had cut from her head at Holyrood and sent her as a keepsake; she pressed her lips to it with veneration. I noticed that the pretty, fair colour was but slightly tinged with grey.

M. de Martignac, of whom I spoke above, was appealed to for advice, which was the wisest thing Charles X. ever did. Martignac, whom I met daily in M. Lacalprade's apartments, had originally belonged to the narrowest section of the Royalist party. He was a man of great cultivation, addicted to pleasure, yet very able in business. He was so versatile that he could turn from writing a vaudeville or nonsense-verses to the gravest affairs of state, and be equally successful in either. But when I made his acquaintance, in 1820, advancing years and a deeper knowledge of life had completely altered him. His opinions had broadened and mellowed. Had he remained at the head of affairs he could have accomplished single-handed all the reforms that followed on the Revolution of 1830. His period of office undermined his health: the strain of controlling the Opposition, and the pain of realising the fickleness of those who had placed the power in his hands, broke him down. His strength faded slowly but surely. He bore himself bravely in public, but would give way to exhaustion on his return home. His widow has since told me that he never recovered from the effects of that period of overwork. He left no children, but one of his nephews, Dégrange, was authorised to take the name of De Martignac.<sup>1</sup>

At the elections in 1827 Paris returned only Opposition Members. This result gave unmitigated satisfaction to all but the *ultra* or Court party, which openly declared that the Chambre ought to be abol-

<sup>1</sup> A Royal Decree dated September 8, 1832, authorised M. Jean-Baptiste-Gustave Dégrange-Touzier to adopt the name, style, and title of Vicomte de Martignac, previously borne by his maternal uncle.

ished. Piant, who had been mayor of the tenth *arrondissement* for several years in succession, sent in his resignation. I went to see him, and he told me he had done so as a protest against the manner in which the elections had been conducted.

"They tricked us," he complained, "and now that they are beaten, they are annoyed with everybody. The position has become impossible."

I never met M. de Polignac, and as I have determined to write only of what I know personally, I will only mention his name to mark an epoch. I do not pose as a historian, and shall not therefore presume to criticise the signal mistake of the Restoration.

Baron Louis did not hesitate to complain bitterly of the Polignac Ministry. Some of his friends blamed him for condemning its members in anticipation, and judging only by their names and antecedents. The Baron said nothing, but invited two of his critics to dine with him the next day. The meal was served in bedroom utensils of the vulgarest description. The soup made its appearance in a useful article not generally named in polite society; the wine and water in vessels of a still less appetising description.

"Well!" exclaimed the Baron, observing the silent disgust of his guests, "what are you so upset about? These utensils are perfectly new, quite fresh from the shop. The food contained in them is delicious and carefully cooked, nevertheless it inspires you with profound repulsion. You are quite right, and so was I in what I said yesterday. Take away all that," he added to the servants. "Serve the dinner in the usual way. We are ready for it."



Some one was inquiring about the Polignac Ministry, and received the following answer:

"It is a red rag, waved in front of a bull."

The struggle between the Opposition, which had become the national party, and the Court party, had set in in earnest. By a curious fatality the latter, not realising its isolation and weakness, became daily more exacting in its demands, in spite of the increasing gravity of the situation. The day after the dissolution of Parliament, in 1830, I met the Marquis de Bailly (B), who had migrated to Portugal during the Napoleonic era, and had borne arms against France. He said laughingly:

"This dissolution is the first move. So far they have only given us a rap over the knuckles, but if we continue to show fight, they may chop off our heads."

Another man I saw said:

"The King will have to snatch back the crown the *bourgeois* are endeavouring to keep from him."

The Palais-Royal had become a rallying-point for the malcontents. Louis-Philippe has been censured for this, although it was palpably inevitable. The Court party thinned its ranks day by day, dismissed adherents right and left, alienated men of tried loyalty and worth, whose services on behalf of the Restoration it would have been far wiser to retain. The majority of those thus foolishly driven into the Opposition would have been valuable partisans. Among them I may mention Casimir Delavigne. The Duc d'Orléans was severely criticised for receiving him. But would it have been possible for the Palais-Royal, the centre of all that was most distinguished in France, to close its doors against a man of Euro-

pean reputation? He, like others, was welcomed on his merits.

The Orléans family affected to be untouched by party-strife. Louis-Philippe showed himself every day, driving in the vicinity of Paris, with his wife and children, in that vast coach called the *omnibus de Neuilly*. The family group radiated homely contentment and satisfaction. The Duc d'Orléans was affable towards everybody; passers-by took off their hats and smiled at him as much for love as out of politeness. I met him thus, a few days before the *Ordonnances* of July; he was on the Sèvres road, not far from the Parc de Saint-Cloud; the carriage moved at walking pace, and the cheery, handsome family party was chatting and laughing merrily. I doubt whether many more such happy moments fell to their lot, in the stormy times that followed.

M. de Polignac had set himself to restore to the Crown all the prestige and power of which he said it had been despoiled. The resistance he encountered in the electorate and in the Chambre des Députés appeared to him to necessitate a decisive blow. He was undeterred by fear, and on Monday, July 26, 1830, the celebrated *Ordonnances* appeared in the columns of *Le Moniteur*. They produced the effect of an electric spark upon Paris. The day was full of agitation. Towards evening, on my way from Passy to the Palais-Royal, I suddenly blundered into the midst of a dense, turbulent crowd. Shop-shutters were hastily put up, the Palace drums sounded the call to arms, the Place du Palais-Royal was encumbered with a compact throng, whence proceeded shrieks of pain and fear. I found it a hard task to

extricate my wife, who was with me; she was badly frightened. By the time we got to the Place du Carrousel sentries had been posted. The Pont Royal was deserted, but we met a squadron of cavalry and a battalion of the Garde hastening to reinforce the posts at the Palace. So little had the sinister effect of the *Ordonnances* been anticipated that no military precautions of any kind had been taken. There were no extra men on guard. This negligence apparently justified itself, for a few patrols easily dispersed the mob. By ten o'clock complete order was restored.

On Tuesday the 27th, at five o'clock in the morning, I was surprised by the sudden appearance at my house of my worthy cousin, Gaultier-Laguionie (G). He was responsible for the printing of the *Courrier Français*. He had a signed contract with the managers of the newspaper. They had advised him to allow himself to be summoned before the Tribunal du Commerce and *condemned* to continue printing the newspaper, in spite of the *Ordonnances*. He came to consult me. My advice to him was to carry out the orders of the Tribunal, whatever they might be. He appeared before it, and M. Ganneron (G), who was then President, delivered a lengthy, well-considered judgment, founded on technical reasons, in virtue of which Gaultier-Laguionie was condemned to continue printing the newspaper.

Gaultier-Laguionie left my house at half-past six. I then went out. The streets were already full of people. Anxiety and agitation were depicted in their faces. The shops were only partially opened. At ten o'clock the Royal Arms decking the shop-fronts of licensed Royal purveyors were torn down; all

those in the Rue du Bac disappeared as if by magic. I walked all round the Boulevards and the most populated quarters. Everywhere I found excited groups who formed hastily, separated on being observed, and re-formed farther on. Numbers of troops had been mobilised during the night. Patrols of gendarmes, mounted and on foot, were to be met at every corner. I found some difficulty in forcing my way into the gardens of the Palais-Royal, so dense was the crowd. A young man mounted on a table was holding forth volubly; his speech was punctuated by frantic cheering. On my way through the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec I was startled by the sound of a shot, and a gendarme fell by the fountain at the corner of the Rue Saint-Honoré. I think that was the first shot fired and the first victim. So far no one had carried arms, at least visibly, but that act of violence gave the signal. In the evening several young men appeared armed. I reached home very late after a day spent almost entirely out of doors, either on business, or watching the trend of affairs. In the night that followed there was desultory firing. Having in the course of my peregrinations mingled with all sorts and conditions of men, listened to and taken part in the most varied conversations, I am in a position to state authoritatively that nowhere was the gravity of the conditions realised; nobody foresaw the stirring events about to take place. The people criticised the Ministry and the *Ordonnances* freely, but the King and Royal Family were not blamed. I am convinced that a strong hand might have averted the Revolution on that day. What was needed to save Charles X. was the immediate repeal of the *Ordonnances*, a new Ministry selected from

among the moderate men of the Centre Gauche, and a conciliatory proclamation; but where were the responsible statesmen, able to grasp these necessities and to act with firmness and promptitude? The Ministry and the Court were incapable of gauging the public temper. Nay, I have it on the authority of M. Audibert, whom I have already introduced in these pages, that M. de Polignac congratulated himself in his presence on the excitement already roused among the people, and expected by its stern repression to gain added power for the enforcement of his retrograde views.

During the night of the 28th a radical change took place. Arms had been procured, and when the sun rose, groups of resolute men wore them openly and no longer disguised their readiness to fight. Hostilities began. I intend, as I have already said, to relate only what I personally witnessed. The firing became severe as day wore on. Towards ten o'clock cannon were heard in the direction of the Hôtel-de-Ville; the tocsin was rung, breaking a silence of thirty years. Some Gardes Nationaux appeared in the streets, armed and uniformed, and were cheered by the people. They wore uniform at the risk of their lives, as there had been no reorganisation of this force since its disbandment.

I took my surgical case and went out to offer my services, should they be needed. I turned in the direction of the Quai aux Fleurs, where the tumult seemed greatest. The heat was overpowering, the sun hung like brass in the heavens. In the Rue Basse-des-Ursins, near the Pont d'Arcole, I bled two young men who had fallen to the ground suffocated

by atmospheric heat and mental excitement. I saw a great many wounded being carried to the Hôtel-Dieu, and I dressed a few of the minor casualties, to enable them to return without delay to the fighting. The insurgents occupied the left bank of the river. The Royal troops were on the right bank and the Place de Grève. Firing continued without intermission. "Vive la charte!" was the sentiment unanimously expressed in those days. The patrols were disarmed. Youths in shirt-sleeves occupied every possible post of vantage. Bullets and musketballs were manufactured on the spot from lead stolen from the prisons and houses and melted in cauldrons in the streets. It struck me as extraordinary that in all that vast excited throng I did not come across a single drunken man. Wine and spirits had been prohibited; the populace drank only cocoa or liquorice-water, which was consumed in incredible quantities.

As no newspapers had been published, items of news were placarded on the walls, side by side with the call to arms.

The number of armed men increased hourly. Weapons belonging to dead or wounded soldiers were instantly annexed. Men grotesquely equipped, *cantinières* dispensing beer instead of the prohibited liquors, ice and drink sellers were everywhere to be seen. There were soldiers, among the populace, fighting against their colours; uniforms of all arms and periods, of the Republic and the Empire; pensioners, and retired officers. One regiment of the Line, occupying the Quai aux Fleurs, was ordered by the Colonel to advance. A junior captain sprang from his place, forbade the men to move, and gave the order

to ground arms. He was obeyed. This was Capitaine Lefauchaux, a young fellow of my acquaintance, much sought after in social circles on account of his beautiful tenor voice. The crowd broke in among the men and fraternised with them promptly.

The firing slackened towards evening, and the Garde Royale took occasion to withdraw. The Hôtel-de-Ville had been seized, and the tricolour now floated above its roof, in place of the white banner. This may be considered as the turning-point of the battle. The hardest fighting had taken place on the Place de Grève, Quai Napoléon. The artillery guarded all the quays of the right bank and occupied the bridges. The crossing of the Pont de Grève had been attempted several times by groups of desperate fellows, but hitherto they had been mown down or forced to retire. It was not till five in the evening that a party of fifteen or twenty youths made a successful dash, running as hard as they could. A few reached the other side, and were quickly followed by others. This practically ended the hostilities. This is the origin of the name Pont d'Arcole:<sup>1</sup> not the legend invented much later, of

<sup>1</sup> "Voici à droite le pont d'Arcole, qui sert de trait d'union entre l'île de la Cité et la place de Grève ou de l'Hôtel-de-Ville. Ce pont, créé en vertu d'une ordonnance royale du 6 décembre 1827, fut livré à la circulation le 21 décembre 1828 sous le nom de pont de la Grève. La révolution de juillet 1830 l'en fit changer. Le 28 juillet 1830, les combattants du peuple, occupant le pont qui était alors suspendu, et s'abritant derrière l'espèce d'arc de triomphe qui supportait par le milieu les fils de suspension, dirigeaient un feu meurtrier vers les soldats de la garde royale et de la garde suisse massés sur la place de Grève. 'Un jeune homme, bravant le feu des Suisses et des gardes royaux réunis, monte sur l'arc du pont, et, au milieu des balles qui sifflaient autour de lui, plante le drapeau

an imaginary young man who exclaimed as he died on the bridge, "My name is Arcole!"

A few barricades only had been erected in the early morning in the most exposed parts; but towards evening a rumour spread that Paris was to be attacked under cover of the night, so the people set to work and constructed some in all the principal streets.

The broiling summer's day was spent out of doors by the whole population. Tables and chairs were moved into the streets. The people sat about, half-dressed, in slippers—ate, drank, gossiped, questioned the passers-by, and shouted at intervals, "Vive la charte!" Apart from the limited space where the fighting was going on, the town was in the possession of the people. No police were to be seen; everybody did exactly as he pleased. Yet there was no disorder. People were excited but not unruly; no evil was planned or executed.

One single incident is at variance with what I have just stated. A troop of rowdy, ragged men passed

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tricolore, dont la vue redouble le zèle des combattants.' Tel est le récit authentique, rédigé au lendemain des événements, pour l'illustration des *Scènes mémorables des journées de juillet*, dessinées par Charlet. On s'empresse d'ajouter à ce récit une légende dont Charlet ne dit pas un seul mot. Le jeune homme au drapeau, frappé mortellement, serait tombé en s'écriant: 'Je m'appelle Arcole! Vengez-moi!' Si la chose est vraie, on peut croire, et elle n'y perdrait ni en poésie ni en héroïsme, que le jeune héros se serait souvenu du drapeau porté par Bonaparte au pont d'Arcole pour entraîner ses soldats, refaisant ainsi sur le mode épique le mot plaisant de l'inconnu qui, devant le prince de Condé, après la levée du siège de Lérída, s'écria en échappant aux mains des sergents qui l'arrêtaient: 'Je suis Lérída, on ne me prend pas, moi!' Quoi qu'il en soit, le pont de Grève prit dès lors le nom de pont d'Arcole." —AUGUSTE VITU, *Paris* (Maison Quantin), p. 108.



my house in the Rue du Dragon, laden with rare weapons: halberds, wheel-lock muskets, magnificent arquebuses. I very nearly got myself into serious trouble by endeavouring to stop one fellow who was carrying a brace of miniature bronze cannon well known as the Louis XIV. cannon, unique examples of chasing. I pointed out to him that these art-treasures could be of no possible use to him: he became abusive at once; his comrades or rather accomplices joined in the fray, and I thought myself lucky to get off with whole bones. The weapons were the proceeds of the pillage of the Musée d'Artillerie; they were, alas, of inestimable value, both artistically and historically. The same Gallery had been looted in 1814 and 1815, and had suffered irreparable loss. Some of the treasures have since been traced to England, having been bought for practically nothing by dealers in curiosities, and resold over there.

The Garde Royale, routed from the Place de Grève, fell back on the Champs-Élysées. The Suisses, who held the Quai du Louvre from the Pont Neuf to the Pont Royal, were vigorously attacked, dislodged from their position, and eventually forced to take refuge in the Louvre and the Tuileries. There were severe losses on both sides. Many fine young lives were laid down on the Pont des Arts. The great portals of the Institut were riddled with bullets. I was able to succour a workman, who lay grievously wounded in the Rue de Seine. When night fell the quays and boulevards were free, the town was in the possession of the people. Firing continued all night, but was chiefly desultory, for of the city of Paris nought remained unsubdued but the Louvre and the Tuileries.

On Tuesday the 29th I was on the Quai Malaquais

at four o'clock in the morning. The situation was not pleasant. Every window and terrace of the Louvre was manned by desperate Suisses, making their last stand, and firing at the people below. It was their expiring effort. At noon the poor fellows were forced to capitulate and evacuate the position.

Here I witnessed an incident which sounds absolutely incredible, but the couple of thousand people who saw it with me can vouch for its truth.

A well-dressed, middle-aged man came slowly on to the Quai Voltaire, from the Rue de Beaune, reading a book; he strolled leisurely across the road, stepped on to the pavement, and continued his way towards the Pont des Arts, without once raising his eyes. Of course he was instantly made the target of the Suisses, who fired at least a couple of hundred shots at him. Nothing diverted his attention from his book; he was as deaf to the warning shouts of the crowd as to the bullets spattering round him. We watched him breathlessly as he made his slow way along, turned the corner into the Rue de Seine, and disappeared unharmed from our view.

I made the round of the town that day, the 29th of July; the tricolour was floating above every public building. There were bloodstains everywhere—dead men and horses lay in all their naked hideousness, for the greater number had been stripped before the dawn by the predatory hands of those night birds who are ever on the watch for such opportunities.

On my way home about two o'clock I was caught in a mob which was on its way to the Caserne Babylone, the headquarters of the Garde Suisse. Only a revolution could produce such a mixture of classes. There were workmen of every grade, soldiers in uni-

form, well-dressed young men, women, and children, all marching side by side in the ranks. They were armed with anything they could snatch up—bludgeons, iron bars, pitchforks, guns, swords. Some wore cuirasses, others sported busbies or gendarmes' hats. The troop was under the command of a student of the *École Polytechnique*, called Vaneau, who was killed later in the *Rue Mademoiselle* (now called *Rue Vaneau*). He was a little fellow, but he strutted at the head of the column, sword in hand, head in the air, a grim frown on his youthful brow. These are the kind of men who lead a forlorn hope, or scale the walls first in a desperate assault.

I ought to mention here that the pupils of the *École Polytechnique* rendered great service by their courage and devotion, and contributed powerfully to the success of the movement. Truth compels me to add, however, that their inexperience with firearms, and their ignorance of men and military detail, considerably detracted from their usefulness. They were soldiers at heart and in dress, but not in knowledge. Poor little Vaneau was an instance in point. Brave as a lion, but incapable of planning military operations, he was responsible for many wasted lives.

Dupuytren gave a gruff reception to the first wounded men who were brought in to the *Hôtel-Dieu*.

"You have got no more than you deserve," he grunted. "What have you got to do with politics, I should like to know?"

On the Wednesday after the capture of the *Hôtel-de-Ville* he began to soften. On the 29th he burst into the ward, exclaiming:

“ You brave fellows! You have saved the country. You are heroes! ”

A young neighbour of mine, Massieu by name, got a bullet in his thigh at the attack on the Caserne Babylone. Docteur Evrat and I were hurriedly sent for to attend him. Evrat rushed in in a nankeen waistcoat, with a belt in which were two pistols and a dagger. He carried, in addition, a big sword, a double-barrelled gun, and a cartridge-bag. I was in slippers, without coat or necktie. Surely no two doctors ever bent together over a sick-bed in such ridiculous attire. We lost our poor patient.

One of my friends, M. Leymarie (L) de Mussidan, adjutant and major of the Gendarmerie of Paris, was the father of two sons: one was Rector of Saint-Merri, and the other a student at the École Polytechnique. Here was a strange dilemma! The father and son were liable to encounter each other any day fighting on opposite sides. The student, filled with youthful enthusiasm for the cause of the people, could not bear to sever himself from his comrades, but before going out to fight he told them of the singular position in which he found himself.

“ The gendarmes,” he said, “ are fine fellows; they are mostly veteran soldiers who have fought the campaigns of the Revolution. They have lived faithful to duty, and are now prepared to die martyrs to discipline. I commend them to your mercy, my friends. Spare them.”

His words did not fall on heedless ears. The patrols of Gendarmerie were disarmed, but the students would not allow them to be injured in any way. Very few lost their lives. To young Leymarie is due the preservation of many brave men who

would otherwise inevitably have been butchered in the excitement of battle.

There were numerous foreigners, especially English, in Paris, when the *Ordonnances* were published. But the first shot fired was the signal for a general exodus. Those who could not procure horses went off on foot, abandoning baggage and effects. They all anticipated that the new Revolution would run the same course as that of 1789.

On the 27th of July the householders of my *arrondissement*, the tenth, met together to concert measures for effective resistance to the autocratic *Ordonnances*. M. de Quevauvillers, a barrister, was selected as our envoy to proceed to the Tuileries, accompanied by two other responsible citizens, to treat with the Duc de Raguse, commanding the King's troops. The deputation was admitted to the Maréchal's presence and opened its mission. At the end of his speech M. de Quevauvillers announced the intention of the Garde Nationale of the *arrondissement* to resume uniform and rifles, in defence of the district.

"As you will," replied the Maréchal; "but I am bound to warn you that the first Garde Nationale captured in uniform will be shot forthwith."

De Quevauvillers came back to the meeting quite upset and delivered his message.

"Messieurs, after this answer of the Duc de Raguse, we must give in, and submit."

"Give in!" cried Gauja (G). "None but a coward could tender such advice. To arms, my friends! To arms!"

On July 29th everything was accomplished. We were masters of Paris. Events had progressed so

rapidly that we were left breathless, wondering whether we were awake or dreaming. We did not know whether to hope or to fear; but the youth of Paris who had figured as the principal actors in the great drama were proud, elated, unafraid.

Paris wore a curious aspect. The boulevards were obstructed by felled trees, dead horses, hastily-constructed barricades, overturned carriages and carts, barrels full of earth, torn-up paving-stones. Putrefaction, which sets in more rapidly in bodies which have not been gradually wasted by disease, especially in midsummer heat, made such terrible strides that in twenty-four hours the stench was absolutely insupportable. There were a great many corpses on the Place de Grève, and the neighbouring streets. They were hastily removed to the riverside, whence they were carried by water to the Champ-de-Mars. The majority were blackened, swollen, unrecognisable, in full process of decomposition. But those picked up in the cooler, narrower streets were perfectly preserved. I had plenty of leisure to scrutinise them, and I found that nearly all the wounds were inflicted by firearms; hardly any were caused by cold steel. I also observed that young men were in the majority. In 1840 all these corpses which had been heaped into hastily-dug pits ten years before at the Louvre, the Halle, the Champ-de-Mars, and the Pont de Grenelle, were exhumed. Docteur Gaultier de Chambon, who was appointed by the Préfet to carry out this duty, told me he found one hundred and sixty-one bodies, one of them that of a woman, in the two pits at the Champ-de-Mars. Some were quite well preserved; in some cases even the uniforms were intact.

The streets were barricaded, and impassable for

wheeled traffic. The victualling of the town was done by men on foot. Great pools of refuse water from the houses, collected in the cavities left by torn-up paving-stones, caused horrible smells. Men of the people replaced the soldiers on sentry-duty, and mounted guard at the Louvre, Tuileries, and other public buildings. It is hardly necessary to add that the entry to all these places was free, and the most ragged person might walk in without question. The sacred enclosure of the Tuileries gardens was monopolised for several days by hawkers of apples, cakes, and effervescing drinks.

Although this association of all classes on fraternal terms lasted only about three days, it had a great effect on the lower stratum. Rough fellows, burnt black by the sun, clad in rags, unshaven and unwashed, behaved with scrupulous politeness. They assisted ladies to climb over the barricades; even I, a strong man, was on various occasions treated by them with marked deference. One must not, however, place much faith in the statements of those who aver that there was no pillage, no thieving. There exists in Paris a class, lower far than the unenlightened workmen, who had wreaked their vengeance on the unfortunate soldiers, victims of their own loyalty. It is composed of hideous, sordid elements, which invariably start up in times of agitation, and subside again when calm is restored.

Fighting in Paris was over, but there were rumours that the Army had rallied at Rambouillet and was about to assume the offensive. The people were hastily summoned to the Champs-Élysées and organised for resistance. It would be difficult to picture a more absurd sight than that presented by the mob

which responded to the call. There were men of every description; vehicles of all sorts—donkey-carts, laundresses' barrows, mud-carts, drays, cabs. Général Pajol took the command. The force started off helter-skelter along the road to Rambouillet. Charles X. showed great moderation when he refrained from ordering this so-called "Parisian" army to be wiped off the face of the earth. A charge of cavalry would have dispersed it in a quarter of an hour. It is said that Charles X. consulted an old friend as to what he should do, and was advised to spare the people: "Nothing is easier than to scatter them; but you would thereby play into the hands of whatever Government is about to be established. If you do not molest them further, they will have leisure to transfer their attentions to the new Government; it will have to reckon with them, more than once."

My old friend and classmate Zédé (z), a marine engineer, was commissioned by the Provisional Government to prepare quarters for the Royal Family on board the vessel which was to convey Charles X. to England, and to be present at the embarkation. The first objects he saw carried on board were two prie-dieu chairs. The Dauphin, who knew him, strolled up to him.

"Well, Monsieur Zédé, what news from Paris?"

Zédé bowed.

"Oh, I know the people have been much frightened. And those fine barricades . . . what are you doing with them now?" And the Dauphin slapped his thigh and grinned stupidly. "I hope you have arranged a double bed for the Dauphine and me. We always sleep together."



He giggled again.

M. de Schonen was ordered to accompany the deposed Royal Family as far as Cherbourg. I have had, at various times, most interesting talks with him about that journey. Fortunately he was careful to write down his impressions at the time, and his notes make an instructive contribution to the history of our times. Queen Marie-Amélie had desired him to inform the Duchesse de Berry that watchmen had been sent to her Castle at Rosny, to ensure the safety of her possessions, and that all her papers and effects would be forwarded to her, as soon as she so desired.

“Please convey my thanks to the *Queen*,” said the Duchesse abruptly, with marked emphasis on the title. “It would be impossible to steal a crown more politely.”

The Duc de Duras, who died of apoplexy in 1838, was the senior Gentleman of the Bedchamber. The following words, which he addressed to me, represent an experience surely unique in history: “In 1792 I was in the carriage with Louis XVI. when he was arrested at Varennes; in 1815 I travelled in that of Louis XVIII. when he fled before Napoleon and took refuge at Ghent; finally, in 1830 I occupied a seat in the carriage which conveyed Charles X. to the coast when he quitted France for the last time.”

It will be remembered that the Dauphine was at Vichy taking her annual course of waters when the Revolution broke out. She experienced some difficulty in rejoining her family, and was even obliged at one moment to adopt a disguise. She arrived at

Saint-Cloud in a furious temper, and rated her uncle and father-in-law, Charles X., in unmeasured terms. He retorted half-heartedly, and threw the blame on M. de Polignac, at the same time excusing him with these words: "His plans were cleverly conceived. You must not be annoyed with him, for his intentions were of the very best." M. de Duras was present at this family scene; and described it to me himself.

On the occasion of the Public Thanksgiving and singing of the *Te Deum* at Notre-Dame after the capture of Algiers, the Archbishop of Paris delivered a discourse before Charles X. which caused much comment. He made allusion to the internal condition of the realm, and exhorted the King to vanquish the enemies inside the country, as he had subdued those beyond its confines. The speech, delivered but a few days before the publication of the *Ordonnances*, gave great offence to patriots and defenders of constitutional liberty; they understood that the words of the Archbishop had been levelled at them. He was severely censured for his interference in political matters and his advice to resort to rigorous measures. On the 28th the Archbishop hurriedly quitted his official residence; it was immediately seized by a rabble totally unconnected with bona fide combatants. The latter assembled in force and expelled the pillagers before they had succeeded in doing much damage. They saved the Palace for the time being, but, short as had been the stay of the wreckers, they had already smashed a great deal of furniture and thrown it into the river. I saw fragments floating down with the tide and being recaptured by men in barges.

On the 30th I met M. de Châteaubriand with an escort of young men, all lustily shouting, "Vive Châteaubriand!" He had been recognised as he stood outside the Hôtel-de-Ville, whither he had gone to inquire after the progress of affairs. Accompanied by his yelling escort he crossed the Pont des Arts, of which the toll-gate had not yet been rebuilt, and directed his steps towards the Rue de Seine. He looked quite exhausted with fatigue and heat. The printer Lenormand was standing on his doorstep, and noticing his plight, begged him to come into his house and rest for a few moments in an arm-chair. But Châteaubriand declined, and declared his intention of proceeding as quickly as possible to the Chambre des Pairs. He seemed anxious to escape from an ovation which, however flattering, threatened to become somewhat embarrassing for its recipient. He has never divulged his real reason for going to the Hôtel-de-Ville the day after the July Revolution. Is it possible that he had some secret mission from Charles X. which circumstances did not allow him to perform? He gives a long account of the events of July in his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*; but his record bristles with errors, which will some day be refuted by one who had ample opportunity of acquainting himself with every detail of those three days.

Early in 1845 M. de Polignac published a defence of his Ministry. It is the work of a single-minded visionary, a fanatical upholder of autocracy. The significance of such phrases as the rights of the people, liberty, pass him by; for him there only exist the rights of kings over their subjects. I need not waste time and space in setting forth the errors of such a creed; I will merely record an emphatic denial

of the accusation that the Revolution of 1830 had been long premeditated and privately engineered with money and secret intrigues. On the contrary, the Revolution was absolutely spontaneous: it met with very slight resistance because an immense majority desired it; it certainly matured slowly, but it was brought about by the mistakes of the Restoration—its hostility to everything approved by the people, its sympathy with all they detested. Not one in a hundred of the fighting public belonged to a secret society. There were no concerted acts, no commands from any central organisation, no rallying point. The boldest man present assumed temporary command, and was obeyed by the remainder. All the accusations that plans had been agreed upon beforehand, posts distributed, retaining fees paid, and so forth, are false, false, false! Naturally, if a fighter was hungry and had not the wherewithal to buy bread, food was procured and paid for by whoever had the money in his pocket, but no combatant was ever seen with a large sum of cash in his possession. I was both witness of and participator in most of the deeds of those three days; I was often in the thick of the fighting; I picked up wounded men and attended to their hurts; in short, I saw with my own eyes that of which I write:

Quorum ego *parva* pars fui.

I again affirm that the influence of secret societies was nil: everything that took place was unpremeditated and spontaneous, there was no distribution of funds, and legitimate resistance was the only incentive to fight.

I was called in to attend M. Alphonse Mont, who died of his wounds on the 10th of August, at the age of twenty-five. He had studied deeply, and was a clever young fellow. He belonged to a wealthy family of position, was a favourite son, and had nothing to gain and everything to lose by joining the insurgents. On Monday, July 26th, Alphonse mingled in the crowd outside the Palais-Royal; on the Tuesday he gave vent to his burning indignation in ardent speeches; on the Wednesday he was the first to appear armed. He was slightly wounded early in the day, but declined to leave the field of battle as long as there was fighting to be done. On the Thursday he evaded the watchful eye of his father, and joined the column which went to attack the Suisses at the Caserne de Babylone. There he was hit in the thigh by a bullet. Up to that moment he had been ever in the van, dominating his comrades by his courage as well as by his eloquence. During the time I attended him he was consistently calm and cheerful, realising the gravity of his condition, but satisfied to have shed his blood in defence of his opinions. He mentioned his own share in the fighting with becoming modesty, and seemed wholeheartedly concerned with the welfare of his country. He was a true patriot. I quote him because his story is that of the greater number of those who took part in the Revolution. He was more gifted than others in intellect, education, and social position. The majority were plain workmen; a few belonged to the lowest stratum. I doctored many, and was often astounded at the loftiness of their ideals. There come moments in all men's lives when the most degraded show capacity for heroism.

The war-cry of the Revolution had been "Vive la Charte!" But as early as the 30th, when public excitement was at its height, street orators began to advocate a Republican Government. "Vive la République!" was now frequently to be heard. Republican opinions gained ground so rapidly that it has often occurred to me that if Louis-Philippe had not been on the spot a Republic would have become an accomplished fact then and there.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE REIGN OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE

WHEN M. d'Haussez, formerly a Minister of Charles X., was asked by d'Arcy Talbot in London how he could have brought himself to sign the *Ordonnances* of July, he replied: "I was weak enough to accede to the urgent representations of the Dauphin, who assured me I should be wanting in honour if I withheld my assent. 'Well,' said I, 'I will sign if M. de Polignac will pledge me his word that he has fifty thousand men at his back to carry through such a *coup d'état*.' M. de Polignac swore there were at his disposal many more than I had named. I signed thereupon, but he deceived me. He could count upon barely half the number."

D'Haussez was asked the same question at Vienna, and his reply was: "I opposed the *Ordonnances* with all my might. I remarked to the King, as I took the pen in my hand, 'Sire, I am signing my own fate.' M. de Peyronnet said the same thing."

It is well known that before M. de Bourmont departed to Algiers he obtained the King's promise that he would not depart from constitutional methods; he also wrote twice to him in the same strain. Therefore it cannot be urged that the Monarch had been left without warning of the dire consequences

of his action; it used to be said that year, that Polignac, his evil genius, had bewitched him.

Did Louis-Philippe desire the Crown? Did he accept it willingly? The majority of his contemporaries had no doubt as to the answer to this question, and posterity will probably reply unhesitatingly, *Yes*—yet I can advance reasons to the contrary. I will state them in a few words. I knew M. Oudard (o) very intimately, a devoted adherent of the House of Orléans and private secretary of Queen Marie-Amélie. Both before and after his accession to the throne, the King always maintained intimate relations with the principal officers and functionaries of his household. He liked to throw reserve aside with his robes of state, and to express his opinions freely in his home circle. Consequently Oudard knew what he really thought and felt about contemporary events. Louis-Philippe had long foreseen the Revolution of 1830, and sorrowed over its approach. “They will go to such lengths,” he would sigh, “that we shall all be kicked out, the children and myself included. Loving France as I do, clinging to it with every fibre of my heart, I feel that exile would be the death of me.” Of Charles X. he said, when discussing an impolitic measure: “If he does succeed in dying in his bed while in possession of the Crown, he will leave an intolerable burden to his successor. I personally should prefer some modest post in an office, to a crown which will crush the man bold enough to place it on his brow. He is playing into the hands of the Republicans, and is assuredly doing more to help their cause than all the secret societies of France. I have attempted, with all deference, to



give advice, but I have been refused a hearing. I am not trusted. They will not acknowledge that my fate is bound up with theirs, and that their cause is also mine."

In 1830 M. Lagarde, who was one of my patients, was head of the private household. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of his Royal Master. On this account he was selected by some of the leading spirits to go to Neuilly and impart to Louis-Philippe the intention of the people to elect him King.

"I was expecting it," the Prince replied. "There is no other on whom the choice of the Chambres could fall. The Duc de Bordeaux is out of the question; the Republicans are a danger to the country; the least hesitation on my part would compromise not only France but me, and my family with me. I accept the offer, for the welfare of everybody concerned; but I do so with a reluctance I will not attempt to express, for I should probably not be believed. Nevertheless, I realise that from this moment my happiness, my liberty, my place in the public esteem are forfeited; I shall be buffeted by all parties, and notwithstanding the purity of my intentions, hated, possibly, by all. Well, so be it! in God's name!"

M. Dupin *aîné* then came in, hot and weary, for he, like M. Lagarde, had journeyed on foot, as the state of the barricaded roads made driving impossible. M. Dupin (D) had been for some time the private adviser of the Prince, who valued his opinion highly. He was charged with the same mission as M. Lagarde. The latter withdrew at once and left M. Dupin to report the result of the conference.

The things I heard from MM. Oudard and Lagarde,

and have just quoted, were confirmed by others who had equal opportunities for ascertaining the Prince's most secret thoughts.<sup>1</sup>

Cassin told me that he was one of the deputation from the Société de la Morale Chrétienne which waited upon the Duc d'Orléans on August 3, 1830. In the course of the interview the Comte de Lasteyrie addressed the Prince thus: "Monseigneur, we beseech you not to accept the Crown at the hands of the Chambre des Députés; for it has not the right to dispose of it. Call for the votes of the Assemblées primaires. If you secure these you will then hold the Crown as the gift of the country, and will thereby avoid many future complications." The advice was wise, but impracticable: time was everything; to have called out the Assemblées Primaires would have entailed a fatal delay.

The students had played a great part in the Revolution. The praise lavished upon their actions in the public press unfortunately served to inflate the self-satisfaction usually inseparable from successful youth. I had hitherto not belonged to the Garde Nationale; but when I realised that it was called upon to perform definite work, and to assist in maintaining public peace, I joined it, and repaired every evening to the Tuileries, with my battalion, for drill.

The Garde Nationale was a fine body of men, keen

<sup>1</sup> Louis-Philippe said in November, 1848, at Claremont, England: "The truth is that I ascended the throne reluctantly, with an indefinable presentiment of trouble to come. I only consented to do so on the urgent representations of those of my advisers in whom I placed full confidence; they persuaded me that I alone had the power to save my country from the horrors of anarchy."—*Author's note.*

and patriotic. Every shade of opinion was represented in its ranks, but on one point all were agreed—namely, that disorder must be sternly repressed, and thieves and disturbers of the peace punished. We were kept in constant work. Few days went by without a call to arms, generally to take active measures against coalitions of Republican workmen. In the early days our mere presence sufficed to disperse illegal crowds; but later, occasions arose when we had to use firearms. My corps was the Grenadiers, 4th battalion, 10th *légion*, commanded by Capitaine Migneret, printer, ex-officer of dragoons. Good old Migneret was not at all martial in appearance: he was fat, ungainly, and common-looking at ordinary times; but the approach of danger transformed him into another man; up went his chin, he squared his shoulders, and threw flashing glances about him. He was calm, intrepid, but most careful not to risk our lives unnecessarily. We relied implicitly on his judgment and courage, and would have followed him anywhere. We quickly became accustomed to these affrays, and I remarked, as I often had before, the peculiar aptitude of Frenchmen for bearing arms. The English were amazed at the rapidity with which we had organised and trained ourselves; they said their own countrymen would have taken two years to arrive at the same point. Unhappily this military zeal has died out, and the Garde Nationale is but the shadow of what it was in my day. I must be honest, though, and confess that there were men in our ranks who thought only of what they could get out of their services, and who used the corps as a stepping-stone for their own private advancement. Such people are to be found all the world over.

On the first appearance of Lafayette (L) at the head of the Garde Nationale, he received a great ovation. He was delighted at a reception which gave the lie publicly to the foul calumnies under which he had suffered for some considerable time. His receptions were again attended. M. de Talleyrand, our new Ambassador to the Court of St. James, showed himself there for the first time. He seemed slightly embarrassed—a remarkable condition for the subtle diplomatist who boasted that, by the addition of two commas to the Treaty of 1815, he had caused a modification of meaning which might some day be of immense advantage to France.

The trial of the Ministers of Charles X. in December, 1830, was a time of fatigue and danger for the Garde Nationale. We were constantly under arms, exposed to insults and attacks which we were only allowed to repel when to remain inactive would have exposed us to serious risk.

Paris was in a state of turmoil for several days. A rumour was current that a plot existed to carry off the prisoners during their journey from Vincennes to the Luxembourg. They were accordingly removed under cover of a frightfully tempestuous night. I was in command of a patrol of Grenadiers, and in the course of my period of duty, lasting some three hours, I came across at least fifty other cavalry and foot patrols.

M. de Polignac carried off his imprisonment at Vincennes with a high hand. One day when my battalion was there on duty, he said to a Grenadier of my company:

“You belong to the 10th *légion*, my own, as it is

that of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. When my trial is over, I shall take service in your company, and I congratulate myself in advance on having such fine comrades in arms."

Crowds collected the day before the removal, to concentrate on Vincennes and carry off the Ministers. "Let them come!" swaggered brave Général Daumesnil, who was in command of the Castle. "I will use my last cartridge against them; I will blow up the Castle, the Ministers, the garrison, and myself, rather than surrender!"

I was present at one sitting of the Court. It happened to be the day that M. de Sémonville gave his remarkable evidence. M. de Polignac made a poor show among his fellow-prisoners; he stammered, and found it difficult to express himself intelligibly. M. de Peyronnet, who was his neighbour, stood with his back turned to him in a marked manner.

M. de Martignac made his last professional appearance on that occasion; he defended M. de Polignac with commendable courage, ability, and forgetfulness of the insults he had formerly received at the hands of the accused.

On the morrow of the verdict,<sup>1</sup> which the populace regarded as an acquittal, our battalion was ordered to proceed to the Luxembourg at the double. The Gate at the Rue de Tournon was in danger of being forced; we relieved the pressure, and were promptly attacked by a frantic mob. Fortunately they were

<sup>1</sup> The four ex-Ministers who were tried were Prince de Polignac, M. de Peyronnet, M. de Chantelauze, and M. de Guernan Ranville. They were condemned to imprisonment for life with loss of all titles, rank, orders, and civil rights. The populace was much exasperated because they were not condemned to death.—*Publisher's note.*

armed with nothing more alarming than stones, of which volleys were hurled into our midst. Some attacked us with pocket-knives, others fought with their fists. Several of our fellows were injured. We managed at last to repulse these madmen with bayonet charges, but we did so with every precaution not to hurt them more than we could help; on the whole, they were very little damaged. They kept shouting at us:

“Cowards, to have let the Ministers go free! You are no better than they are! Gendarmes! Suisses! Polignac! Down with the Ministers and the Garde Nationale!”

A suburban troop came to our assistance: their arrival added to the fury of the crowd; they were reviled as peasants and fat-heads:

“You stink of manure, you filthy labourers! Go back to your villages, good-for-nothing idiots! Our business does not concern country bumpkins.”

Fists were shaken in their faces, the *Marseillaise* yelled at them.

When quiet was restored Lafayette inspected us. “My dear comrades,” he said, “you have hitherto shown the pluck of men who were armed, yet did not fight; but if a foreign foe should menace our frontier, I am confident that you would promptly demonstrate that you understand how to cross bayonets, and to charge the enemy.”

While we were on guard in the Rue de Tournon a well-dressed young lady attempted to force her way through the lines.

“There is no thoroughfare,” I said.

She pushed me aside rudely and exclaimed in contemptuous tones:

“You should have stopped the Ministers, not a defenceless woman. You are a coward!”

I let her through.

The name of Polignac was used so commonly as an injurious epithet that a man who had called another “Polignac!” was condemned to a fine before a correctional tribunal, without the punishment exciting the least surprise. The sentence is recorded in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Lafayette was born in 1757 and died on May 18, 1834. He lost much of his popularity in the last years of his life. People complained of the false positions into which his weakness of character betrayed him. At his funeral, which was numerously attended, they said, “Vive Lafayette mort!” History will testify that he loved his country devotedly, that he was able to surmount the disadvantages of his noble birth and the faulty education consequent upon it, that he was consistently honest and a loyal citizen. He was in addition brave, witty, and agreeable.

In the early days of the Revolution power went to whosoever chose to claim it. The rank and file of the Opposition had every opportunity of climbing to the highest places. I will give an instance. M. Barthe, who had been successively Privy Seal, Vice-President of the *Chambre des Pairs*, and First President of the *Cour des Comptes*, had in 1830 subsided to the modest status of a third or fourth rate solicitor. He resided at 20 Rue des Saints-Pères, in a house belonging to M. Chevassut. This gentleman was one of the founders and principal shareholders of the *Constitutionnel*, a newspaper of considerable importance under the Restoration. In 1830 M. Chevassut

became influential by reason of his control of the *Constitutionnel*, and his consequent relations with men in high office. He obtained a position for Barthe as an administrative officer, and helped several others in the same way.

No sooner was the new Government fairly settled, in 1830, than a little army of office-seekers swooped down upon Paris. The streets were filled with eager-looking, fussy people in the garb of their employment, hurrying from one public office to another. On the 23d of August I had occasion to call on my old friend and school-fellow, Mérilhon (M). He was then Secretary at the Ministère de Justice, and afterwards became a Minister. His three reception-rooms were filled to overflowing, and two clerks had just been removed fainting. I was obliged to forego my visit, and postpone the delivery of the message I had been asked to convey to him.

In 1830 the *Voltigeurs* of the Republic were instituted, on the model of the *Voltigeurs* of Louis XVIII. in 1814. Quantities of veteran officers, gouty, rheumatic, scarred with old wounds, crowded up asking for commissions. It was difficult to convince them that their day was past.

Général Leclerc, private tax-collector at Châlons, was suddenly made aware that Mauguin, who was then all-powerful, was intriguing to put his own brother into his place. The General rushed to the Minister's house: "If you try to deprive me of my office, I swear I will re-enlist as a sub-lieutenant, and fight you to the death." Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, stated in public that he would make no changes, and would make his own appointments without regard to private recommendations.



As soon as Louis-Philippe was seated on the throne, deputations began to arrive from all the *départements* and districts. I was included in the one from Ribérac,<sup>1</sup> headed by M. de Verneilh-Puyraseau. The King in his short answer to our address renewed his expressions of devotion to France, and unswerving loyalty to the principles enunciated in 1789 and 1830. I quote from memory what he said:

“I acknowledge with pleasure the sentiments expressed in your loyal address. I rely upon the Garde Nationale as confidently as it may rely upon me. With its assistance I will maintain order within my kingdom, and assert my independence beyond the frontier. I will satisfy as fully as possible the expectations of my people. My dream has ever been the happiness of my native land. In my youth I fought in its defence. To-day I would not hesitate to sacrifice my life for it should the need arise. I have sworn that the Charter shall henceforward be carried out in its entirety. Let us rally round the institutions to which we have vowed fidelity! With their help France shall become happy and powerful. Two things are demanded of me: Fidelity to my oath, loyalty to my pledges. My people shall not be disappointed.”

His voice rang out, firm and sonorous, his pleasant features glowed; he bore himself with kingly dignity. With him stood the Queen, Madame Adélaïde, one of the young Princesses, and the Duc de Nemours. Docteur Coudret recited an ode. Artists sketched him as he stood.

The deputations, which usually numbered three

<sup>1</sup> The deputation from Ribérac was received on Monday, November 15, 1830, by the King. (*Moniteur*, November 18th.)

or four, were invariably bidden to dine with the King, by an aide-de-camp. At our audience a mayor thus commanded for the next day replied, addressing the King in person: "Sire, I regret very much, but I am engaged for to-morrow."

The King smiled kindly. "Well, if it suits you better, come to-day."

Very few people believed in the stability of the Government, or of the existing condition of affairs. One night M. Hennequin (H), *Légitimiste député*, got himself into trouble. I happened to be among a number of men who shared his opinions. He was airing his views with some freedom, and was tactless enough to remark that from the very beginning he had fixed the duration of the present régime in his own mind at fifteen or sixteen years. At this there was a tremendous hubbub, everybody exclaiming and talking at once. MM. Berryer, de Genoude, and others retorted with contradictory forecasts. The Republicans agreed.

Another time M. de Mailly said to me: "It is with regret that I observe the gradual weakening of the Government of Louis-Philippe; for Henri V. is still too young and untried to be able to assume the reins of state with the requisite firmness. For that reason, if for no other, it would be preferable that affairs should remain as they are for another five or six years; but I shall not hold out till then." He also said: "I must regretfully acknowledge that the aristocracy loses ground day by day. I am therefore putting my affairs into thorough order, that I may leave my children independent."

On the evening of February 14, 1831, we were

hastily summoned and despatched with all speed to Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, which was in process of being sacked by rioters. They were wrecking the cross in the market-place when we arrived, but dispersed at sight of us. We moved on to the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, where we remained till midnight. Quiet seemed restored. On our way back we visited all the churches, but saw nothing suspicious. However, a very short time after our departure the rioters broke out again, and the Archbishop's Palace was attacked and destroyed to the last stone.

The following day, the 15th, Shrove Tuesday, we were kept under arms nearly all day. We bivouacked on the Quai d'Orsay. A curious contrast was presented by the troops of masked revellers, on foot, riding, and in carriages, as they wound their way in and out of our lines. The river was full of fragments of furniture, carpets, manuscripts, books, floating down from the ruined Archiepiscopal Palace. The magnificent library, containing rare manuscripts and unique books, suffered irreparable loss. I still possess a few torn, sodden treasures which I rescued from the river bank. The Duc d'Orléans came to inspect our post, and was well received. He already gave promise of what he afterwards became: a noble, accomplished Prince. His tragic death at an early age was a calamity for France.

In 1831 we were threatened with an outbreak of cholera, and began to make preparations to meet it. The Government despatched a mission to Poland to study the disease, while in Paris forty-eight small committees were formed, whose duty was to examine into the sanitary condition of their own locality,

and report to the Central Committee every nuisance or unhealthy spot which could favour the progress of the scourge.

We systematically visited every dwelling within our respective boundaries. It is impossible to describe the loathsome conditions we encountered: the stinking, rotting houses; the absence of light and air; the accumulations of filth; the foul clothing of the children; the dirt rampant everywhere. Our official reports shed a lurid light on this intolerable state of things, but, as is generally the way of administrations, they were stuffed away in pigeon-holes, and there was an end of the matter.

We learnt with horror of the ravages of cholera in neighbouring countries, and the ferocious deeds of the low-caste people, who massacred their sanitary officials and doctors, and beat the unfortunate philanthropists who endeavoured to effect improvements. We congratulated ourselves on our own more advanced civilisation, and the high state of public morality, which rendered such wholesale criminality impossible. Alas, we little knew what was before us! A few short months were to elapse, and these same horrors would be enacted in the very streets of the capital.

Everybody laid in vast stores of aromatic perfumes, bottles, sachets, drugs; timorous people carried a sort of pharmacopœia in their pockets. Elixirs, either preservative, curative, or to be used in convalescence, brought in fortunes to the inventors. Huge receptacles filled with chloride of lime were placed in public lavatories. The smell of chloride pursued us everywhere. I was on a jury once in 1832, and I was obliged to ask the President to order

some of the bowls of disinfectant to be removed, for there were so many that one could hardly breathe. I have often thought that the abuse of chloride must have led to many accidents.

At the end of March, 1832, in splendid though rather cold weather, cholera broke out in Paris. The first case left room for doubt; but the next day over one hundred people were attacked. They were all sent to the Hôtel-Dieu, whither I hastily repaired. I have published my notes on the epidemic elsewhere. I need therefore only state here that the quaintest, most varied forms of treatment were adopted; but that whatever methods were employed, the result was the same, the dread malady claimed its victims. There are characteristic symptoms in cholera which can never be mistaken by one who has once seen them.

Most of the doctors placed their services at the disposal of the municipal authorities without delay. Ambulance stations were organised and we took regular turns of duty. It was hard work to do public service and carry on a private practice at the same time. I must have broken down under the strain had I not adopted the plan of rigidly setting aside certain hours for rest. I spent two nights a week at the ambulance hospital, and visited sick cases from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, hardly allowing myself time to bolt my meals. I was often exhausted with fatigue, but came safely through the terrible time. I was threatened, insulted, called "poisoner," exposed to the risk of being assaulted. Some of my colleagues were roughly handled. One day I saw a frantic mob in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, trying to break in the Hôtel-Dieu to

massacre the doctors. Often and often I was greeted with yells of "*À bas les médecins!*" Another time, as I was going across the Quai aux Fleurs, I met a sick man being carried to the Hôtel-Dieu on a stretcher: he was already moribund. A rabble of men and women surrounded him, forced the bearers to put him down, and proceeded to make angry speeches, pointing out that here was a clear case of poisoning, that the cholera was a mere phantom invented to exterminate the lower classes, that the doctors and chemists were the executioners selected by the Government, that the public fountains were probably all poisoned, etc. If anybody had happened to recognise me or my profession at that moment, I should have been torn in pieces.

As I have already remarked, there were as many different methods of cure tried in hospital as in private practice. Cold, heat, composing draughts, and stimulants were alike employed, and met indifferently with success or the reverse. As long as the acute stage of the epidemic lasted, the number of daily deaths was about the same, whatever the method adopted. Hence the mass of literature afterwards published on the subject of cholera, in which each man extolled his own treatment. One clever young doctor was sent to a very poor district where all comforts were lacking. He gorged his patients with cold water mingled with a few drops of the wine of the district, and later, of alcohol. The net result gathered from his careful notes is that, notwithstanding the virulence of the malady in that district, he did not lose more patients than elsewhere.

The epidemic was partial and capricious. In one district a street, or one side of a street, or a house

would be decimated by it, while all the surroundings would be immune; yet no reason has ever been advanced for this curious preference. I have seen the poorest, most insanitary-looking dwellings spared, while the rich houses alongside totalled as many sick as they contained inhabitants. In the early period of the outbreak, namely March, April, and May, the poor and needy were the worst sufferers; but in the recrudescence which occurred in June and July, the poor were spared and the rich paid toll.

In looking over my notes I am reminded that in over a hundred cases, I paid only one visit, the disease terminating in a few hours. The onset was not prefaced by any feeling of indisposition; sometimes the patient was previously in the best of health. A young lady in the very bloom of freshness and beauty called me in to prescribe for a member of her household who was slightly indisposed. After describing the symptoms to me, she added that she herself was not feeling quite comfortable. I had hardly finished writing my prescription when she was writhing in the throes of the dreaded scourge. She was dead two hours afterwards.

Vomiting and diarrhœa ushered in the illness. Icy coldness followed, the skin of the whole body turning blue and livid; the eyes sank into their orbits, the expression became sinister, the complexion cadaverous; terrible cramps in the limbs supervened, so painful as to extort shrieks of agony from the poor victims. Wasting was so rapid that a person who had been fat and rosy in the morning might die a skeleton the same night. Mourning and consternation met one in every direction. The supply of hearses being totally insufficient for the need, re-

course was had to military waggons and pleasure-vans. The coffins were stacked in them in symmetrical heaps, which reached almost as high as first-floor windows. A heavy black drapery was thrown over the whole and the gloomy load was conveyed to the cemetery. In spite of these time-saving methods, many bodies were kept waiting for burial. Poor people carried their own dead on stretchers to the cemeteries. All regulations as to interments were for the moment in abeyance. The death-rate rose highest of all, I think, on the 18th of April; the number certified approached two thousand. The very bravest could not forbear a shudder at the nearness of the danger menacing them.

The conduct of the doctors throughout this terrible time was worthy of the best traditions of the profession. With few exceptions they devoted the whole of their time and skill to the sick. Rich and poor alike were tended with a whole-hearted devotion which won universal praise. The ambulance stations could always count upon a reliable staff of doctors ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice. The authorities arranged to have a hundred gold medals struck and distributed to those of the profession who had distinguished themselves most. It was decided later that the medals should be silver, lest the more precious metal should tempt cupidity; later again, for the same reason and because all danger had disappeared, the medal was actually made of bronze. By a Royal Decree dated February 6, 1833, I was one of the recipients.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the request of the Mayor of the 10<sup>e</sup> *arrondissement* M. François Louis de La Siboutie, doctor of medicine, was selected by the Special Commission to receive the medal for services



The medal is of large size; the design has no artistic merit. Many names are inscribed upon it: those of King Louis-Philippe, the Minister, the Prefect; but there is no inscription to connect it with the cholera. I had the words *Choléra à Paris, 1832*, engraved on mine.

Général Lamarque, an Opposition *député*, was buried on June 5, 1832 (L). There was nothing to lead one to anticipate the disorders which were to make his funeral memorable; great therefore was the stupefaction when a tremendous turmoil arose about five o'clock, and a general muster of the troops was sounded in all the districts of Paris. Our battalion repaired in all haste to the Porte Saint-Martin, where sharp firing was in progress. On our return at daybreak we found a strong barricade erected in the Halle, opposite the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher; we were fired at and some of our fellows were wounded. I had to attend the Assizes that morning, as I was serving on a jury, but ten jurymen failed to make their appearance; so, as no business could be done, I rejoined my battalion. We were formed up on the Place du Châtelet. The people thronged about us and treated us in a friendly manner; some workmen even offered to join our ranks. In the evening we patrolled the Rues Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin, but made no use of our weapons although we were fired at from several houses. We searched some of them and made a few prisoners. Most of the rioters were

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during the cholera. The list of the thousand persons nominated for the award by the Commission and selected by Royal Decree of February 6th was published in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of March following.

ill-looking fellows, with sinister countenances; many were drunk, and some wore the revolutionary cap of 1793. Among them were college youths and men wearing the uniform of the Garde Nationale. The insurgents did not resemble those of 1830 in any respect: they were of a much inferior class, and made no secret of their intention to pillage if they gained the mastery. Number 30 Rue Saint-Martin was riddled with bullets, and dead bodies were heaped up round the door. We were posted in such a manner that the Garde Nationale and the troops of the Line stood side by side. The soldiers owned frankly that, but for our support, they would have hesitated to open fire; their recent experiences in 1830 made them doubtful as to the upshot of the fighting, but when they realised the determination of the Garde Nationale they took heart. There followed a pretty contest of courage and self-devotion. Everybody seemed satisfied with the issue of the affray; we were warmly thanked and congratulated.

Old Docteur Portal (p), who was an intimate friend of mine for over twenty years, told me a few interesting things about his life. I will relate them here, although they were mentioned in the funeral oration by Parisot at the sitting of the Académie de Médecine of September 2, 1834.

He was born at Gaillac (Tarn) in 1742, and died in Paris in 1832. He was tall and slender; his delicate expressive features were very like Voltaire's, and it pleased him to hear the resemblance commented upon. He was an indefatigable worker, and his enormous practice did not deter him from writing numerous books, some of which

have become standard authorities on scientific subjects.

He came to Paris, a young doctor, in 1765, fresh from his studies. With him travelled a seminarist and a law-student, both returning to college. They journeyed on foot, in high health and spirits, making magnificent plans for their respective futures.

"The Archbishopric of Paris is good enough for me," laughed the seminarist.

"Nothing less than Keeper of the Seals, or at the very least Procureur-Général, for me!" put in the law-student.

"I mean to be Chief Physician to the King!" announced Portal.

They arrived in Paris, still busy building castles in Spain. Time passed, and each of their extravagant youthful ambitions was realised! The three friends became respectively, the Abbé Maury, Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris; Treilhard, Member of the Directoire; and Portal, Chief Physician to Kings Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

Vestris came one day to see Portal, who had lately attended him during a grave illness.

"My dear Doctor," he said, "I do not dream of offering you a fee, as you would, I know, decline to accept it. Between artists there can be no dealings except those of gratitude; to demonstrate mine I will give you a valuable hint concerning your deportment. You have an exceedingly ungraceful way of carrying yourself, and entering a room. I will give you a few lessons which will remedy all that. Come, let us begin!"

Portal evaded the proposed favour with some difficulty, and in doing so lost a large portion of the great dancer's regard.

I used to go to Portal's lectures at the Collège de France. They were always numerously attended. He had a delightful way of bringing in outside subjects and linking them with medical science; a great deal of additional instruction was thus acquired.

He was fond of society. His Thursday receptions were very popular. All the important people of the day were to be met there. The painter Gérard (G) was a constant guest. He was a most agreeable talker and very well-read. No branch of science came amiss to him. He had a somewhat haughty bearing, and sometimes embarrassed people by the intensity of his gaze. He seldom discussed his art, but if perchance he met a conversationalist worthy of his mettle, his talk became brilliant, and his word-painting was as vivid as that of his brush.

Baron Gros came regularly (G). He was so deeply wounded by the cruel criticisms of his picture *Hercules and Diomedes*, painted in 1835, that he resolved to put an end to his life. He drowned himself in a pond in the Bois de Meudon. His splendid work *La Bataille des Pyramides* had been rejected by the Exposition Committee in 1810: the reason alleged was the mediocrity of the execution, but the real one was that the figure of Marat dominated that of Bonaparte. The disappointment nearly killed Gros. Twenty years afterwards I heard him say: "If I were ever called upon to endure such an injustice again, I should kill myself."

Brillat-Savarin was a great friend of Portal's and rarely missed one of his receptions. He was very good company, and was greatly sought after on account of his wit and cheeriness. Portal, almost an anchorite in his habits, was often the butt of the

great *gourmand's* good-humoured epigrams. Brillat-Savarin's book *La Physiologie du Goût* had an immense success and was widely read. I was praising it to him one day, and his answer was: "Alas, the book is only the shadow of what it should have been. My manuscript was stolen, and I had to rewrite it, trusting partly to my memory and partly to that of friends to whom I had read the original. In spite of all my endeavours there are several chapters missing."

I used to meet Gohier too (G) at Portal's house. He had been a member of the Directoire on the 18th Brumaire. Bonaparte made use of him, deceived him, and afterwards mocked at his credulity. Hence the ill-deserved censure under which he still suffers. I knew him well, and can testify that he was a man of ability, education, and loyalty. No doubt he was lacking in some of the qualities which make a successful diplomatist. Talleyrand would not have thought him worth a moment's consideration. Only those who knew him best were able to appreciate his real worth. History condemns him absolutely!

Louis-Philippe knew where the Duchesse de Berry had taken refuge and did not desire her arrest. He sent M. Cartier (C), Chief of the Municipal Police of Paris, to her, with orders to persuade her to leave France, but she would not listen. "You can tell Louis-Philippe," was her reply, "that in a couple of months I may be giving you the same message for him!"

The Légitimiste party was astounded at the news of her condition. It was not mentioned openly, but in private she was harshly criticised. The Duchess

was arrested at Nantes. She had hidden herself in a chimney, and was unceremoniously hauled out by the legs; she made a sudden and undignified appearance, black as a sweep and covered with soot. Four persons were squeezed into a hole which would have been close quarters for two. After the Duchess had been duly washed and dressed in clean clothes she recovered her spirits, and behaved charmingly to Général Drouet d'Erlon, who was then in command of the 12th military division at Nantes and subsequently became a Marshal of France. He furnished me with the above details of the arrest of Marie-Caroline.

I had been serving as a juryman. It may interest my readers to hear of a celebrated trial which took place that year, and lasted eight days. The accused was a young man of the name of Benoît, twenty-two years of age. He had a gentle, shy countenance, pleasing manners, and a good address. His family was in a respectable position at V——, the father being a *Juge de Paix*, and one of the brothers a *Juge d'Instruction*. Young Benoît was the favourite child of his mother. He had been educated at a school at Rheims, where, though his conduct was excellent, he had not distinguished himself in his studies. One night he saw his father put away a sum of 20,000 francs in gold. Two days later M. Benoît started on a short journey, and on the morrow Madame Benoît was found murdered. She lay in a pool of blood, and had a large wound in the neck, evidently inflicted by some sharp instrument. The 20,000 francs had disappeared. A pork-butcher who lived next door was arrested at once; he was a coarse, brutal fellow, and

had been seen to threaten Madame Benoît the day before with a newly sharpened hanger. When he was arrested, this hanger was found covered with blood in a different place from that where it was usually kept. The man stood his trial at the Assizes, and certainly owed his life to the court, which, in accordance with a law then in existence, was called upon to give the casting vote.

Upon his release he fell into a state of melancholia; fears were entertained for his life; his shoulders became bowed, his hair whitened; he would only leave his house at night-fall, on rare occasions. Meanwhile young Benoît had proceeded to Paris to continue his studies. He made close friends with a rascal called Formage, and the two abandoned themselves to the wildest excesses. They spent a great deal of money. Benoît was always paymaster, and lent money to his friend besides. They became inseparable. At last one night, being in his cups, Benoît confided to Formage that he was the murderer of his mother, and had stolen the 20,000 francs. Shortly afterwards he told his boon companion he had no more money, and was going back to V—— to try and get some from his father. Formage, left behind, fretted at being so long alone and wrote to Benoît; in a postscript he asked for money. Receiving no reply, he wrote a second time in more urgent terms; and finally in a third epistle he threatened to denounce his friend if supplies were not immediately forthcoming.

Benoît managed to get some, though where he obtained it has never been discovered. He went straight to Paris and rejoined Formage, and the fast and furious fun began again. One day they

went to Versailles, engaged a bedroom at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and sat down to a heavy meal. Afterwards Benoît left the hotel alone, explaining that his companion was having a nap; he ordered dinner for six o'clock, and said he would take a turn in the park while it was being prepared. He never returned. At seven o'clock the *maître d'hôtel* became suspicious at hearing no sound from the bedroom; he knocked, but could obtain no answer. The police were sent for and the door broken in. A terrible sight met the eyes of the little group: Formage lay at full length on the floor, soaked in his own blood; there were signs of a terrible struggle—bloody finger-marks and crimson splashes on the wall-paper. There was a large wound in the neck. The police soon laid hands on the fugitive. Benoît was arrested. The unexplained murder of his mother was recalled; the two wounds were exactly alike. Benoît stood in the dock before us, supported by his father and other members of the family. M<sup>c</sup> Crémieux defended him.

At the first rumour of the crime the pork-butcher had come forward to give evidence against the young man. "I shall be cleared," he sobbed; "once more I can hold up my head among my fellow-men."

Chaix-d'Est-Ange prosecuted. Under cover of apparent candour, Benoît gave proofs of great shrewdness. The deposition of the pork-butcher made a profound impression; he concluded with the following words, pronounced very simply: "I do not desire the death of this young man. What I do demand is, that I should be fully and publicly cleared; for, gentlemen, though I was acquitted, my innocence has never been credited; I am shunned by honest men, and am spoken of as 'the assassin.'"



Crémieux made a splendid defence, but the chain of evidence was too complete. The case was lost ere it was opened. Chaix-d'Est-Ange spoke superbly: his eloquence was so thrilling that Benoît broke down completely; the sweat poured down his face, and he wrung his hands, crying: "Mother, mother, tell him it is not true!" "Assassin, do not presume to interrupt me!" thundered the counsel, and Benoît subsided half-fainting into his seat. He was condemned to the penalty for parricides, and was led back to prison more dead than alive.

This trial revealed the existence of infamous dens where orgies of the most terrible nature were enacted. Benoît frequented these iniquitous places and delighted in the company he found in them.

I was working terribly hard at this time. I began the round of my patients at cock-crow. They happened to be exceedingly numerous, on account of the cholera. I then hastened to the Palais to fulfil my functions on the jury; and, in the evening, I went out with my battalion. I had hardly time to snatch a bite and a sup between duties. One day when we were sitting in court the firing was so close that bullets shattered the windows and doors of the building. The President was forced to yield to circumstances and suspend the sitting, and I flew to rejoin my company. We took up our position in the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher, where, only a few hours earlier, we had broken down the barricade. We were sharply attacked, but the men did their duty and we got off with a small number of wounded. When, on such occasions as these, I have seen worthy citizens of quite ordinary courage behaving with perfect propriety under fire, the thought has often crossed my

mind that circumstances create the man. Men act and react upon each other; each one performs his part of the whole.

During my period of duty as a jurymen I was struck by the eagerness ladies displayed to obtain places in court at big trials. They would besiege the doors in the early hours, and sit through whole days, often bringing their food with them. In the Benoît case, although judgment was not delivered until a late hour of the night, not a woman stirred from her place.

The years following the Revolution of 1830 were disastrous for the capital. The old aristocrats who owned the great houses, and drew large salaries from their functions at Court, could not pardon Paris for their loss. By tacit agreement they came there as little as possible, and when circumstances made it necessary for them to spend a few days in the city, they grudged every penny they were forced to expend. The Comtesse de Gonvello said to me: "I grudge even the bread I have to buy in Paris." I once heard the Duc de Luxembourg-Montmorency terminate a political argument in which I had joined with these words: "For my part I am thankful that I am a bachelor, and shall leave no one to continue my line. There is no place for us in the new order. We have played our part, and the world no longer has need of us. The glory of our forefathers would be tarnished were we to condescend to live in circumstances unworthy of our great names. I therefore note with gloomy satisfaction each fresh instance of the extinction of a powerful family of the ancient monarchy."

The opposition of the Légitimiste party was quite

anti-national. In the month of November, 1832, I happened to be present at a conversation about the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry at Nantes. I said I considered she had behaved like a madwoman. I thought the ceiling of the room was going to fall down and crush me under it. "Yes!" cried the Comtesse C—— violently, "I hope the foreign powers will soon step in and divide this wretched country among them, so that none of its treacherous traces may be left." "Madame," I replied, with a bow, "you are very frank. I know that many of your party think as you do, but few venture to express themselves so definitely."

I had several opportunities of attending the Saint-Simoniennes Séances. The exponents of this improvised religion were enthusiastic young men of education. Several of them had been through the scientific training at the "Ponts-et-chaussées," the "Génie," or the École Polytechnique. It saddened me to hear their vapourings: such wild outpourings, such Utopian ideals; they were the dreams of a patient in delirium, and, if I must confess it, almost as incomprehensible to my plain mind. The small residue I was able to digest seemed to me to be a sort of combination of the *Republic* of Plato and the simple life.

I was well acquainted with their prophet, Saint-Simon (s). He was then living very retired and solitary in the Rue de Richelieu, served only by one domestic called Catalan. His apartment was quite the untidiest it has ever been my lot to see. There was not a chair or a sofa without its burden of books; every piece of furniture seemed to be used for any

purpose but the right one. An incongruous medley of things littered his writing-table: papers, stale crusts of bread, dirty linen, bottles of all shapes and sizes. His favourite topic of conversation was reform; he was never tired of suggesting improvements and theorising about methods of government. He was the teacher and patron of the Saint-Simoniens, but it is only fair to add that he was saner than they. His constant friend and companion was a M. Arnaud Baculard, a very well-known man, popular, cheery, and witty. He had the quaint habit of borrowing a crown from every new acquaintance he made. It was said of him that he owed a hundred thousand crowns to a hundred thousand people.

The Abbé Châtel (c), who originated what was called the French Catholic Church, was the chaplain of a regiment quartered at Périgueux when the Revolution of 1830 broke out. Finding that a pose of exaggerated piety was a likely way of gaining notice, the Abbé affected extreme austerity; he was, moreover, suspected of being the Colonel's spy. When therefore the spirit of revolt began to spread, the first thing the soldiers did was to turn him out of the regiment. He hastened to Paris, and I met him soon after his arrival in the salon of the Abbé Lacalprade. He was a man of middle height, with a vulgar, expressionless countenance, and obsequious manners; I took an instinctive dislike to him at first sight. He had hoped to push himself into the favour of the Archbishop of Paris, and to be employed in the diocese; but the moment was unfavourable. Finding himself neglected and overlooked, he took offence, and separated himself from the Church. He

caused placards to be exhibited, stating his opinion of the Revolution, of the conduct of the priests, and the new duties imposed upon them. He announced that he would administer the Sacraments, and was always to be found at his lodgings, Rue des Sept-Voies. This was the origin of the new Church. I was occasionally present at services in one or other of the chapels he opened.<sup>1</sup> People went to them more as a theatrical performance than as an act of devotion. In the morning Mass was celebrated in French. It was practically the same as our own. In the evening hymns and psalms, also in French but closely modelled on the Latin in use in the Church, were sung. On feast-days he was to be met patrolling the streets at the head of a procession of boys and girls who had received their First Communion at his hands in the morning; the children were decked in tri-coloured ribbons. The scandal reached its climax when Châtel tried to recruit clergy for his new religion. He welcomed priests who had placed themselves outside the Church by some misdemeanour. Châtel was not gifted in any way. He expressed himself incoherently, and with unnecessary emphasis. Ridicule and indifference soon made an end of the French Catholic Church; five or six years were sufficient to consign it to oblivion; it is now totally forgotten. I have heard that Châtel ended his days as a postmaster.

The two years following 1830 brought a golden

<sup>1</sup> He opened chapels first in the Rue des Sept-Voies, and afterwards successively in the Rue de la Sourdière, Rue Saint-Honoré, Rue de Cléry, Boulevard Saint-Martin, Rue de Fleurus, and Rue du Bac. The whole story has been related by M. Georges Montorgueil (*L'Éclair*, September 20, 1906).

harvest to the restaurants. Never have I seen so many complimentary dinners and patriotic banquets. I personally was present at a Périgourdin banquet presided over by Mérilhon,<sup>1</sup> at the banquet of the tenth *arrondissement* under the presidency of Villemain, at the banquet to the physicians of the same *arrondissement*,<sup>2</sup> at the banquet to the tenth *légion*, and others too numerous to name; besides these I was invited to many others which I was obliged for one reason or another to decline. The enthusiasm over the toasts was immense. They were received with cheering, music, and the beating of drums: Maréchal Soult, who lived in the tenth *arrondissement*, attended our banquet, and replied to the toast of his own health in a few courtly, dignified phrases.

This gallant and venerable officer, who was so often Minister after 1830, invariably had to encounter the full blast of the enmity of the Opposition as soon as he joined the Cabinet, and was received back into their good graces the very day he retired. If he was in office, *Le National* or some other journal spent itself in abusing him for losing the battle of Toulouse. When he returned his portfolio, the *Constitutionnel* would publish two columns to prove that he had gained the battle of Toulouse single-handed! and so forth.

Every Revolution entails some alteration in the nomenclature of the streets. In 1830 great modera-

<sup>1</sup> There were eighty-three guests at this feast. It took place on the 30th of September, 1830. The deputies were grouped according to *arrondissements*. Mérilhon, the future Keeper of the Seals, delivered a fine oration on the regeneration of France.

<sup>2</sup> The tenth *arrondissement* comprised in those days the districts of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, La Monnaie, Saint-Thomas-d'Aquin, and the Invalides.

tion in that respect, as in all others, was exercised. Very few streets changed their names. The Rue de Bourbon resumed its old one, Rue de Lille, which the clergy and the L<sup>é</sup>gitimistes decline to use.

Quite recently I was at a christening, and was amused to hear the following. At the church the father was asked:

“Where do you live?”

“Rue de Lille.”

“Rue de Bourbon,” corrected the priest.

Before the mayor, same question:

“Where do you live?”

“Rue de Bourbon.”

“Rue de Lille,” interposed the clerk severely—and quite rightly, for the streets have legal names, imposed upon them by competent authorities. Nobody is allowed to alter them.

I have often heard comments on the parsimony, almost amounting to avarice, of King Louis-Philippe. I am in a position to state that the accusation is absolutely false. I have a large practice among the poor, and I have often been surprised at the amount of assistance of all kinds lavished upon them by the Royal Family.

Under the Restoration it is true that a large allowance was made from the Civil List for the Royal benefactions; but out of it the salaries of the Grand Almoner, his secretary, and innumerable clerks had to be paid. The funds left over from these necessary expenses were frequently absorbed by impostors, hypocrites, old Knights of Saint-Louis, etc. The genuine poor only received the small residue of what was theirs by right.

Great state was observed in the household of Louis-Philippe. All foreigners of distinction received the honour of a command to his table, and hardly a week passed unmarked by some State dinner, at which figured successively as guests the most distinguished sons of France. The entertainments at the Tuileries, Eu, Fontainebleau, Versailles, were worthy of a great King.

The detractors of Louis-Philippe have dubbed him "the grocer," and have asserted that he knew nothing about art. Twenty minutes' conversation with him sufficed, however, to demonstrate the fallacy of that idea. I have heard him say, in discussing the pictures at Versailles, that he was perfectly aware that a great many mediocre canvases ought never to have been admitted; "but," he would add, "they are only there until we can get better ones." Some good pictures have since been hung in the place of bad ones. He also maintained that some of the paintings, bad though they might be from an artistic point of view, possessed an historical interest, and ought therefore to be allowed to remain. Louis-Philippe always paid a couple of visits to the Galleries of the Louvre in the course of the winter. He was passionately fond of the masterpieces of the different schools which are to be seen there. He never passed through the Gallery of Apollo, where the work of restoration had been interrupted for want of means, without exclaiming discontentedly: "As soon as we are rich enough we must go on with this." There are many unfinished portions of the Louvre; some of the Galleries have been awaiting ceilings for two centuries, and still show the temporary laths provided all those years ago.



Louis-Philippe was thoroughly domesticated. His family was united in the closest bonds of affection; peace and contentment reigned in the household.

He was very accessible, and was always ready to discuss business details. As early as 1824 he had given his attention to questions of repairs and restoration. He was determined to finish the Palais-Royal, and did so in spite of much opposition. His mania for bricks and mortar involved the Civil List very heavily. But he was a thoroughly worthy, honourable gentleman, warm-hearted and benevolent. He liked people to speak freely before him. Philarète Chasles (c), who accompanied the mission of Maréchal Soult to England in 1838 on the occasion of the marriage of Queen Victoria, told me he had a long talk with the King on his return. The conversation turned chiefly on politics. The King begged Philarète Chasles to be quite frank—a permission which Chasles interpreted literally. The King showed no displeasure whatever.

M. Fouquier (F), senior Physician to the King, told me that he was often astonished at the extent of Louis-Philippe's learning. In early youth he had studied medicine and surgery under Desault, of the Hôtel-Dieu. He habitually carried a lancet in his pocket, and said he had found it useful on many occasions in the course of his wandering life. For instance, in 1839, one of his outriders, Weber by name, was struck with apoplexy on the road to Compiègne, and the King bled him very skilfully with his own hands; surely such an incident must be unique in Royal annals, ancient or modern.

He was an abstemious man. His dinner consisted of soup, one or two dishes of meat, and a little des-

sert; he drank only water slightly tinged with wine. When grapes were in season he ate an enormous quantity of them; indeed they were the staple article of his diet. Baskets of the fruit were always kept in readiness in the rooms occupied by him.

The late Docteur Marc (M), Fouquier's predecessor in the post of private Physician to his Majesty, used to tell me that, among other maxims for the preservation of health, he recommended his patient to cultivate habitual tranquillity of mind.

"My dear Doctor," the King replied, "my mind is perfectly calm. I feel convinced that my presence is necessary to my country. This certainty inspires me with courage and determination to do everything I can to justify my people's confidence in me."

On my first arrival in Paris I had received a kindly welcome from M. Granger, the proprietor of Escoire, near Périgueux, to whom my uncle had given me a letter of introduction. I used to dine at his house once a week, and meet besides a goodly number of Périgourdins, some of the most distinguished men of the day. Among them was Boursault (B).

Boursault was originally an actor in the provinces: he then became a member of the Convention, and amassed a considerable fortune by speculating in various industries, notably scavenging and desiccated night-soil. He often used to say: "I have two sons. I put one into scavenging and the other into desiccated night-soil, and I said to them, 'Now make your own way.'" He travelled in Italy in 1835. He said the Austrian police was worse than the Inquisition. He paid a visit to the French Consul at Milan; his first words were: "Speak low; they know you are

here. Do you see that man walking under my windows and the two others a little farther away? They are spies set on you and me. Come for a walk with me, and you will see that they will keep us in view the whole time."

A very curious thing Boursault also told me was, that his wife had been attended in two of her confinements by —, a Chief Councillor at the Cour des Comptes! He was a most worthy man, humane and high principled. He had a mania for practising midwifery. With the help of a few treatises on the subject and some lectures, he had trained himself, and was considered very efficient by his patients. As soon as he heard of a marriage among his friends, neighbours, or tradespeople, he at once offered his services for the probable auspicious occasion, and was usually gladly accepted. He attended Madame Boursault with the greatest care and the happiest results. It is needless to say that he would have been deeply offended by the offer of a fee. He even provided everything needful himself in the case of a poor patient, and it was evident that it gave him keen pleasure to do so. He was very well off. All his neighbours loved him and bewailed his loss when he died.

On the 28th of July, 1835, I was standing in the Boulevard Saint-Martin watching an inspection when I suddenly became conscious of an electrical feeling in the moral atmosphere about me. Some of the bystanders looked terrified and began to run, without knowing what it was they feared. Agitation quickly spreads in a crowd. We heard afterwards of Fieschi's attempt on the King's life, and that an officer of

high rank <sup>1</sup> had been killed. I walked on in search of news, and met Docteur Boulard. His clothes bore visible traces of blood: he had been helping to attend the wounded. He gave me all the details.

When the King rode back after the attempted outrage, the frantic cheering of the crowds proved to him in the most gratifying manner how high a place he occupied in their affections. There was much grief and horror expressed when the number of killed and wounded was ascertained. Many people visited the spot where the crime was committed. I found traces of the projectiles with which the infernal machine had been charged, on the trees of the Boulevards and the walls of the Café Turc, which happened to be in the direct line of fire.

I went to the lying-in-state of the fourteen victims in a chapel of the Church of Saint-Paul. The funeral took place on the 5th of August. I watched it from the Boulevard Saint-Martin. I think it was the most moving thing of the kind I have ever seen in Paris. It was rendered doubly impressive by the respectful attitude of the spectators. I saw many people in tears when the long line of fourteen hearses defiled past them. The first contained the body of a beautiful young girl of fourteen who was blown to pieces before the eyes of her maddened father and mother. In the last reposed the mortal remains of the gallant Maréchal Mortier, who had passed unscathed through twenty-five years of hard fighting.

On the 15th of September, 1835, I was present at a public lecture on Homœopathy by Hahnemann (H), the founder of that system. His treatise was read

<sup>1</sup> Maréchal Mortier, Duc de Trévise.

by one of his younger and most zealous disciples. In substance this is what he said:

“I have to thank the French Government for so kindly allowing me to make a public exposition of my system: I come before you to preach a divine science, and to destroy a homicidal method of cure which, far too long, has exercised its brutal sway over mankind. A glow of pride warms my heart when I realise that I am the humble instrument chosen by Providence to effect this drastic reform; believe in me, oh my young friends, listen to my words, etc.”

Hahnemann was then eighty years old; he was of middle height. His dull, sunken eyes and retreating forehead did not in any way suggest the genius with which his enthusiastic followers credited him. His teaching was only accepted by the inferior men of the profession, physicians without patients, and so forth.

Germany has a little way of projecting these bold innovators of hers on to French territory every now and then. She knows that we are always ready to accord them protection and a hearing. Among such exotic physicians I may name Mesmer and Gall. The second deserves special attention. Gall (g) was undoubtedly a man of science. He made exhaustive researches into anatomy and the physiology of the brain, and contributed in an important degree to the advance of those branches of science. He increased our knowledge of diseases affecting the brain. I learnt much from Gall. He had a pronounced German accent, a frank countenance, and a ready wit. In common with Arago and Cuvier, he possessed the faculty of making himself understood by the meanest intelligence without descending to com-

mon language. He told us how puzzled he used to be as a child to observe how two normal dogs, trained side by side by identical methods, would grow up quite different in character—one affectionate and obedient, the other surly and ill-tempered. He noticed the same thing in birds brought up together in the same aviary. From the animal kingdom he transferred his attention to children, his companions and schoolfellows. He watched their different characters, passions, tastes. Gradually he became absorbed in these studies and set to work to trace causes. These interesting details and the exposition of his theory are to be found in his great work on the brain. He was fond of feeling people's heads and attempting to read the characters of those who submitted to his examination. He made nine mistakes out of ten, but never admitted he was wrong and would wriggle skilfully out of any difficulty. We lived for some years quite near each other, and I saw a great deal of him. He was passionately fond of flowers, and worked several hours a day in his garden, either in Paris or at Montrouge. He married a pretty woman in 1825; she used to accompany him on his rounds and wait in the carriage while he visited his patients. As a practical physician he was not greatly to be recommended. He had a great number of clients and charged very high fees.

Bouilly's anecdotes of celebrities served to make a most pleasant lecture. Dear old Bouilly! He used to wax so enthusiastic when he treated of anything notable or fine that he would dissolve into tears over his own eloquence; the students used to call him the hydraulic poet.

In 1839 M. Charles Dupin, having been a Minister for the space of forty-eight hours, had to present himself for re-election to the tenth *arrondissement*. He said: "I am nicknamed Dupin-le-Chiffre because of my constant researches among statistics. In my opinion, figures have a definite power, and I realise every day the correctness of my own dictum, pronounced long ago: statistics will some day become the basis of the science of government and administration; and the day will come when no law can be made, no reform undertaken, nothing of importance accomplished, without the concurrence of statistics."

M. Villemain said to us one day at a small party in the Comte de Lasteyrie's house: "We are always being threatened with war, but I say it is the foreigners who have cause to fear it. Their territories are littered with cases of powder which would explode at the very first of our fire, and cover the whole country with wreckage. We desire peace as much as any one; but we desire it without experiencing any dread of war."

Maréchal Bugeaud (B), whom I often saw in Paris, longed to be sent back to Africa to punish what he called the disloyalty of Abd-el-Kader:

"He made a fool of me once," he used to say; "but let him look to himself if ever I am ordered to go to war with him again!" Bugeaud is a man who attained to all his dignities by the force of his own sterling qualities. I have often heard him say that the whole of his education did not cost his father two hundred francs. He joined the *Vélites* in 1804 with a number of other young Périgourdins. He could then hardly read or write; but ever since

he has made a point of devoting a couple of hours a day to study. His knowledge of the science of agriculture, economics, and military history is very extensive.

I have in my possession a letter from him, dated October 8, 1838.

"I am watching Africa closely: things are not going well there. Abd-el-Kader has violated the principal point of the treaty, by invading a part of the country from which he was formally excluded. In addition, he has never paid the war tax since I left, neither does he guarantee our rights in the reserved territory. Therefore everything points to a war in the early part of next year. I have a right to be the one to inflict punishment on the Arab chief, for his misconduct. I heartily hope the Government will recognise it."<sup>1</sup>

There is another letter from him written a few days after the battle of Isly, in which he alludes to that fine feat of arms in the most modest terms. He says, in substance, that the victory has consolidated our possessions in Algeria and has probably destroyed the prestige of the Emperor of Morocco for ever: "We have done our duty. Diplomacy must now accomplish its task!"

<sup>1</sup> Letter addressed to M. Plumancy from Excideuil (Dordogne). (Poumiès de La Siboutie collection of autograph letters, Bibliothèque mun. de Périgueux.)

[Abd-el-Kader, Bey of Algeria, had been at strife with the French since 1833, and on November 24, 1839, he again declared war. In 1842 he took refuge with the Emperor of Morocco, whom he persuaded to join him in the struggle. They were defeated by Marshal Bugeaud at a battle on the banks of the Isly, August 4, 1844. Abd-el-Kader finally surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale in December, 1847.]—*Publisher's note.*



The news that the body of Napoleon was to be brought back to France was received with deep satisfaction. All classes exhibited the keenest interest in the preparations for the expedition. By cock-crow on December 15, 1840, all Paris was afoot. Although it was bitterly cold and freezing hard, the streets were full of people. Not within the memory of man had such a crowd been seen. Eager sightseers had rushed to Paris from the provinces, and even from abroad, to take part in the great ceremony. The remains of Napoleon had arrived at Neuilly on the 14th, and were to be removed to the Invalides the next morning. Enormous stands were put up all along the route of the procession. With considerable difficulty I managed to secure tickets for the gigantic platform which had been erected on the esplanade of the Invalides. I went there very early, in company with my wife. The streets were so blocked that it was a slow business forcing our way through. It was not only curiosity that animated the vast concourse; there was also a kind of reaction in favour of our glorious revolutions, and the independence of France. The appearance of any old soldier or officer in the old-fashioned uniform of the Republic and the Empire was greeted with cheering and clapping. The arrival of the funeral car was saluted with loud shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," especially from the troops. Quite contrary to the intention of the Government, the demonstration assumed a military character.

On May 18, 1842, I was ordered to view and report on the bodies of the victims of the Versailles railway accident.

The remains had been temporarily removed to the cemetery at Montparnasse. There were forty dead, lying in rows on the floor of a huge shed. It was hard to realise that these terrible fragments presented for my inspection had ever been human beings; there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, calcined limbs, scorched and bloody garments. It was well-nigh impossible to identify any of the corpses, however well one might have known them in life. Amussat, who was the first to respond to the summons of the police and to arrive on the scene of the accident, told me that he took the remains to be those of dogs, at first sight. I have always felt that the so-called identification of Amiral Dumont-d'Urville must have been more than half imaginary, and that in all probability the solemn funeral ceremonies held in his honour were in reality celebrated over the body of some totally obscure person.

The event produced a profound impression. For the space of a fortnight no one would travel by train; but, as is usually the case, the public gradually forgot, and former habits were resumed. I went to see the commemorative Chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Flames, which was raised on the site of this tragic accident. Masses are celebrated there every year on the 8th of May, for the repose of the souls of those who perished on that date.

I met the poet Jasmin (J) a few days after the occurrence and told him all I had seen. He remarked that there was material for an interesting poem, and that he would probably work it up, but I do not think he ever carried out his purpose. Jasmin is a very remarkable man. His talk is ingenuous, lively, witty, his gestures expressive. He

was frankly delighted with the welcome Paris accorded him. For fifteen days he was the lion of society. His reading of his own poetry is full of grace. He is passionately attached to his native town of Agen. Of Paris he said tersely: "Paris is the hotbed of self-seeking, noise, and restlessness. I was several times inclined to yawn, but I could not find time to do so." He wrote much of his poetry in the local dialect, and for those who could not understand it, he added a translation; even his prose was poetical. I never heard anybody read or recite as he did. He had the art of dramatising; as soon as he opened his mouth he became an actor, but an actor without affectation or bombast. Every word was simple and heartfelt; his thoughts were invariably noble. He was deeply religious, and congratulated himself on never having written a line that could not be spoken or read openly before the world. "I do not care for Paris," he said to me; "the works of man are magnificent, but the works of God in our beautiful country at Agen are far finer. Our sun, our skies, our river, our green meadows are glorious!"

He was horrified to find literature degraded to an article of commerce. It hurt him to find that publishers undertook to gratify the demand of the moment and employed one man for vaudeville, another for melodrama, yet another for serial romances, making the noble profession of authorship one of sale and barter.

The Duc d'Orléans, who was killed in a carriage accident on the 13th of July, 1842, was universally regretted. I may say without exaggeration that high and low, rich and poor, mourned alike. Even the

Légitimistes shared in the general grief, though they had previously maligned and abused the Prince in every possible way. Too late they endeavoured to repair their former injustice, and I have heard them admit that his character united the highest mental and moral qualities.

I was several times brought into contact with the Duc d'Orléans. In 1830, when I first had the honour of speaking to him, he won everybody's approbation by his youthful modesty and charm. Later, when he ripened into manhood, I never met him without being struck by his benevolence, learning, and kindness. He spent a night with us once, at our bivouac on the Quai d'Orsay, and every one of us at once became his firm friend. In the Army, both men and officers felt towards him in the same way, and would have served him with true devotion.

His body was taken from Neuilly to Notre-Dame on Saturday, July 30th. I can testify to the reality of the grief exhibited. His praises were in every mouth.

A few days later, on August 14th, the funeral of Larrey (L), the celebrated military surgeon, took place. Napoleon had said of him that he was the most honest man he ever met. I knew him intimately. He was prodigiously active, inured to every hardship and fatigue. He could easily do without sleep for several nights in succession. He used to say he could sleep as comfortably sitting across a chair with his head resting on folded arms on the back, as in a bed. He was a small, thick-set, strongly-built man, with brawny arms and legs, an enormous head well thatched with wiry hair, and a kindly, expressive countenance.

He possessed a magnificent collection of autographs, which interested me greatly. It included letters from Napoleon and members of his family, from most of the leading men of the Revolution, and the great soldiers of the Republic and the Empire. Amongst them I saw one from our noble compatriot Daumesnil, couched in the following terms:

“Everything is going on well, my dear Larrey. My little wound is nearly healed, and soon the only reminder of my accident will be that I shall be minus a flesh-and-bone leg, and plus a wooden one. I got off pretty easily. I must send you my thanks in writing, as I do not know when I shall be able to do so in person.

“DAUMESNIL.

“VIENNA, August 30, 1809.”

Among my own papers I have a letter from Larrey in which he argues that Marcus Aurelius was the most upright man of ancient times.

One evening, at a party, I happened to be standing beside Desgenettes (D) when Larrey came in, and I said: “Look! there is Larrey with his unshorn locks.”

“Yes, I see him, but I should not advise you to chaff him about them. He is convinced that they give him a most remarkable appearance, and he would not sacrifice them for anything.”

A few moments later, when I was talking to Larrey, I asked: “Do you know that Desgenettes is having his picture painted?”

“Yes, by Gérard, who says he is exactly like a cat.”

Desgenettes had none of the fine qualities of Larrey,

yet, whatever his detractors may say, his conduct in the Hospital at Jaffa in Palestine was heroic. Who can withhold admiration from the man who plunged his lancet into the plague-sore of a dying wretch, and inoculated himself by scratching his arm and introducing the deadly poison into it? The moral effect of his action was to restore confidence to the soldiers and to recall to their duties the frightened attendants on the victims of the plague. Desgenettes has often described the incident to me, and has since published an account of it in his monograph on the Egyptian campaign.

The two men were very different in character. Larrey was hasty and passionate, but thoroughly good and kind. He loved to watch the progress of clever youngsters, and was always ready to assist them with advice or money. Twenty years spent on battle-fields and in ambulances had inured him to the sight of pain, but had never dulled his sympathy with the sufferers. He was worshipped and trusted by the whole army. "Larrey will be with us," they would say on the eve of a battle, and the timid became brave.

Desgenettes, on the contrary, was ungracious, quarrelsome, ill to live with. He was humane in his actions but rough of tongue. Napoleon valued him exceedingly, and was well served by him. He was a good organiser, like Larrey, and understood making the most of inadequate material. No matter what condition of unpreparedness a hospital might be in when he took it over, two days would suffice him to place it in working order.

Larrey's collection of autographs, which I men-

tioned above, reminds me of others I have had the good fortune to see. The mania, if one may so term it, for autographs has become so common that the most insignificant notes from the celebrities of our times are eagerly snapped up. Forgers drive a profitable trade by imitating signatures and writings, ancient and modern. They do it so skilfully as to deceive even the most experienced experts. Any amount of apocryphal Corneille and Fénelon are to be found. M. Bernard is one of the most distinguished amateurs: he has made an exhaustive study not only of handwritings, but also of the paper in use at different periods. He drew up the catalogue of the valuable collection of M. Dolomieu, which is one of the most complete in existence. That of the late M. Villenave (v) was especially rich in curious documents concerning the French Revolution. M. Bernard considers the quality of the paper to be the best test of genuineness. Every epoch has its distinguishing kind, impossible to imitate.

The autograph craze has made men in high positions very chary of putting pen to paper, so afraid are they of seeing their own handwriting figuring in a sale. Vicomte d'Arlincourt (A), whose shrewdness is proverbial, said one day in my presence:

"I never write to anybody now; I would rather pay ten visits than write ten lines. I make my wife sign the receipts for my tenants, for if I were to do so myself, every signature of mine would become a marketable commodity. Everybody wants my autograph. People simply fight for them."

Henry IV. is the most prolific of autograph writers. The great number of his letters in existence demonstrates his activity and ability. The collection of

them about to be published by M. Berger de Xivrey under the auspices of the Government will fill seven large octavo volumes, even after the elimination of those which present no special points of interest. By means of these letters and of the *Journal de l'Estoile* it has been possible to determine step by step every incident of the last fifteen years of Henry IV.'s life, even down to where he slept each night. This calendar, as it might almost be called, will be published in the last volume of the letters.

The same task is in process with reference to the last twenty years of Napoleon. He, however, wrote but little. Only a few almost undecipherable notes of his are extant. But I have read a most interesting epistle addressed by him to his sister, the Princesse Pauline, from the camp at Boulogne. He enters into the most minute details of the manner in which she is to order her life. I will transcribe this hitherto unpublished letter.

“CAMP AT BOULOGNE, 19 *Brumaire*.

“*Madame la Princesse Borghèse*,—I shall be away a few days longer. But the bad season is approaching and the Alps will shortly be coated in ice; therefore pray start on your journey to Rome. Let your conduct be distinguished by gentleness, amiability towards everybody, and an extreme consideration for all those ladies who are either related to, or united by friendship with, the House of your husband. More will be expected from you than from others. Above all, see that you conform to the customs of the country; never decry anything; admire everything, and do not say: ‘We do this or that better in Paris.’ Evince respect and devotion for



the Holy Father, to whom I myself am much attached, and whose sincerity of life renders him worthy of his high position. The thing I shall like best to hear concerning you, will be that you are good. The only nation to whom you must not show hospitality is the English, so long as we continue in a state of war; and in any case you must never admit them to your intimacy. Love your husband, make your household happy, and above all do not be frivolous or capricious. You are twenty-four years old, and must behave in a mature and sensible manner.

“I love you and shall always be glad to hear of your happiness.

“Your brother,

“BONAPARTE.

*“To Madame la Princesse Borghèse, at Paris.”*

The seal is of red wax, engraved: “Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic.”

M. Delaporte, deputy-head-clerk of the Archives at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, told me that the greater number of the diplomatic documents of the Consulate and the Empire are annotated by Napoleon in his own handwriting. These annotations prove his immense learning, his energy, and liveliness of mind. Such exclamations as the following often occur: “What does this mean?” “What are they driving at?” “Well, what next?” etc. He endorses the petition of a lady who complains that the Elector of Hesse-Cassel declines to pay her a large sum of money which is owing to her: “Referred back to M. Talleyrand, and if the demand

is just, that gay dog (*ce gaillard-là*) must be made to pay." The above remarks are so illegible that the assistance of former private clerks and even of M. Fain himself, late secretary to the Emperor, had to be called in and copies of the documents made, and subjoined to the originals, in the *dossiers*.

Fraudulent purloining of papers constantly occurs, in spite of the vigilance exercised. Coins and medals of priceless value have disappeared from the Musée de la Monnaie in Paris. In order to obviate a similar misfortune in future, facsimiles of all coins and all gold, silver, platinum, and bronze medals have been made. The task has been executed with such accuracy that it is almost impossible to distinguish the copies from the originals. The latter have been put away, by order, in strong-boxes in burglar-proof safes.

My compatriot Martial Delpit (D), who was commissioned by the Government to make researches among the archives in London, has published most interesting letters with reference to this mission,<sup>1</sup> besides a volume of documents. He states that he found the London offices perfectly organised and admirably managed, that he was most courteously received, and that every facility for the fulfilment of his mission was placed at his disposal.

One of my friends in the Diplomatic Service told me that he had occasion to examine the Turkish archives several times during his sojourn at Constantinople; he was surprised to find them kept in excellent order, and readily offered for his inspection. The archives of the Greek Emperors and of their

<sup>1</sup> *Moniteur Universel*, November and December, 1843, January, 1844.

Ottoman successors are also at Constantinople. They have never been sifted and their contents are therefore practically unknown. It is not improbable that in the near future they will be carefully scrutinised by some of those young Turks who come to Paris to study in our *École des Chartes*.

I was very seldom brought into personal relations with M. de Chateaubriand, but I have known intimately several of his greatest friends. They all agree that he was the kindest of men: amiable, generous, incapable of bitterness or spitefulness, laughter-loving and even addicted to practical joking. His only fault was an abnormal sense of his importance in the world of letters. He was absurd in that respect. One day he received a letter from a man asking him a favour. He crumpled up the missive and threw it on the floor, exclaiming angrily to Ballanche, who happened to be present: "He won't get anything out of me. Good heavens! Can I possibly take an interest in a man who spells my name with a *t*? It is intolerable that anybody should be ignorant of the correct spelling of my name. I shall certainly not do anything for him." Ballanche had hard work to bring him to a more indulgent frame of mind.

When he was appointed Minister under the Restoration he asked his friend M. Delaporte to get him some visiting-cards.

In the absence of precise instructions, Delaporte had them printed thus:

LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND

*Pair de France*

*Ministre des Affaires Étrangères*

Chateaubriand declined to accept them, and ordered others as follows:

### CHATEAUBRIAND

He was fond of talking, and was a charming conversationalist. He was very easily bored, which seems a strange anomaly in a man of his genius. He once said: "I spend my life yawning," and it was literally true. "Shall we read? No, it would send me to sleep!—Shall we sleep? No it would be boring!—Shall we go out? It is too cold!—Then what shall we do? Nothing! We will drum on the table with our fingers, beat my poor dog, and swear at the weather!"

M. Lenormant (L), of the Institut, married the adopted daughter of Mme. Récamier, and thenceforward saw a good deal of Chateaubriand. I have heard him tell the following story. Chateaubriand was no musician, and only cared for jingly little drawing-room airs which he could easily distinguish and remember. At a party at Mme. Récamier's Mlle. Loïsa Puget sang her little *Romance de Saint-Malo*:

Monsieur Dugay m'a dit: Pierre  
Veux-tu venir avec moi?  
Tu seras homme de guerre  
Montant la flotte du roi.  
Va, laisse-là ton hameau  
Pour mon grand vaisseau si beau!

Non, non, je préfère  
Le toit de ma mère,  
Mon rocher de Saint-Malo  
Que l'on voit sur l'eau . . .

Au lieu de mourir sans gloire  
Comme un obscur paysan  
On meurt un jour de victoire,  
Pour tombe on a l'océan.

. . . . .

Non, non, je préfère  
Qu'ici l'on m'enterre  
Au rocher de Saint-Malo  
Que l'on voit sur l'eau.

Chateaubriand was tremendously moved, and burst into tears. "Ah, Pierre," he sobbed, "how wise of you to prefer Saint-Malo! Why did I not do likewise and refuse ever to leave it? Like you I shall lay my bones there.<sup>1</sup> Fifty years ago I was in America, and even then I wept as I sang of my beloved France." And, partly singing, partly reciting, he gave the following lines, which met with much appreciation:

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance  
Des jolis lieux de ma naissance!  
Ma sœur, qu'ils étaient beaux, ces jours de France!  
O mon pays, sois mes amours,  
Toujours!"

. . . . .

I have it on the authority of M. Desmousseaux de Givré (p) that Chateaubriand selected him as his attaché, when he himself was nominated to the Embassy of the Court of St. James: "Monseigneur," Desmousseaux asked, "shall I receive a salary?"

<sup>1</sup> Chateaubriand's tomb stands, in splendid isolation, on the outermost rock of Saint-Malo, surrounded on three sides by the sea.—*Translator's note.*

“Certainly not; the Government will not consent to pay you, and I cannot afford to do so, out of the wretched 300,000 francs they give me, so you will have to pay your own expenses.”

During Chateaubriand's period of office, a Danish Princess, who had been very gracious to him in former days, arrived in London, and Chateaubriand resolved to give a great reception in her honour. He called upon all his subordinates to assist him to the best of their powers.

“Desmousseaux,” he asked the attaché, “you are musical and have resided in Northern Europe, can you tell me whether Denmark possesses a national air?”

“There is one, Monseigneur, and I can easily write it down for you.” The offer was accepted. The air was studied, and performed by an orchestra at the moment the Princess entered the drawing-rooms, leaning on the arm of Chateaubriand. She was so profoundly touched by the delicate attention that she broke down and cried, burying her face in her handkerchief. When she had conquered her emotion and was seated in the place of honour, she expressed her thanks in heartfelt terms. As soon as Chateaubriand could conveniently leave her side he hastened to Desmousseaux and exclaimed delightedly: “It has all gone off splendidly! I appoint you Secretary of Embassy.”

One day he presented himself at a house belonging to my father-in-law in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain and asked to see a suite of rooms, which we were letting at 4000 francs a year. I showed him over the rooms, and seized the opportunity of expressing my admiration of his works. I told him

that his *Génie du Christianisme* happened to come out when I was studying rhetoric, that my comrades and I revelled in it and knew it almost by heart, and that, even after the many years that had elapsed since then, I was sure I could quote whole passages of it. Chateaubriand seemed very much pleased at my tribute; he treated me with the greatest kindness, and asked me to go and see him at 25 Rue Saint-Dominique, where he was then residing. Just then, however, he was appointed Ambassador in London, and went to England almost immediately.

The *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* were published in parts in *La Presse*, 1848-50. They did some harm to his reputation for kindliness. He spared no one, not even his best friends, and his animosity against Napoleon became extravagant. To do him justice, however, one must admit that these *Mémoires* reveal great political sagacity, and such foresight into the future that Emile Girardin, who bought the rights of publication,<sup>1</sup> was accused of falsifying them, to meet current events. His very practical reply was to exhibit the original manuscript to any one who desired to see it.

The *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* reveal how acutely Chateaubriand felt his want of means, although few authors have commanded larger prices. It has been computed that he made about two million francs out of his works; yet had he lived but a few years longer he must have died in absolute poverty. M. Delaporte says he has seen him throw the money

<sup>1</sup> *La Presse* paid 96,000 francs for the right of first publication of the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*. It appeared in parts in the journal, over a period lasting from October 21, 1848, to July 3, 1850.

handed over to him at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères into a drawer, and allow Pilorge, his secretary, whom he had brought up and to whom he was devoted, to take out handfuls and stuff his pockets without counting the amount. His own foolish improvidence resulted in straitened circumstances. The stress of life under these conditions soured the brilliant author's naturally cheerful disposition. Hence the diatribes against the rich, the envy and misanthropy which disfigure his books.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, in whose house in Rome the Duc de Bordeaux stayed for two months, gave me a charming account of the Prince, and praised in unmeasured terms his kindness, affability, and learning. He was asked one day whether he retained any recollection of France.

"I have forgotten nothing," was his reply. "I can see Saint-Cloud, the Bois de Boulogne, Bagatelle, as if they were really before my eyes. I can even remember that when Louis-Philippe, who was then Duc d'Orléans, came to see me he would press my hand so hard that I cried out with pain."

In 1843 the Duc de Bordeaux was received with royal honours by Lord Shrewsbury at his country seat, Alton Towers. Cordial invitations to meet the Prince were extended to all the notable Légitimistes of France and other countries. Lady Shrewsbury, who lived in Paris, undertook personally to persuade M. de Chateaubriand to accept the invitation. He wrote her the following letter, of which I have been permitted to take a copy:



“MADAME LA COMTESSE,

“I shall be unable to go to Alton Towers, as Lord Shrewsbury has kindly asked me to do, to meet our young *King*. But notwithstanding the deplorable state of my health I shall travel to London to offer to the Prince, to whom I am fervently devoted, the homage and ineffectual good wishes of an old man very near the grave.”

This opportunity of presenting their humble duty to Henry V. was gladly seized by the *Légitimistes*. They journeyed in great numbers to Alton Towers, and did not seek to disguise their transports of joy. They felt they were representing the whole of France, just as in former days their fathers had persuaded themselves that they represented the French nation in their pilgrimage to Coblenz. I met several of them on their return. They assured me that Louis-Philippe was much disquieted by their action. To hear them, one might think that only a few months were to elapse before Henry V. should *resume* possession of *his* throne!

The Prince is lame, owing to a fall which broke his thigh, and permanently shortened his leg. The *Légitimistes* deny this blemish. I once very nearly had a quarrel with the Maréchale de Mailly, through inadvertently mentioning it to her. She said the Duchesse de Lévis, who was with the Prince, wrote her that he was perfectly cured; and that M. de Pastoret and the Duc de Laval, who had seen him quite recently, also said the same thing. I bowed and made no further reply . . . but the Duc de Bordeaux limps badly. . . .

D'Arcy Talbot often talked to me about an Irish friend of his, a knight called Flott, who was such a miser that his name had become synonymous in his part of the world with the word avarice. His wife used to keep a coffin in her bedroom at Dublin, in which she wished to be laid to rest at her death. She died away from home. The worthy knight wrote to his steward in the following terms: "Kindly send me Her Ladyship's coffin, and make use of the opportunity by filling it with fruit and vegetables, as nothing of the kind can be bought here." His orders were obeyed. The coffin arrived duly crammed with eatables which, when removed, were replaced by the corpse of My Lady.

Here is another remarkable instance of parsimony which came under my own observation. Mme. C—— was seized with violent sickness after a copious repast. Her condition was alarming on account of her advanced age, and I would not leave her side. The servants carried her to her bedchamber, and lighted two candles. Throughout the throes of her sickness, I observed that she constantly turned her eyes to the chimneypiece, and made signs which none of us could understand. Suddenly, in the midst of a violent fit of hiccoughing, accompanied by sharp pain, she darted through our hands, dashed to the chimneypiece, and . . . blew out one candle!

In the early days of railways, shareholders were hard to find. For four or five years nobody would invest money in that way, but in 1845 a strong reaction occurred; gambling in railway stocks became a passion; shares and promises of shares were fought for, bankers and brokers were besieged by breathless

throngs—from the highest to the lowest, aristocrats and servants dreamt of stocks and shares. It was a fever accompanied by delirium. Ladies were especially conspicuous for their eagerness and the tricks to which they resorted to obtain what they wanted. In shops, drawing-rooms, theatres, ball-rooms, everywhere, the main subject of conversation was ever, shares. Even the country districts joined in the fray. Old people could not bear the idea of railways. The aged Comtesse de R—— often said: “They are the invention of the evil one. I trust I may never have to travel by train. Besides, it is just a passing craze, like any other. In fifty years it will be forgotten, and a good thing too!”

On November 19, 1846, I was present at the reception of Alfred de Vigny into the Académie Française. His speech produced very little effect, because, although the composition was fine, it was delivered in uninspired tones with an affectation of indifference. The honours of the day went to Comte Molé, who, it must be admitted, made a splendid reply, in which he criticised in the wittiest manner the works of M. de Vigny and his exaggerated romanticism. De Vigny had made the mistake of somewhat rudely attacking the classical school. M. Molé’s discourse made a sensation. It was received with loud and continuous applause. I have seldom heard a more dignified or more impressive speech. M. Molé did more than merely please his hearers—he justified the presence of aristocrats in the Académie, by proving that they possess higher claims to their seats than the paltry ones of name and rank.

M. de Féletz, of the Académie Française, with

whom I dined that evening, told me that when, according to custom, M. Molés' intended speech was read to Alfred de Vigny in presence of the Commission, he made no remark. One wonders whether his excessive conceit caused him to overlook the inner meaning of Molés' delicate sarcasm. However this may be, he presented himself on the great day with proud bearing and smiling countenance, confident in the triumph awaiting him. The truth came to him later, and great was his indignation. He declared he would never set foot in the Académie again unless his conditions were agreed to. I never heard what these were, but I know that they were rejected by the committee.

This incident recalls to my mind the reception of M. de Salvandy in 1836. His speech, delivered in quivering, halting accents, was the most bombastic it has ever been my lot to hear. One of my neighbours whispered to me: "Poor old Salvandy is the same as ever. We used to call him *Æolus* at school!"

M. de Féletz also told me that Royer-Collard did not like M. Guizot. Some one asked him if it was true that in the heat of discussion he had once called Guizot an austere intriguer.

"Not austere!" he exclaimed quickly. "I never said austere!"

It is acknowledged now that when M. Villemain was removed from the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique on the pretext that he had gone mad, he was really only suffering from an acute form of delirium. M. Leuret, the doctor at Bicêtre, made a mistake in his diagnosis, and treated M. Villemain as a real lunatic, using force and intimidation. The

patient's delirious condition lasted only a few days, yet Docteur Leuret, not recognising his return to sanity, called in the aid of four powerful men to enforce the treatment he had prescribed. During his convalescence M. Villemain sent for the Abbé Serres, and said to him :

“ Sir, my belief is the same as yours ; but I do not practise my religion, and am utterly indifferent in such matters. I trust to you to effect a change in me. I am full of good-will. Tell me, is that enough ? ”

The Abbé Serres told me this himself, and afterwards added that Villemain made his confession.

Many memoirs of the remarkable men of our Revolution will no doubt be published before the end of the century. I know several of them left most curious papers. Men of the Republic, of the Empire, scientists, authors, have committed to paper the share they took in the affairs of their country. Facts hitherto unsuspected will be revealed, reputations blasted. History will be the gainer.

Charles Henri Sanson (s), the public executioner during the period of the Revolution, is one of those who, I happen to know, has left memoirs. I heard through one of his lodgers at 15 Rue des Marais-Saint-Martin, that he was in the habit of writing notes every evening on what he had seen or heard in the course of the day. When it is remembered that he conducted all the important executions of the Revolution, it is not difficult to imagine the dramatic interest his souvenirs will present. The late Le Graverend (L), President of the Criminal Courts and of the Court of Appeal, told me he had seen them, and had never read anything so curious.

Two unauthorised volumes entitled *Mémoires du bourreau de Paris* were published a few years ago. Sanson's son lodged a protest against this publication.<sup>1</sup>

The Sanson family has monopolised the functions of executioners in Paris for a great number of years (s). The grandson of the one I have mentioned above, Henri-Clément (s), is a young man of distinguished appearance: he has had an excellent education, and is a pianist of note. I was passing through the Place du Palais-de-Justice one day when I saw a good-looking young fellow, smartly but quietly dressed in black, standing on the scaffold, presiding over the execution of several criminals. I asked one of the crowd who he was.

"Young Sanson," was the reply. "His father handed the business over to him a year ago. I saw him perform his first execution: he trembled like an aspen-leaf. You see, Charlot is not a bad boy at heart, neither was his father before him."

Young Sanson suffered severe pecuniary losses in later life, was made bankrupt, and dismissed from his employment.

Sanson  *fils*  figured in the *Almanach du Commerce* as "builder of judiciary scaffolding."

Nepomucène Lemer cier (L), whom I often met at the house of Général Marescot, was one of those men who command both esteem and affection. His tragedy, *Agamemnon*, placed him at once in the front rank of dramatists. Napoleon received him often. He was strongly attracted by the young author's proud, independent spirit; but, sad to relate, the

<sup>1</sup> The book in question is *Mémoires* for the use of the history of the Revolution, by Sanson, Paris, 1829, 2 vols. in 8vo.

moment came when Napoleon, a victim to his own vanity, preferred the society of flatterers and sycophants, and Lemer cier was forgotten. He frequently discussed his relations with Napoleon with me. He used to declare that the praise lavished on Napoleon's vast learning, varied knowledge, warm heart, and high standard of morality was perfectly justified.

Lemer cier knew Joséphine, the widow Beauharnais, well, and was consulted by her when Bonaparte made her his offer of marriage. He did all he could to dissuade her from accepting it, yet when the marriage was an accomplished fact he was received at Malmaison on the footing of an old and valued friend, and Bonaparte never bore him the least grudge for having opposed the union.

Lemer cier (L) was very fond of Beaumarchais (B), and often spoke of his wit and social talent; but he always suspected that Beaumarchais's wonderful spirits concealed some deep abiding grief. As the latter grew older, he became more addicted to philosophic discussion. He was for ever cogitating about the immortality of the soul, and pressing Lemer cier for his opinion of suicide. Lemer cier absolutely denied the right of man to take his own life: sometimes Beaumarchais agreed with him, at other times he would argue and urge the cause of self-destruction. He probably shared Lemer cier's views in his secret heart; but there are cogent reasons for thinking that he died of poison, self-administered.<sup>1</sup> One of his quaint ideas was to have engraved on his dog's collar: "Beaumarchais belongs to me."

Another of Lemer cier's great friends was Lamén-

<sup>1</sup> Lemer cier made an emphatic statement to that effect at a dinner-party given by Général Marescot, April 25, 1825.

nais (L), for whose intellect he had enormous admiration. Lamennais paid his first visit to him on his return from Rome, whither he had travelled to offer his submission to the Pope. He discussed at length his doctrine and condemnation by the Holy See. While heartily endorsing the full submission he had just made to the judgment of the Head of the Church, he could not refrain from advancing his own belief over and over again; and concluded the conversation with the exclamation: "Ah, if only I were the Pope!"

Lemercier showed me at his house the complete manuscript of the *Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*, which Réal, to whom it belonged, had confided to his care. Only a portion of it was ever published.<sup>1</sup> The rest was so vigorously blue-pencilled by some monks to whose care the Cardinal had committed the manuscript, that up to the present it has been impossible to decipher the original text. It might be accomplished, by the use of chemicals, but Comte Réal will not permit the attempt to be made.

I also met M. Dupin, senior, President of the Chambre des Députés, in Lemercier's rooms. Lemercier said of him: "He is a man without any heart or natural kindliness; he would even be malevolent, but for a sense of equity he has carefully cultivated in himself. Any injustice makes his blood boil. He is fond of advancing fantastic theories. For instance, I once heard him argue quite gravely that men who squint have unsound judgment and take a distorted view of things mentally as well as physically: he quoted numerous instances from among his own friends and acquaintances, and wound up by naming Barthe (B),

<sup>1</sup> The first edition appeared in 1717.



the Keeper of the Seals, as the most perfect example of the correctness of his theory." He was a great exponent of canon law and was fond of disputing fine points. He often visited the Abbé de Fontenilles, to indulge himself in an argument. The Abbé once said to him: "If I were twenty years younger, Monsieur Dupin, I should spend my whole time in hospital theatres, and in listening to lectures on anatomy and physiology; only in those pursuits can one really learn to know and analyse man in the widest sense of the word."

Charles Nodier (N), whom M. Villemain unkindly called a tatterdemalion, was such a purist that, like Maréchal de Beauvau, he would sit down at his writing-desk to read the merest note. Pen in hand he would punctiliously correct every fault of grammar he could detect; he affirmed that each word of our language has a meaning so definite that it is impossible for an educated man to use any other in its place. One day he lost his temper with Brifaut (B), and reproached him acidly with having too quickly forgotten that it was through him that he, Brifaut, had secured his seat in the Académie Française. "It was unnecessary that you should remind me of that," replied Brifaut. "For Heaven's sake, man, use the correct tense of the verb!" cried Nodier, angrily turning on his heel. "It is unnecessary," he added, over his shoulder.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE EVENTS OF 1848

THE following is an abstract of notes jotted down at the time, concerning incidents that I witnessed personally, and speeches and conversations that I heard or took part in. I have not suppressed certain rumours the incorrectness of which was ascertained later, but which will be helpful to the reader in forming an estimate of the mental conditions ruling at the time.

The year 1848 opened auspiciously. A period of abundance had followed one of scarcity. There was work for all; commerce prospered, the taxes were paid cheerfully, great public works were in process of execution. France was therefore in the very best condition: peace and prosperity seemed to be secured for many years to come. Yet, how few days were to elapse before the whole structure was to crumble and be precipitated into the abyss!

The opening of the Chambres had taken place at the end of December, 1847, in the midst of grave political preoccupation. Louis-Philippe passed me on his way to the Chambre des Députés. He was received with marked coldness; indeed the demeanour of the Garde Nationale was almost threatening. The King seemed not to notice the temper

of the people. He was calm and smiling as usual. There were a few shouts of "Vive la Réforme!" from the ranks of the soldiers.<sup>1</sup>

In the Chambre des Députés a considerable majority of the members called themselves *satisfaits*, and *conservateurs endurcis*. The Opposition was largely monarchical.

I happened to be sitting one day with M. Odilon Barrot (B), when he asserted that he did not think there existed a single député who cherished dreams of a Republic: "For instance," he said in conclusion, "Ledru-Rollin is no more a Republican than I am; only he advocates more radical reforms than I venture to hope for."

As I do not aspire to the position of an historian, and only wish to relate what happened under my own eyes, I will pass at once to the events of February.

The debate on the Address in the Chambre des Députés brought up the question of the reformist banquets which had been given in almost all the country districts. Insulting remarks were made about those députés who had attended them: even their right to be present at them was called in question; the Opposition, on the other hand, argued that the holding of the banquets was perfectly in order.

The banquet of the twelfth *arrondissement*<sup>2</sup> was to be presided over by M. Boissel. After much discussion it was fixed for Tuesday, February 22d. I went to see the preparations, on a piece of ground at

<sup>1</sup> The reform asked for was merely a slight modification of the electoral law.

<sup>2</sup> At that period the twelfth *arrondissement* was composed of the wards of Saint-Jacques, the Observatoire, the Jardin des Plantes, and Saint-Marcel.

Chaillot, near the Barrière de l'Étoile. A new street has since been opened on the site, and called Rue du Banquet. For two days before, the place was thronged with noisy, excited, anxious people. In spite of the precautions taken for the maintenance of peace, a conflict seemed inevitable.

On the 22d Paris resembled a city in a state of military occupation. Troops were stationed at different points in the vicinity of the spot where the banquet was to take place. Crowds filled the streets; the people were agitated, though not hostile. A few cries of "Vive la Réforme!" were raised at rare intervals. "Vive Odilon Barrot!" was also shouted, and I actually saw some men covering over the name of the street, "Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins," with a piece of cardboard inscribed in large letters, "Rue du Père du Peuple." Odilon Barrot lived in the Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins.<sup>1</sup>

Towards afternoon street orators began to attract audiences, and "Vive la Réforme!" was heard more frequently. The troops scattered the mob at intervals, but groups formed again at once. At six o'clock the soldiers met with resistance in the execution of their duty. I was in the Rue Saint-Honoré when I saw a lot of men in blouses, armed with iron bars wrenched from the gates of public buildings. Shop-keepers put up their shutters, damaged gas-lamps were put out. Profound obscurity reigned in the streets. The *Marseillaise* was roared in stentorian tones, as well as "À bas Guizot!" The Place du Carrousel resembled a fortified camp. Nothing happened that night.

The banquet had been countermanded. Odilon

<sup>1</sup> It is now called Rue Vignon.

Barrot dared not run the risk—and the mob, in a sudden revulsion of feeling against their idol of the morning, groaned, “À bas Barrot! Traitor! Let us hang him!”

I found a friend of mine waiting for me when I reached home at ten o'clock. He had just left M. Delessert, the Préfet de Police, whom he knew extremely well. He reported that M. Delessert appeared quite undisturbed, and said jokingly that he had informed the King he was surrounded by thieves:

“If Your Majesty desires it, I will name them.”

“Dear me, no—do not trouble; I will just keep an eye on my pockets.”

The events of that day were treated as of no importance. M. Delessert declined to worry the King, and made no special report.

On Wednesday, February 23d, feeling ran still higher than the day before. I walked about a great deal, and saw crowds everywhere, and heard: “Vive la Réforme! À bas Guizot! À bas les municipaux!” on all sides. The mob was indignant with the Garde Municipale because in the execution of their duty they had charged the people several times, the day before.

Hitherto the Garde Nationale had remained in the background. They were called out for the first time at three o'clock. Only a small number responded, chiefly men whose well-known radical opinions gave them every sympathy with the rioters. In the 10th *légion*, for instance (the one to which I belonged), the first to take up arms were Pagnerre, Bixio, Maleville, Hingray, Dujardin-Beaumetz, des Etangs, etc., who when the Revolution was declared were made

respectively Secretary to the Provisional Government, Ambassadors to Turin and Lisbon, Colonel, Prefect, etc.

Towards two o'clock a rumour was circulated that the King had suspended the Ministry.<sup>1</sup> Every face was radiant. It was thought that the trouble was at an end. Wherever I went I saw the shops being opened, and the crowds dispersing. The Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, where Guizot resided, was guarded by a strong force of soldiers, with whom the passers-by chatted amicably.

I was able to get across the Place de la Concorde, encumbered with troops though it was.

The reluctance felt by the Garde Nationale towards the duty required of them, arose from their secret sympathy with the aims of the people. They were at one with them in desiring reform and the dismissal of Guizot. They resented the fact that the King had not troubled himself a single time to inspect them during the past seven or eight years. Louis-Philippe made a huge mistake in alienating the Garde Nationale.

The mob began to collect again, about half-past nine that night. It became dense in front of the Ministères des Affaires Étrangères, but gave as yet no sign of hostility. Suddenly from the middle of the crowd a shot was fired at the troops. I have since heard that Lagrange (L), who afterwards became a député, boasted of having perpetrated this outrage. The soldiers retaliated with a volley, killing three men and wounding five or six. It has been

<sup>1</sup> On February 23, 1848, M. Guizot tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the King, who called upon Comte Molé to form a new ministry.—*Publisher's note.*

said that the shot was meant as a signal to start the fighting. If so it was successful; the struggle began in earnest. I got home very late, feeling dispirited and apprehensive. I had only been asleep about an hour when I was roused by the tocsin at Saint-Sulpice, the call to arms, and the sharp sound of volley-firing. The Garde Nationale disregarded the summons, turned out in insignificant numbers, and in some cases even joined the rioters, and marched with them. The soldiers of the Line declined to fire at the Garde Nationale; they remained idle and took no part in the fighting.

When M. Delessert was informed that the Garde Nationale had failed in their duty he is said to have exclaimed: "I could easily force them out if I wished. I need only allow a few score shops to be looted!"

*Thursday, February 24th.*—Paris had completely changed its aspect in one night. Barricades had been erected; armed men filled the streets. The tocsin sounded at intervals. The insurrection assumed a more decided character in the Markets and on the Boulevards. The Republican party now made its first public appearance, though it had long been fully organised in private. The police confined themselves to watching, and took no active part.

The rioters, finding that no resistance was intended, seized all the military posts in turn and marched on the Tuileries. The Garde Municipale alone stood firm, and yielded only when forced by superior numbers. It was a splendid body of men, the very pick of the army, in appearance, bearing, and principles. For hours it held the post of the

Château d'Eu, Place du Palais-Royal, against overwhelming odds, and did not retire until flames, started by an incendiary, involved the entire structure of the guard-room.

Armed bands patrolled the streets in ever-growing numbers. Their language was disquieting:

"We want a change of everything. We need another king. We must have something to give to those who have nothing."

Some of the men's countenances were of that fierce, sinister type seen only in revolutionary times. Street urchins revelled in the excitement, and worked feverishly at erecting barricades. I saw a number of them tugging at two heavy vans which they managed to overturn on the Quai Malaquais.

The pupils of the École Polytechnique mingled resolutely with the insurgents, exhorting them to return peacefully to work, and pointing out the injury that was being done to commerce and general prosperity. But the rabble continued to tear up pavements. When the rumour spread that the King had sent for Thiers, they growled:

"Thiers is no better than Molé. We want new men—men taken from amongst ourselves."

I came across a few sadly depleted battalions of the Garde Nationale. The crowds cheered them, and they hung about without knowing exactly what they were after.

The Revolution was on the verge of becoming an accomplished fact, and still none of the authorities seemed to realise the gravity of the peril. The Court understood only when the moment for flight had already arrived. Stranger still, when the signal for departure was given, the King, proposing to go



only as far as Saint-Cloud or Versailles, ordered his carriage, as if for an afternoon drive. I was in the Place du Carrousel when the Royal carriage, with postilions and outriders, issued from the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre. One of the horses was killed by a pistol-shot. An outrider, a good-looking youth of some four-and-twenty summers, was shot through the heart near the Arc de Triomphe. The Carrousel was overrun by a noisy, ferocious throng, while the troops looked on without stirring hand or foot. Many of their weapons had been wrested from them. When the Tuileries were attacked and firing had already begun, the inhabitants of the Palace were so little prepared for eventualities that luncheon was served at the usual hour, and the members of the family sat down to the meal in the ordinary way.

I did not see the King's departure myself, but I heard from an eye-witness that the Queen opposed it with all her might. She was indignant at the desertion of her friends, and the cowardly manner in which the Palace suddenly emptied itself of adherents. She was exasperated, and sharply rebuked M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who, in his anxiety for the King's personal safety, urged him to hurry. The Court escaped to the Place de la Concorde by way of the subterranean passage from the Palace to the Terrace, and had to walk the whole length of the Terrace.

The Palace was not defended. An armed mob burst in simultaneously by all the doors and staircases. The reception-rooms, galleries, bedrooms were so crowded that I thought I should have been suffocated. Everything betokened a hurried flight. The remains of a meal were still on the luncheon-table;

male and female clothing littered the bedrooms; wardrobes were left open, or with the keys in the locks.

Then began an orgy the like of which I hope I may never see again. Cupboards were ransacked; books, papers, scraps of every sort and kind were thrown about, or hurled out of the windows; in the cellars so many bottles were broken and casks smashed that one stood ankle-deep in wine running to waste. Men who fell down stupefied by the fumes were drowned; I saw several rescued, and with difficulty recalled to life.

The students of the *École Polytechnique* did their utmost to restrain these disgusting excesses. Placards hastily scrawled: "Thieves will incur the penalty of death. Respect public property," were affixed in prominent places. But all efforts to stem the torrent were vain; destruction and looting continued. Valuable furniture, glass, china, lustres, paintings, were wantonly smashed and thrown into the court-yard, to be collected into heaps and burnt as bonfires. Soon the staircases and state apartments were cumbered with men and women, dead-drunk, lying about on the marble floors and priceless carpets. Many were trampled upon and suffocated by the crowd. The articles of clothing found in the rooms were picked up and worn in the quaintest travesty. I saw women peacocking in robes spangled with gold and silver; young men strutting about in brilliant uniforms.

The throne was made the object of coarse pleantry. Everybody scrambled to sit in it for a moment. It was only an arm-chair, upholstered in somewhat faded crimson velvet, and was neither

handsome nor imposing. When the people tired of their game the throne was broken up, like the rest of the furniture, and thrown out of the window.<sup>1</sup> In spite of the measures hastily taken for the protection of property there was much thieving and looting. There were many of what I might call amateur thieves: persons who would not dream of touching anything of value, but who took possession of trifles, as mementoes; rifled drawers and writing-desks, abstracted letters, notes, documents, and even scraps of paper. I saw this done over and over again, and, unprincipled though it may sound, I confess I would rather see the objects thus purloined, figuring in private collections where they may some day be of use to history, than torn up and scattered to the winds. The havoc wrought was so thorough that when the apartments came to be cleaned, it took many workmen several days merely to clear the rubbish away: outside, it formed a solid stack as long and as high as the railings separating the Tuileries from the Carrousel, and more than two yards wide. Many carts were needed for the removal of these melancholy tokens of a people's senseless frenzy.

The same scenes were repeated with even greater violence at the Palais-Royal. The wreckage in the Rue de Valois covered the whole street, and was about three feet deep. Only those who have seen it can measure the amount of damage it is possible to accomplish in one hour of unbridled licence. The Royal carriages were pulled out of the coach-houses in the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre and burnt. I saw some stuffed with straw and set on fire by mere

<sup>1</sup> It was actually thrown out by J. B. Dumoulin (1786-1865), a former orderly-officer to Napoleon during the Hundred Days.

children. I was seriously afraid the flames might reach the Louvre and destroy its precious art-treasures. A large number of military guard-rooms, toll-houses, and hackney carriages, were set on fire or smashed up. A paragraph which appeared in the *Constitutionnel* of February 10, 1850, is instructive: "The trustees of the former Civil List authorise the sale on the 14th of this month of twenty-five tons of broken glass and crystal from the plenishing and dinner services of the Palais-Royal." Six thousand francs' worth of broken china had already been disposed of.

The King left the Palace at three o'clock. I was not about at the time, so I saw nothing of the flight. I only know that he arrived at Saint-Cloud without any money. He found no horses left in the stables, nor any means of transport at his disposal. He therefore addressed himself to Madame Veuve Sciard, proprietress of the line of omnibuses plying between Paris and Saint-Cloud, to whom he had formerly granted several favours. She offered him the use of two omnibuses; he started, with the Queen, several members of the Royal Family, and some servants. The conveyances rumbled through Ville-d'Avray. News of the recent events in Paris had not yet permeated to this country village on the route to Versailles, where the King was such a well-known figure. Great, therefore, was the amazement of the people at sight of the Royal Family journeying in these sorry vehicles. Louis-Philippe concealed himself from public view as much as possible in a corner of the first omnibus, but it was remarked that he looked flushed and excited, and that the Queen held her handkerchief to her eyes. I gathered these little details from

Mme. Sciard and others living at Ville-d'Avray, where I spent several summers.

The mob passed on from the Tuileries to the *Chambre des Députés*. It was already in the hands of rioters, and the majority of the members, including the President, M. Sauzet, had left. The Duc de Nemours and the Duchesse d'Orléans had also taken flight. The latter became separated from her second son in the confusion; he was found wandering in the court-yard of the Palais-Bourbon, and was restored to his mother by Pinoteau, the Polytechnic student.

When I arrived at the *Chambre*, the proclamation, otherwise called the nomination, of the Provisional Government by the people had just been made. The people, however, had nothing whatever to do with it; the members nominated themselves; they all wanted to be of it, and for the next four-and-twenty hours the list underwent a process of lengthening, changing, and modification. I noted a few of the names I heard proclaimed: Lamennais, Crémieux, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Garnier-Pagès, Recurt, Delaistre. This list was placarded on the walls the same evening, but was afterwards torn down and replaced successively by two others.

The Revolution was accomplished before Paris dreamt of such a result, so quickly had events progressed. Thus, when all was over, men were still discussing the change of ministry, the abdication of the King, the Regency, the unpopularity of the Duc de Nemours. Quite a quarter of the populace learnt what had happened, only on the morrow. It was hard to believe that the Government had been so easily disposed of. Ledru-Rollin said afterwards,

with some truth, that the Republic had been instituted by a conjuring trick.

The number of armed men in the streets augmented with every hour. Most of the troops had laid down their arms, and the Garde Nationale seemed ashamed of the part it had played: it had failed in its duty by refusing to assist the troops in checking the insurrection.

From half-past three on the 24th, Paris was delivered into the hands of the insurgents. The people had the mastery, but were able to protect life and property. Even in the midst of the fighting they showed generosity.

The Garde Municipale, which had so courageously defended the posts entrusted to it, became the object of the people's heartiest sympathy after its defeat. All vied with each other as to who should help the men to disguise themselves and make their escape. It was curious to note that these hard fighters cherished neither anger nor revenge. They fought without questioning why, and when victory was gained, resumed their light-hearted carelessness. Their leaders alone were resolved to turn their success to their own advantage, and endeavoured to keep up the excitement and agitation. Presently they were joined by the idlers and low-class rabble always to be found in big cities. These were the malefactors who instigated and committed the disorders I have related above.

In the month of February the Republican party was composed of twelve or fifteen hundred leaders, veterans in conspiracy; and eight or ten thousand individuals enrolled and prepared for action. This party, reinforced by the street arabs of Paris, perpetrated the Revolution.

The *députés* of the Opposition, with M. Odilon Barrot at their head, were ashamed of having been duped: they realised too late that the Reform banquet which had caused such bitter dissension was but a pretext selected for the overthrow of the Government. As soon as the result was obtained the whole question of the banquets dropped. The party-cry of the Revolution of 1830 had been, "Vive la Charte"; that of 1848 was, "Vive la Réforme!" Both were mere catch-words to attract adherents. The leaders of 1848 were no more genuinely desirous of reform than those of 1830 had been anxious for the "Charte."

The night of the 24th-25th passed off better than had been anticipated. There was every reason for anxiety: all authority was abolished, the soldiers had laid down their arms, the Garde Nationale no longer existed. As I have already said, Paris was under the thrall of insurrection. Screams, songs, shots made night hideous. A few persons were accidentally killed by stray bullets fired by untrained hands.

As soon as the 25th dawned, the walls of the city were plastered with official placards, proclamations, items of news, political projects, addresses to the people. Crazy theories, Utopian ideas, ridiculous suggestions, and impossible plans were thus aired through the medium of public advertisement. It would be instructive if a collection of these absurdities, chiefly the emanations of diseased brains, could be collected and presented to a saner posterity.

The originators of the placards made themselves heard in street speeches. Much nonsense was talked. The question of employment already harassed serious thinkers. On every side one heard such sentences

as these: "We cannot afford to lay down our arms until the future of the working class has been settled; people worry over the negro races, while we starve at home in the midst of plenty." Communism and socialism were cleverly presented in the most attractive manner, and gained numerous partisans.

On the 26th, law and order began to reassert themselves. The students of the *École Polytechnique* and *Saint-Cyr* walked about the town, directing the patrols, discouraging violence, disarming drunken men. I saw ten brawlers turned out of a public-house in the *Champs-Élysées* and deprived of their weapons. The barricades were torn down, and traffic was re-established.

Hopes had been entertained that the Republic, so ardently desired, would have been as easily organised as that of 1830. Whereas the gay, reckless Republicans on the former occasion had been few, the able politicians of to-day were many; therefore the pessimists were pushed aside, and their warnings disregarded. Paris abandoned itself to the most joyous anticipations. Laughter and cheerful singing filled the air; newspapers were eagerly bought up; incredible numbers were printed daily, but all found purchasers.

Scarlet came very near to being substituted for our own glorious colours. Neckties, cockades, belts, sashes, banners, were all scarlet. One of *Lamar-tine's* witty sayings saved the tricolour for a time at least; but scarlet, the colour emblematic of the Terror, was desired by many, even in the ranks of the Provisional Government; the Republican Guard, and the Marine Guard, were clothed in it. The tricolour cockade was worn as a protest against the scarlet



banner, but the more aggressive colour continued to be exclusively flaunted by two bands of men who had seized respectively the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Préfecture de Police, adopted military organisation, and dubbed themselves Gardes Républicains and Montagnards. The latter were also called Gardes de Caussidière and de Sobrier; they professed the wildest of the exaggerated theories of the Montagne at the Convention of 1793; they started wearing scarlet caps, but were so universally jeered at that they soon laid them aside.

On the 26th I chanced to be in the Tuileries when the dead bodies left in it were being collected and carried away. There were twelve, including four Municipal Guards, shot in the body, seven others apparently unwounded, and one woman, who held a dagger tightly clasped in her stiffened fingers, and lay in a pool of blood. Presumably she had been drunk, had lost her footing in the crowd, and been trampled to death. Four corpses were recovered from the cellars; they had been drowned in wine. As I have already said, the death-roll would have been much higher if over a hundred intoxicated persons, who had fallen helpless into the escaping wines and spirits, had not been carried up-stairs into safety, on the night of the 24th.

As in 1830, the guards were furnished by men in rags, who patrolled inside and outside public buildings. They were mostly unemployed workmen, and, in spite of torn blouses and dirty clothes, were dignified and well-conducted.

The Provisional Government was not universally popular, but the moderate men of all parties saw the necessity of supporting it and giving it weight

by their adherence. The difficulties it had to contend with were patent. On one hand the ultra-democrats were already conspiring to overthrow it; while in its own ranks it numbered violent revolutionaries, even anarchists. The situation soon became intolerable. Demagogues inflamed the masses, advocating lawlessness and teaching that liberty was to be obtained by violence. The dishonest portion of the Provisional Government (Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Albert, Louis Blanc) completed the ruin of the working classes. Public works were suspended, workshops and factories closed, and everything disorganised. The streets were filled with processions of unemployed carrying banners, shouting, and singing.

Louis Blanc (B) took possession of the former *Chambre des Pairs* at the Luxembourg, and attracted to it numbers of individuals calling themselves delegates of the people. This young man preached his impracticable theories for some months: he was in favour of abolishing competition by inducing the Government to take the place of individuals, and monopolise manufacture, commerce, the regulation of salaries, the right of employment, etc. All this was thoroughly satisfactory to the idle workman, whose favourite dream naturally was the receipt of good wages for doing nothing. I was present at several of these meetings, and came away filled with indignation and pity. The little man behaved like a preacher in the pulpit: he insisted upon being heard in silence, and permitted no one to speak, or to argue with him.

The members of the Provisional Government were inexperienced. Lamartine, Arago, Garnier-Pagès honestly desired the good of the community, but did

not know how to secure it, and allowed the reins to slacken in their fingers. Lamartine's words were lofty, noble, worthy of his great reputation; but his actions were feeble. Concerning Arago (A) as a man, nothing but good can be said. When he took office at the Admiralty he applied himself with all his might to the work in hand. Although deficient, like his colleagues, in experience, he showed great capacity for business. He was very simple in his habits. The morning after he took up his abode at the Ministry, the head cook came to ask for orders. "Thank you," Arago said, "I shall not need you. I have brought my old housekeeper; she will be able to do the little I require." All the servants at the Admiralty received the same answer. He also refused to accept a salary.

"But, my dear François," argued his sister, Madame Mathieu, "how will you manage for household expenses?"

"I have 12,000 francs a year from the Observatory and my own private fortune. I shall not need more."

And he persevered in his refusal. It cannot be said that any other Minister followed his example!

The coarse Republicans of a day or two before found nothing too dainty or too beautiful for their use. Flocon (F), for instance, the frequenter of low drinking booths, blossomed into Monseigneur Flocon. He selected for his summer residence the Pavillon de Bretenil in the Parc de Saint-Cloud, and ordered twenty beds for the best bed-chambers, and new furniture for the whole house. He would declare before his guests that he "could not understand how M. de Montalivet could have put up with a house in such a condition as this one was in." Flocon, the editor

of an unsuccessful journal, had formerly occupied two small rooms on the fourth floor of a humble house in a back street.

The next occasion on which I visited the Tuileries was early in March, when I was called in to attend a workman who had been my patient for several years. He was one of a band of about two hundred men who had taken possession of the Palace on the 25th or 26th of February, after the ejection of its lawful masters. These fellows had appointed a captain and lieutenants from among their number, and had stationed a guard at the gates: they had a password and were thoroughly organised on military lines. They occupied the Palace for about a fortnight. Nobody could go in or out without a signed permit from the captain. Their wives, to the number of twenty-seven, had joined them, and there were from fifteen to twenty children. Provisions were handed in daily at the gates. It will hardly be believed that these men successfully resisted every effort to force them to evacuate, until the 15th of March, when, yielding partly to force and partly to persuasion, they decided to leave. A few were arrested for contumacy, or unlawful possession.

When I was admitted I was at once painfully struck with the dirt and disorder of the apartments. Rubbish encumbered the rooms; the furniture was broken and soiled; bottles, dishes, and remnants of food lay about in confusion. The Throne-room was full of filthy beds, placed side by side in close proximity, and occupied by men and women without the slightest regard to decency. I never saw a more degrading spectacle.

After they had been got rid of, their places were

taken by a couple of hundred sick and wounded. A very comfortable temporary hospital was fitted up for them, with the necessary surgical and medical appliances. It cost them about ten francs a day. They would have paid only one franc fifty at the military hospitals of Val-de-Grâce or Gros-Caillou, and there was plenty of room for them there owing to the absence of a garrison in Paris; but it was all part of the general mismanagement.

All the youth of the country was Republican, either from conviction or sentiment: the young people believed the specious promises made to them; the aged, on the contrary, looked forward to the future with dread. Old M. de Féletz, of the Académie Française, said to me: "I was here in 1793, and I can see that we are relapsing into the same condition as we were in then. I was young in those days, and I scoffed at the fears of my elders. Even famine seemed but a temporary evil. I was passionately fond of music, and used to go a great deal to the Opera. Bread was so scarce that a small loaf or a roll was a gift much appreciated by the *artistes*. The fops and dandies always took some with them, and thus secured themselves a welcome behind the scenes."

As usual, people were wise after the event. The men of to-morrow, as I called them, were persuaded that they could have prevented the Revolution if we had only listened to their warnings. I met Maréchal Bugeaud in March, and heard him expound his plans. I must confess he succeeded in convincing me. His shrewdness, courage, and resolution are well known. He told me that the King sent for him on the 23d of February and gave him the command of the Garde Nationale and the Line regiments. Bugeaud accepted

the trust, and went the round of the town making himself thoroughly acquainted with the situation. The people met him with shouts of "À bas Bugeaud!" but the troops cheered him. At one o'clock he returned to the King and reported: "The position is grave, but we can overcome it." To the King's recommendation of prudence and moderation he replied: "Sire, prudence is always advisable, but moderation may occasionally degenerate into weakness. The present state of things is menacing, but, as I have already stated, we can win through if we are firm enough. We must face the fact that victory will cost us dear. A battle may mean the loss of twenty thousand men." "Then I will never consent!" cried the King, and transferred the command to Général Lamoricière, who failed utterly, as we all know.

Early in March clubs were opened everywhere. Several adopted the old names of '93: there were Jacobins, Cordeliers, the Montagne, the Amis de Danton, the Saint-Just, the Robespierre, the Marat. I went to some of their meetings, and found the discussions fairly moderate in tone. Exaggerated views were deprecated; but later on the speeches altered in character, and many of the sittings were worthy of the worst days of the First Revolution. It has been truly said that men are ill to deal with in revolutionary times. Their worst passions are exposed to the broad light of day. I have known fellows boast of being permanently engaged in conspiracy while wearing the mask of loyalty, and perhaps meekly accepting appointments. I heard a man, who had received a public office from the King, and was supposed to be one of his devoted adherents,

say: "The very next day I protested against the usurpation of Louis-Philippe. Supported by four friends, I repudiated the Monarchy and proclaimed the Republic in a placard printed and posted up under my direction. In spite of the resistance of the Provisional Government, in spite of—well, we know that Louis-Philippe was proclaimed, notwithstanding my efforts. I therefore at once set to work to found the society called 'Les hommes de Juillet.' It was that society, with others less powerful, that instigated and carried out the insurrection at the time of the trial of the Ministers in 1830. The 14th and 15th of February, 1831, constituted the second insurrection; it resulted merely in the abolition of the fleur de lis as a badge, and a salutary warning to the retrograde priests of the Restoration that we require a new kind of clergy." Such was the language adopted by the greater number of the candidates at the elections. They boasted of having belonged to secret societies, and had a hand in every conspiracy.

Paris would have preferred to put off the elections and do without a Parliament for a time; but as such a state of things was impossible the people resolved to exert pressure on the future Assembly, and if necessary revive the Commune and dictate the people's will to the Convention. At the election of the officers of the Garde Nationale the speeches were of the most anarchical character. The following question was put to each candidate: "Supposing the Assembly, in defiance of its mandate, should express opinions antagonistic to the desires of the people, what would you do? What orders would you give your battalion or company?" The

majority replied: "I would carry out the will of the people."

On the 16th of March I accompanied the deputation of the Garde Nationale, which presented itself unarmed before the Provisional Government, to demand that the companies of Grenadiers and Voltigeurs should be reinstated and maintained. A compact crowd barred our way. On the quay Général Courtais (c) apostrophised us in the coarsest terms, and was loudly applauded by the mob; the Duc de Marmier exclaimed indignantly: "It is very surprising to us that you, our Commander-in-Chief, should declare yourself our enemy. Rather than insult us, you ought to be with us taking our part, for our claim is neither seditious nor improper." The Provisional Government, instigated by Ledru-Rollin, affected indignation at our proceeding. A counter-demonstration was organised, to neutralise any effect we might have produced. Sobrier was put in charge of the arrangements; one night was sufficient for the maturing of his plans. The next day I saw an interminable procession of workmen of every craft (afterwards computed at a hundred thousand men) defile slowly along the Quay du Louvre. The Hôtel-de-Ville (to which we had been refused admittance) opened its doors to them, and in they crowded to the full capacity of the apartments. They presented their demand, which was at once granted in the most gracious manner: it was the postponement of the elections for the Assemblée Nationale. Their patriotism was lauded; the next morning an order of the day appeared which settled the doom of the Garde Nationale; by it *we* were advised to model our conduct on that of the work-



men. Justice compels me to add that the procession had behaved in the most orderly manner.

The quiet reigning in Paris at that time occasioned great surprise. There have never been fewer thefts; nor have the streets ever been safer. Marc Caussidière (c) accepted the appointment of Prefect of Police with much gratification; in fact he nominated himself to it. It is a quaint story. The Préfecture de Police was invaded almost simultaneously from two quarters on the 24th of February; Caussidière at the head of his supporters came by way of the Quai de l'Horloge, Sobrier with his, from the Quai des Orfèvres. Both sailed in, seized the official papers, and issued orders signed by themselves in the capacity of delegates of the Préfecture de Police, which title they prevailed upon the Provisional Government to confirm. Paris thus possessed two Prefects of Police, rivals, who hated each other. Both were lifelong conspirators, and professed the most advanced political views. Caussidière, a man of great ability and an earnest worker, soon made himself master of the situation. Although his private sympathies were with rioters of every description, he made short work of them when he encountered them in his official capacity. On the other hand, Sobrier was only a second-class sort of agitator, a paltry mischief-maker. It is supposed that the two drew lots for the post of Prefect, and that Sobrier retired, declaring he would organise another police for himself.

The first care of both had been to suppress all the documents incriminating themselves and their friends, and to possess themselves of those which seemed to offer them personal advantage. Like

depredations occurred in all public offices and collections of archives; in more than one case they resulted in irretrievable losses.

The two bands, Caussidière's and Sobrier's, had been amalgamated under the name of Montagnards, and formed a corps without legal status. The men were ruffianly in appearance, slovenly and ragged; they wore red sashes and scarfs as a distinctive badge: they monopolised all the appointments under the Préfecture de Police, to the exclusion of all outsiders.

When Sobrier found himself forced to yield to Caussidière, he seized a large house, 16 Rue de Rivoli, belonging to the Civil List, and took a company of his Montagnards with him. He turned out the people dwelling in it, set up offices and a guard-room, laid in a large stock of guns and ammunition, and formed a kind of self-contained government. He started a newspaper called *La Commune*, to disseminate his plans for re-creating a *Commune* similar to that of 1793-94. He was not interfered with until May 15th, when he was arrested. On the 14th I met a company of Montagnards marching to relieve the Sobrier post. I had full leisure to scrutinise them, and was very unfavourably impressed. There was something sinister and bombastic about their appearance, which gave them the look of hired braves. One wonders whence the funds for their maintenance came.

I had several opportunities of seeing the so-called national workshops. They may have numbered a few genuine workmen who willingly toiled for the wages they received; but there, as in every other

department, was to be found a turbulent element, revelling in disturbance, averse to doing honest work or allowing others to do any. The days were spent in singing, shouting, speechifying. Some gambled with cards and dice, others gave vent to their energies in wild war-dances. They nicknamed the *Ateliers, Râteliers Nationaux*. They changed the refrain of the Girondin song,

*Mourir pour la Patrie,*

into

*Nourris par la Patrie,  
C'est le sort le plus beau, etc.*

At other times they read books aloud. *L'Histoire des Girondins* by Lamartine was expounded by them, to suit their theories.

Few books have had such an immediate success as the *Girondins*. Copies were scrambled for in the libraries, public readings of it were given, the newspapers quoted voluminous extracts, the different points of view of the Revolution were discussed at length. People took sides violently, as they had done fifty years before, for or against the Revolution and the principal actors therein; men and affairs were so vividly depicted as to seem to have been brought forward into our own day and made familiar to us, their children of half a century later. The most sinister events of the Republic of those bygone times, even its sordid crimes, were excused in Lamartine's pages—nay, sometimes even lauded, by reason of the honest purpose which dictated their execution. The book did a great deal of harm; it roused admiration

for false ideals, and gave men the desire to accomplish similar deeds. I firmly believe that it helped to fan the flame of the February Revolution: it revived the nomenclature of 1793. Clubs, newspapers, parties, resumed the old names; the old long-skirted vest, the military uniforms with tricoloured head-dress and red plume, the songs, *Ça ira* and *La Carmagnole*, all came into vogue again. We might almost have fancied ourselves transported back into the year 1793. *Les Girondins* came out in 1846, and in 1847 I remarked to a friend that the barrel-organs played those airs almost exclusively. In 1847 the tune of *Les Girondins* was whistled by some and applauded by others with a vigour that betokened a growing sense of partisanship. It continued for some time to be a feature of street music.

The usual result of a revolution was not wanting: political apostasy and scandalous secessions. Everybody claimed to have been Republican all through, and when this was proved to be untrue, urged that they had only changed outwardly in order to betray Louis-Philippe with greater ease. Those who found it impossible to profess that they had always been Republicans, protested they would be nothing else in future.

The Académie de Médecine having decided upon adherence to the Republic, sent a deputation to present its submission to the Provisional Government. M. Fouquier was anxious to be included in the deputation. As he had been Chief Physician to Louis-Philippe, he might well have remained in the background; but he wasted no opportunity of loudly asseverating his devotion to the Government. M. Fouquier was well-meaning enough, but a poor, pusil-

lanimous creature. The only possible explanation of his conduct must be, that he feared his former position about the Royal Person might expose him to harsh treatment. This reminds me of a saying of M. Meynard (M), a former *député* for Dordogne at the Convention; he has often expressed to me his belief that half the Members who condemned Louis XVI. were actuated by fear: "That factor must be duly allowed for by any one attempting to write the history of a revolution."

Peace and tranquillity reigned in Paris until the end of March, in spite of the complete suspension of public works. There were no policemen, no sentries, no detectives, yet perfect order was maintained. Towards the end of the month the planting of "trees of liberty" caused some disturbance. Each of the plantings was signalled by gun-firing and house-to-house collections. At night troops of children under the leadership of some demagogue would force householders to illuminate, breaking the windows of those who declined to do so; they marched in procession through the streets singing in chorus: *Des lampions! des lampions!* Their watchword afterwards suggested the name of a new journal: *Le Lampion*.

The Government informed the people of the depleted condition of the Treasury, and appealed to the patriotism of the citizens. The working classes responded nobly; almost all cheerfully contributed a small share of their modest means for the good of the country. Young girls dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers in their pretty tresses, perambulated the streets collecting money under the protection of their parents and workmen of their guild.

The Provisional Government was gradually losing its place in the public estimation. It was accused of overthrowing existing institutions without putting anything in their place; but as its task was recognised to be a hard one, loyal support was still accorded. I was not behind the others in promptly paying my taxes, though their amount was increased by half. The Provisional Government proceeded to discharge all public servants and to recruit its officials from the offscourings of cafés, music-halls, and houses of ill-repute. Fifteen or twenty men personally known to me as wastrels and idlers were presently occupying responsible positions. Much indignation was roused at sight of the vicious, ill-conditioned fellows selected.

Credit became impossible to obtain, money grew more and more scarce. Paris was the first victim of ruin. Business was almost entirely suspended: merchants, lawyers, doctors, proprietors, artists, discharged public functionaries, were alike involved; the disaster was far-reaching; hardly anybody escaped the common fate. Clerks, messengers, shop assistants received their dismissal. The upper classes put down their stables and reduced their establishments. The sufferings of the working class were indescribable: many and many a time in the course of my professional round did I enter houses where there was no bread for the little crying children, and the morrow's food supply was more than problematic. I must admit, for the honour of Paris, that public charity effected marvels. Everybody gave according to his means—but money thus distributed was only a drop in the ocean.

The rich parted with everything they could turn

into gold. Like many others I took some of my plate to the Mint; there was a line of people waiting to dispose of their silver, and although the business was transacted as expeditiously as possible, it was quite two hours before my turn arrived. The spectacle was a singular one: enormous heaps of silver services, coffee-pots, flower-vases, already bought by the Mint, lay about on tables; the same scene was enacted day after day.

Public money was wasted in the most scandalous manner. No control was exercised over the Treasury: anybody who chose might help himself. On the plea of distributing relief in kind, daily doles of bread, meat, and money were made, without order or method. The result naturally was that many received help they did not require; some came to beg, three and four times the same day, and received provisions each time, while others more needy but less bold waited their turn for hours and crept away at last unheeded.

Froment Meurice, the well-known goldsmith, told me he was summoned to the Tuileries in April, 1848, to make an inventory of the plate and jewels appertaining to the Royal Palaces. He was entrusted with the duty of deciding which articles were worthy of being preserved as museum pieces, either because of their intrinsic merit or their historical value. The Provisional Government ordained that the objects not thus selected should be thrown into the melting-pot. When he arrived at the Tuileries he was informed that, as all the plate had not yet been collected, the examination must be postponed for a week. On his second appearance he was instructed that the need of the Treasury was so pressing

that nothing was to be saved. Priceless treasures were thus ruthlessly destroyed.

Froment also told me that he and his Parisian colleagues were so hard-up just then that they were forced to melt down the greater part of their stock. Magnificent examples of the goldsmiths' and silver-smiths' art were thrown into the crucible.

Froment was the half-brother of Paul Meurice (M), a young literary man. His parents, rich jewellers and most worthy people, would have liked to make a lawyer or a stockbroker of him. My advice was asked, as an old family friend, and I was begged to use my influence with Paul. "You cannot think how much it grieves me," the lad replied to my remonstrances, "to oppose my parents, who have always been so good to me; but I cannot do as they wish. The very sight of figures or a treatise on law makes me sick. My head is full of verses. They must let me dree my weird." This was in 1842, if I remember right. Now, only nine years later, he is the principal editor of *L'Événement*, a democratic and socialistic journal founded by Victor Hugo.

An important public demonstration took place on Sunday, April 16th. Early in the morning we heard that a large number of workmen had assembled on the Champ-de-Mars, with the object of presenting a petition to the Provisional Government. I mingled with several groups, and will now, according to my custom, relate the various rumours, some true, others false, which were circulated.

The leaders of the movement were Louis Blanc, Raspail, Blanqui, Barbès, and Cabet. They alone, and a few of their secret agents, knew the real object of the meeting—namely, the postponement of the



elections until July 1st, the opening of the Assembly on August 1st, and the expulsion of four Members of the Provisional Government (Lamartine, Marrast, Marie, and Bethmont). Had these concessions been granted, a Committee of Public Safety would have been formed, the elections postponed indefinitely, a Dictator appointed, and the red flag raised.

There was much turmoil in the streets. As a precautionary measure the entries at the Hôtel-de-Ville were doubled and the great gates closed. The newly organised Garde Nationale inspired little confidence.

At half-past ten the general call to arms was sounded. Battalions of the Garde Nationale came up at the double. The Garde Nationale Mobile, headed by Général Duvivier and his staff, followed. The men, half of them raw lads, were well armed, and in spite of their ragged clothing, bore themselves proudly. Here and there a shout of "Vivent les deux Gardes Nationaux! Vive l'ordre public!" were raised. The long procession moved off by way of the Quai du Louvre at two o'clock, and was still filing past three hours later. In the evening the town was illuminated. The streets were full of people. The Garde Nationale passed, on its homeward way; they were clapped and cheered. "À bas Cabet, communisme et communistes!" was cried. The suburban *légions* came in for great appreciation. It was reported that there were sixty thousand men under arms, and that double the number could have been mustered.

In March I was present at a meeting of the club known as La Redoute, in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré. M. Deguerry (D), afterwards vicar of the Madeleine, met Pasteur Coquerel on the steps of the

tribune as one was descending and the other ascending. They embraced each other cordially to the evident delight of the gathering. "Citizens!" cried the Abbé Deguerry, "what I have just done is the expression of my real feeling. An honest man and a zealous Christian, who daily puts into practice the sacred teaching of the Gospels, must always be a brother to me, whether he be Protestant pastor or Catholic priest!"

The elections took place on April 23d. Never had such an influx of candidates been seen: there were over a thousand for thirty-four nominations. For fully two days beforehand one met agents and canvassers, handing papers containing the names of candidates and their election addresses to the passers-by. In the course of an hour's walk my pockets were filled to overflowing with these bills. The voting for the electoral division to which I belonged took place at the Institut. I assisted in the office. As each person entered he was handed his election card, he threw his voting-paper, which he had previously filled in, into an urn, and passed out again. This preliminary portion of the labour was carried through with due order and despatch. Not so the second, or counting of the votes. Each list comprised thirty-four names; it took from four to five minutes to call them out and prick them off. But for the plan of dividing up the list among five or six functionaries, and giving each a share of the voting-papers, we should have been there still.

May 15th was the day of the raid on the Assembly by Blanqui, Sobrier, Raspail, and their partisans.

It was not known that such a grave attempt was in contemplation. The mob collected in the Boulevard, to watch the march on the Assembly, had been hoodwinked, and thought it was making a peaceful demonstration of sympathy for Poland. Only the leaders were aware that Poland had nothing whatever to do with it. This is a striking instance of the manner in which many of the chief events of the Revolution were disguised under a false party-cry or deceptive pretext.

When the mob broke in, Huber (H) proclaimed the dissolution of the Assembly in the name of the people. The object of the demonstration was thus attained by the leaders, while the rear of the procession, nothing doubting, was still yelling, "Vive la Pologne!" outside. The leaders then moved the rabble on to the Hôtel-de-Ville, having cunningly placed their strongest and most determined men in the van. These were divided into two parties, one of which marched by way of the quays and the other by the Rue de l'Université. A battalion of the Garde Nationale was drawn up on the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, but was instantly scattered. It had received orders to offer no opposition. The Garde Républicaine stationed inside the Hôtel-de-Ville had presumably received the same instruction. They did not go so far as actually to unlock the gates, but they allowed the first-comers to climb over and throw them open. In an instant the windows and balconies were crammed with men, women, and children. A compact throng filled the adjoining Place, streets, and quays. I had managed to get close up to the Hôtel-de-Ville, but was unable to force my way in. I was surprised to find that none of the people round

me had grasped the significance of what had just been accomplished. One of the men on the balcony commanded silence, and roared out the following words:

“Citizens, we have smashed the Assemblée Nationale, and are about to form a Provisional Government. Here are the names selected. Do you approve of them?”

“Yes! No!”

“Ledru-Rollin . . .”

“No, no! Down with him!”

Several names followed, and were respectively cheered or hissed. Simultaneously, pencilled lists were thrown from the windows. I caught one of these and have kept it. The names on it are in the following order: Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, Raspail, Pierre Leroux, Cabet, Proudhon, Caussidière, Barbès, Albert, Huber.

This Government was afterwards nicknamed the Fifteen Minutes' Government, because it lasted only that space of time.

Although the crowd was mainly composed of instigators and accomplices of this hot-headed adventure, those who differed from them did not scruple to voice their disapprobation. When a rumour spread that troops were advancing from every point, there was a hurried dispersal. Lamartine arrived on the scene, and was received with acclamation. A few minutes later an individual, said to be Barbès, lurched out of the building in the grip of two Gardes Nationaux; he was half-fainting, and was evidently a prey to helpless terror. The soldiers handed him over to an officer, and he was dragged into the Hôtel-de-Ville.

The second celebration of the Fraternité, on May

20th, was a great success. Some there were who called it a useless waste of good money, but most people agreed that the result justified the expense. Every face I met was beaming with delight. At noon a plentiful repast was served in a large tent on the Champ-de-Mars. The guests, numbering thirty or forty, consisted of the Executive Committee, the Ministers, and a few privileged friends. The food was of the best, and was consumed to the accompaniment of laughter and jokes, to the unconcealed annoyance of the Representatives, who were waiting outside and had not yet broken their fast. Their turn came at last. They hurried into the tent pell-mell, hobnobbing with strangers, glad to scramble for the remains of the feast, and considering themselves lucky if they could snatch a piece of bread and a glass of inferior wine. Truly the contrast between the present rulers of the people and the former monarchs and aristocrats of France was instructive!

Louis-Napoléon reappeared on the scene in the month of June. He managed very adroitly. So few people remembered his existence that he got only three thousand votes at the general election in April. Two months later, at the supplementary elections, he got five nominations. From that moment his name was in every mouth; huge meetings were held on his behalf. His party considered him the only man who could terminate a revolution of which the populace had already tired; they urged him to follow in his uncle's footsteps and play the part his birth entitled him to assume. This desire on the part of the people to create a man they could follow was an index of their sense of failure.

I listened here and there to the talk of the idlers in the streets. Some criticised Napoleon acrimoniously; others, more numerous, though generally of an inferior class, defended him vigorously. One thing gave me serious food for reflection: nobody upheld the Republic, or rather, Republican principles. I realised with regret that the swing of the pendulum was in the wrong direction.

The worst and most degraded among the workmen of the Ateliers Nationaux eagerly flocked to swell the numbers of the revolting mob. Their rallying cry was, "Vive Napoléon!" a man about whom they knew little and cared less; but the ringleaders used their ignorant zeal for the furthering of their own purposes.

The Prince de Joinville also had a following, but never achieved anything, owing to his bad health and loyal refusal to allow himself to be placed in the position of a party-leader.

The popular movement became daily more threatening. On June 13th, as I drove across the Place de la Concorde, my carriage was suddenly surrounded, and just escaped being overturned, to serve as a barricade. I was rescued by a squadron of dragoons. The people were yelling: "À bas l'Assemblée Nationale! Vive l'Empereur! Vive Louis-Napoléon!" Others shouted: "Vive Barbès!"

Général Cavaignac (c), the recently appointed Minister of War, was shrewd and active in the exercise of his duties. His brother, Godefroy, had been a great friend of mine. He had played a leading part in July and had been several times arrested; he was condemned and imprisoned at Sainte-Pélagie. He escaped thence by a subterranean passage and made his way to England. He was a noble, warm-

hearted fellow, full of quixotic ideals. He dreamed of a Republic served by disinterested men, who should have no private ends or ambitions to satisfy. He died ten years too soon, worn out by toil and privation, but in the full enjoyment of his illusions. His brother shared his views, but possessed a more accurate knowledge of life. He was punished in some degree for his opinions by being sent to fill a distant post in Algiers, but was rapidly promoted to be Governor-General, and, a few days afterwards, Minister of War at home. He declined office at first, being well aware that in revolutionary times no stability can be expected; men are thrown aside as soon as they have served the temporary purpose of the demagogues. Also, being acclimatised to Algeria, familiar with the habits and customs of the country, and in the enjoyment of a leading position, he would have preferred to remain where he was. The new appointment was, however, confirmed, and he regretfully set out for Paris. The insurrection of June 23d <sup>1</sup> placed him at once at the head of affairs. Thus, twice over Cavaignac reached supremacy against his will: he was practically banished to Algeria, and became General-in-Chief; then forcibly removed to Paris, and became head of the executive power.

The gatherings of the mob, which had never been a serious menace, ceased almost entirely in the latter

<sup>1</sup> On June 22d the Assembly passed a decree ordering a certain number of the employés in the national workshops to be enlisted as soldiers; if they refused they were to lose their places. This edict caused an immediate and sanguinary revolt of the operatives.—*Publisher's note.*

half of the month of June. We were just beginning to flatter ourselves that the situation was becoming more settled, when suddenly, on Friday the 23d, at five o'clock in the morning, without any previous warning, the troops were mobilised. The Garde Nationale stood to arms without the slightest inkling of the reason why. They were not left long in ignorance. Presently we heard that barricades were being hastily thrown up in the streets. At ten o'clock the first shot was fired in the Rue Saint-Jacques. So little was the gravity of the position apprehended, that at mid-day, when I was in the Court of Assize, placidly giving evidence in a case of forgery, we were startled by the sound of a cannon fired only a few yards from the windows. The President promptly dissolved the sitting, and we hurried out of the Court. On reaching the street I was amazed at the change which had been effected in the aspect of the city during the two hours I had spent in the Law Courts. Agitation was in the air; the beating of drums, the galloping of troops, were bewildering. Absurd reports were circulated. Pretenders were supposed to be pulling the wires from behind the scenes. I met Général Cavaignac on the Quai de l'Horloge, and was struck by the determination and calmness of his bearing. The mob realised at once that here was a strong man, and broke into shouts of: "Vive le Général Cavaignac! À bas les anarchistes!"

By Saturday, June 24th, the roaring of cannon was deafening. It continued practically without cessation until the 26th. I saw several Representatives wearing their badges of office, and proclaiming to the people the measures decided by the Assembly:



namely, concentration of the executive power in the hands of Général Cavaignac; adoption by the Republic of the widows and orphans of Gardes Nationaux killed in action; resignation of the members of the Executive Committee. These were received with hearty applause. A few susceptibilities were wounded by this virtual proclamation of martial law, but it was welcomed by all upholders of peace and order. Henceforth Paris presented the aspect of a city in a state of siege: troops, cannon, military posts, sentries at every street corner gave the impression of one vast camp or bivouac. Ordinary traffic was stopped, and it was difficult to make one's way about. On Monday the 26th, I was repeatedly stopped on my medical round, and searched to ascertain whether I carried arms or ammunition. I was asked:

"What is your official business?"

"Inspection of the Field Hospitals of the tenth *arrondissement*."

"Can you furnish proof of this?"

"Certainly, if you will accompany me to the nearest Field Hospital."

"Go on then, Doctor, and do your best for our poor fellows."

Field hospitals had been set up in every direction. Everybody was eager to take in wounded men; but in order to maintain efficient supervision the wounded were concentrated in general hospitals, or, failing room, in buildings appertaining to the State. No arrangements had been made for such an emergency; neither beds, nor dressings, nor bandages were at hand, but the needs of the sick soldiers appealed strongly to public sympathy. Mattresses, quilts,

sheets, linen, cooking utensils were brought in quantities to the temporary hospitals. Women of all classes set to work to shred lint and cut bandages and compresses. Broth, wine, and medical comforts were provided. Our own *arrondissement* supported four such ambulances, accommodating from three to four hundred men. All the wounds were caused by fire-arms. Thirty or forty of our patients were insurgents; the rest belonged to the regular troops. This disproportion lasted until the barricades were seized; afterwards the number of wounded insurgents became very much greater. Curiously, although the insurgents were quite as carefully tended as the others, the mortality among them was higher. The reason may have been that they were more excited, wilder, fiercer, while the professional soldiers were usually perfectly calm and collected, proud of having shed their blood for their country. They were grateful for the care lavished upon them, and treated the insurgents who lay in the neighbouring beds with consideration. At all the hospitals the experience was the same. I must admit that after a few days spent in hospital the insurgents altered very much under the influences surrounding them; their speech and manners softened, their countenances became less aggressively ferocious; some even shed tears and expressed their gratitude. These changes are often observed in cases of prolonged illness.

On the 26th the Mayor of the tenth *arrondissement* proclaimed publicly that the Faubourg Saint-Antoine was in the possession of the military, and that fighting was over. The announcement was greeted with cheers.

The streets had almost returned to their normal condition by the following day, June 27th, but troops still mounted guard at the principal centres of disturbance. My heart bled at sight of the havoc wrought by the four days' fighting. The streets respectively named Saint-Jacques, Saint-Martin, Saint-Antoine, and the Faubourg du Temple were practically wrecked: doors, windows, shop-fronts smashed; houses blown to bits by bombs, or riddled with bullets; pavements torn up, blood spattered in patches or choking up the gutters; ruin, destruction on every side.

The front of the Panthéon sustained grievous damage: David d'Angers's glorious carvings were badly mutilated.

The thoroughfares were compact with people, and almost suggested a public holiday. The crowds rejoiced to be able to circulate freely, mournful though the aspect of the closed shutters was.

Paris preserved her military aspect for the space of a fortnight. The approaches to the *Chambre* resembled a fortified camp: barricades, trenches, met the eye; gunners stood to their guns with port-fires alight. The same aspect reigned in the adjacent streets and quays.

These bivouacs were very picturesque. The soldiers had improvised huts and tents, and carried on every detail of domestic and private life in public. They could be observed washing, shaving, cutting each other's hair, preparing meals, supervising field-kitchens.

After the 25th, country battalions of the *Garde Nationale* began to march in to the assistance of their Parisian comrades. They were heartily wel-

comed. The town men were uniformed and equipped, while the country men wore blouses or working dress; but the military bearing, regular marching, and wide-awake demeanour of the latter bore ample witness to the fact that they had all previously worn the uniforms of the regular army. Their readiness to assist the cause of law and order, and their determination to stand no nonsense, produced a decided moral effect. The insurgent leaders were dismayed; loyal men realised that the arrival of disciplined troops from the outlying portions of the country would prove the death-blow of the Revolution. The relieving force was destined to sacrifice many brave fellows to the cause, but it achieved the ruin of the disgraceful party which called itself *the people*, while in reality it was composed of the scum of the back streets.

On Wednesday, June 28th, I was at last able to get to a house belonging to me in the Rue Daval, the back dormer windows of which overlook the Bastille.

The porter had had the foresight to cover them over with planks; he thus saved the house from destruction, for the three adjoining houses were either pulled down or blown up with bombs. They were still burning on the 28th. My tenants, poor working folk, told me that only a few genuine inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine had taken part in the fighting, and those only when forced to do so. On the nights of the 23d and 24th of June a troop of some two or three thousand fellows from other parts of the city had invaded the principal streets of the Faubourg, thrown up barricades, commandeered food

and drink, and taken possession of the houses. In the course of my walk through these desolate regions I came across many placards posted on walls and shop-fronts: "Death to thieves! Beware of pick-pockets!"

The news of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris caused a profoundly sorrowful sensation. He was universally esteemed. I witnessed his removal on a covered stretcher from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to the Episcopal Palace. The utmost concern was shown. People knelt as he was carried by, soldiers presented arms, colours were dipped, drums beaten. I admit that, like many others, I wept.

The Archbishop was killed by the insurgents. Yet the genuine sorrow they exhibited, the energy with which they protested that the fatal shot had not been fired by any of them, their anxiety on his behalf, proved that some among them still possessed hearts. Docteur Mazet, who was on the spot at the fatal moment, told me it was impossible to describe the deference shown to the venerable prelate when he arrived at the barricade, nor the despair expressed by the insurgents when he was seen to fall. They pressed around the Abbé Jacquemet (since, Bishop of Nantes), who accompanied the Archbishop, seizing his hands, and protesting: "If we only knew which is the murderer, he would be a dead man by now!"

I went, with the rest, to see the lying-in-state of the Archbishop at the hotel he had occupied at Saint-Louis.<sup>1</sup> Military men lauded his courage and cool-

<sup>1</sup> The Archbishop's quarters were Hôtel Chenizeau, 51 Rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Île.

ness, zealous Catholics called him a second Saint-Denis, pastor and martyr.

I had known the Archbishop of Paris extremely well in the days when he was only the Abbé Affre (A). I used to spend at least one evening a week with him. He was a man of deep learning, and one of the hardest workers I ever met. He was fond of conversation, and talked well in congenial society. Although marred by a strong Southern accent, his diction was fluent and remarkably correct. In public speaking, however, these qualities disappeared; he stammered and grew involved and wordy. He was so well aware of his weakness that he hardly ever mounted the pulpit.

Frédéric Schopin, one of our most distinguished painters, once told me that when, on the 24th of June, he attacked a barricade at the head of his company, he suddenly found himself isolated among the insurgents. They fell upon him, dragged him away, disarmed him, and tore his uniform off his back. He was on the point of being shot when he caught sight of a superior-looking man, writing at a desk placed in the street. He hailed him and said:

“Surely a man should not be condemned without a hearing!”

“Well, and who are you?”

“Schopin, the historical painter.”

“Married?”

“Yes, and father of four children, who must starve if I am taken from them.”

“No harm shall come to you. You shall be kept here, a prisoner, and your wife shall be informed of your safety.”

A few moments later the barricade was captured and Schopin regained his liberty.

Madame Lemaire was head-mistress of a young ladies' seminary in Rue Culture-Sainte-Catherine, which unfortunately happened to be situated in the very centre of the fighting. Sixty of her pupils had been withdrawn by their parents, but there were still forty under her care when, on the 24th of June, her house was invaded by the rebels. Addressing the one who appeared to be their leader, she said:

"I beg of you to spare my house. I confide my pupils to your honour. It should be your duty to protect them."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be hurt, I swear it on my honour. I will give orders to that effect. Only, you must feed us."

"Everything I can afford is at your disposal. I can also offer two large rooms for your wounded."

"Thank you, but we have only dead men."

The chief's orders were strictly obeyed, and the house was left undisturbed.

Armand Marrast was President of the Assemblée Constituante during the greater part of its duration. He incurred enmity by his arrogance. He was jokingly called, Marquis de Marrast. I often attended sittings of the Assembly. It is impossible to describe the noise, commotion, and general disorder of the scene. The shouting and quarrelling were deafening. M. Marrast, sitting in the Presidential chair, glared through his enormous glasses, and occasionally rang his bell, to call the members to order. Sometimes long habit as a schoolmaster overcame him, and he

would address them as if they were obstreperous boys. Once when I was present he shouted :

"Silence! Monsieur de La Rochejaquelein, you are disturbing us."

"I will not do so again, sir," replied M. de La Rochejaquelein.

The Capuchin monks settled in Paris in 1848. The Father Superior of the monastery, Father Ambroise (A), was the first to show himself in the streets wearing the monastic habit. This happened about the month of November. He bore without flinching the sneers, smiles, and shrugged shoulders his appearance excited. Presently a gentleman stopped him and exclaimed :

"It is hardly credible that a man should make such a guy of himself in the year 48 of the nineteenth century. It is simply scandalous—it is an outrage offered to the Revolution!"

"Who are you, sir, and how dare you address me in this manner?"

"I am the chief editor of the newspaper *Le Pro-létaire*, a friend of the Revolution and of Liberty."

"It is in the name of Liberty that I claim the right to clothe myself as I please."

"Faith, yes. You are perfectly right. Liberty for everybody!"

And with a hearty handshake to the Capuchin, he went his way.



## CHAPTER IX

### THE PRESIDENCY OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON

THE Swiss General, Dufour, who earned for himself a European reputation by his gallant conduct at the head of the Federal Army in the war against the *Sonderbund*, was a man of great learning, a good talker, and a wise thinker. I saw something of him in 1848 at the time of the elections, and our conversation naturally turned on Louis-Napoleon: "People who make light of his intellect and learning," said he, "do not know him as I do. He has been under my command, and I have spent several months in his company; I am in a position to state that, if not actually a genius, Louis-Napoleon is a man of no ordinary attainments: he is cultivated, high-minded, and warm-hearted. Whatever may be the future in store for him, I feel certain that he will meet with far greater appreciation than has hitherto fallen to his share!"

My friend and neighbour, the poet Barthélemy, was asked to write some verses in support of Louis-Napoleon's candidature. Before consenting, he asked to see the Prince, and was invited to pay him a visit at an hotel in the Place Vendôme. Barthélemy told me the same evening that he had found him a remarkable man in every way: "I confess I was unfavour-

ably disposed towards him," he continued. "His two absurd expeditions to Strasburg and Boulogne had gravely prejudiced me against him; but he has completely dissipated my previous opinions."

Louis-Napoleon succeeded in gaining the sympathies of all those with whom he was brought into contact. Even his political enemies were brought to realise that the words Général Dufour had spoken in his praise were true.

On the 10th of December, 1848, the election of the President of the Republic took place. People were perturbed and anxious. Excited groups filled the streets, eagerly weighing the respective chances of Louis-Napoleon, Cavaignac, and Ledru-Rollin. The walls were placarded with the posters of the various candidates. Pamphlets were handed about. In the theatres papers were thrown from the galleries into the body of the house, drowning the audience in a sea of white. It was painful to witness the bitterness and acrimony with which the fight was conducted. Wherever one appeared the question was first asked: "For whom do you intend to vote?" and according to the answer one's reception was cordial or frigid.

The fanaticism displayed by the *Invalides* for Louis-Napoleon was beyond belief. Dœnzer (D), chief dispenser of the institution, told me that on the 9th of December, the day before the election, an *Invalide* exclaimed that he could see Napoleon in the moon, which happened to be very bright that night. Hundreds of *Invalides* thronged round him, and agreed excitedly that the idolised image was indeed visible. Their quavering old voices shouted, "Hurrah! Vive Napoleon!" Nowadays the *Invalides* relate gravely

and in all good faith that Napoleon showed himself that night to his faithful old soldiers!

Louis-Napoleon seldom showed himself abroad. This gave rise to the foolish rumour that he lived in such terror of assassination that he kept himself concealed in a back room of the Elysée Palace. When he was told this, he at once began to take daily drives in an open carriage, without suite or guard. He was then accused of ostentation and seeking the plaudits of the crowd. On the 13th of February he drove thus alone to the Bourse and entered during business hours. A huge crowd collected outside to see him and shout: "Vive le Prince Louis! Vive le Président! Vive la République!" When he came out, escorted to his carriage by the stock-brokers, I found myself so immediately on his path that I could hear the whole of his conversation with them. He appeared extremely well informed on the current questions concerning finance, and expressed himself fluently and well. He had pleasant manners, and distinguished features, but looked delicate and depressed. The people had gathered in such numbers that when he tried to get to his carriage he found himself unable to move one step; he submitted good-humouredly to the pushing and hustling, and gave courteous answers to the humble questioners who seized this unforeseen opportunity of addressing him. It was very difficult to get his carriage up to the door, but he showed no sign of impatience; on the contrary, he seemed gratified at the interest manifested by the people.

M. de Cournon, a former Préfet of the Cantal, was

once invited in company with a rich proprietor of the Puy-de-Dôme to an evening reception given by Louis-Napoleon. The proprietor was a blunt countryman, frank to the verge of rudeness. Louis-Napoleon questioned him on the situation in his department, and elicited the following reply: "Out of one hundred and twenty thousand electors, you got one hundred and eighteen thousand votes. Well, you cheated us."

"How do you make that out?" asked the Prince, rather taken aback.

"Yes, I say you cheated us. We thought we were electing an Emperor, but we have got only a President."

"Sir," replied Louis-Napoleon gravely, "I beg you will not talk sedition in the presence of the President of the Republic."

My cousin, J. Dumaine (D), proprietor of the Military Library, and editor of the writings of Louis-Napoleon in his capacity of President, showed me the voluminous correspondence of the latter. His letters regarding the printing of his works give evidence of wide learning and noble feeling. He discusses science, art, and literature, but military questions are evidently those which concern him most closely.

1849. *Sunday, September 30th.*—Solemn High Mass with music at Ville d'Avray, attended by the President. He arrived in an open carriage, quite alone, plainly dressed in a frock-coat. He was received with much cheering and shouting. The priest told me the next day that he was the only man in

the church who heard Mass properly. As a matter of fact, he never took his eyes off his book; he read the service through in the most devout manner. His reply to the addresses of welcome from the mayor and the vicar was very simple: "I thank you all for your kindly reception of me. I beg for your prayers, Monsieur le Curé: I shall need them, for I have an important mission to fulfil. From God alone can I obtain the strength and understanding I shall require."

*February, 1850.*—The Comtesse de Rochefort gave me an amusing account of a conversation she had with Général Changarnier, in which she expressed her fears for the future:

"Supposing Louis-Napoleon should not be re-elected there is no one able to gain the suffrages of the people except Cavaignac, Ledru-Rollin, and yourself."

"Oh!" was the cheerful reply, "Cavaignac is impossible, and Ledru-Rollin has no chance whatever!"

*May, 1850.*—A large number of the "trees of liberty" planted in 1848 have been destroyed, by order of the Préfet de Police. This high-handed act very nearly caused serious trouble. It was a very imprudent measure. Such trees as did not impede traffic or cause inconvenience should have been left standing. After all, these trees stood to the people as symbols of Liberty, and were in many cases a great adornment to the streets.

*January 19, 1851.*—I dined to-night with Panseron (P), the composer, who is a Professor at the

Conservatoire de Musique. He told me he had met Jullien de Paris (J) several times. Jullien had formerly been Robespierre's Secretary, and had known all the leading men of the Convention and the Terror. Panseron was discussing political matters with him one day, and expressed his profound detestation of the butchers of the First Convention. He said he was thankful to feel that in the event of a Second Convention no such tyrants would be found as Robespierre, de Couthon, de Saint-Just, and others. Jullien replied with a sad smile:

"It is true, my dear friend, that as I was brought into intimate contact with the men you mention, I knew them thoroughly well. Since those days habit has led me to seek the companionship of leaders of cabals and members of secret societies; and I declare to you that if they should ever win their cause and come into power, the nation will find among them Robespierres, Collot-d'Herbois, Fouquier-Tinville by the dozen, with even fiercer characteristics than their predecessors."

*April 29, 1851.*—I have been to the Palais-Royal to see the exhibition of the Gobelins, Sèvres, and Beauvais. The handiwork of our artists is indeed beautiful. The exhibition is installed in the apartments of Louis-Philippe and his family. My heart ached at sight of the traces of the Revolution of 1848. None of the damage done then has been repaired. The marks of bullets and bayonets are still on walls, panelling, and marble pavements; mirror and picture-frames hang empty, gilding has been defaced, evidences of unreasoning fury and vandalism offend the eye everywhere. I reflected sadly, as I

walked through the exhibition, that had it been held on February 24, 1848, its priceless treasures would have met a like fate.

The Comte de Mailly said to me in 1851:

"I happened to be ill on the 24th of February, 1848; but the excitement produced in me by the Revolution was of so pleasurable a nature that I was cured in one night. I hated Louis-Philippe to such a degree that the consequences of the Revolution failed to affect me; I could only grasp the joy of his fall and banishment. My feelings remain the same. . . ." Fool! A man like that is capable of sacrificing his all, including country and fortune, for the base satisfaction of seeing his party triumphant. He is incapable of realising that Louis-Philippe stood as the barrier, delaying the inroads of the demagogue. Must we for ever be the victims of party spirit, which kills, instead of patriotism which gives life? Louis-Philippe himself is known to have said several times to his circle of intimates: "I know I am but an instrument . . . but a useful instrument, like a parachute or a lightning-conductor." He might have added: "They were lucky to get me." The thought must have occurred to him more than once.

*September, 1852.*—Professeur Fée (F) told me that when he was in Paris in September, 1851, on a holiday from Strasburg, he went to pay a visit to Général Magnan, whom he had known somewhat intimately when the latter was commanding at Strasburg, before he was appointed to the command of the Army in Paris. After a few vague and trifling remarks,

Général Magnan introduced the subject of politics and spoke quite frankly:

“I suppose affairs are a good deal discussed at Strasburg?”

Fée bowed. . . .

“I have had several talks with the President. I have done my best to impress upon him that his strength lies in following the absolute letter of the law. I have urged that his position is unassailable so long as he maintains the strict Constitution, but that if he takes one step beyond it he is lost; the Army, which is at present entirely loyal, would instantly desert him, and he could no longer rely upon me. . . .”

On the 2d of December following this conversation Général Magnan was the moving spirit of the *coup d'état*. A few months afterwards the President had become Emperor, and the General was Maréchal Magnan.

*October 12, 1852.*—Paris is in a state of excitement over the reception of Louis-Napoleon. His route has been altered. Under the original arrangement he was to have proceeded direct from the Orléans station to Notre-Dame for the solemn chanting of the *Te Deum*, thence to the Pont d'Austerlitz, and on to the Tuileries by way of the Boulevards and the Place Vendôme. Now it appears that there will be no *Te Deum*, and he is to proceed to the Tuileries along the Place Royale and the Place de la Concorde. Fifteen or twenty triumphal arches are in course of erection, the statues in the Tuileries are being cleaned, and gravel is being laid on the paths; hundreds of workmen are busy renovating both the exterior and



the interior of the Palace; strangers are arriving by every train. Stands are being constructed, and windows along the route of the procession are letting for fabulous sums.

*October 15th.*—I have been all round the Boulevards. There are twelve triumphal arches, besides Venetian masts, garlands of flowers, etc. Shops selling flags, banners, oriflammes, have been absolutely emptied of their goods. The inscriptions and devices are all designed to do honour to the Empire, Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. The Opéra and the Opéra Comique have even resumed their former designations: Académie Impériale de Musique, Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra-Comique.

*October 16th.*—Entry of the President, Louis-Napoleon. Magnificent weather. The crowds began moving towards the Boulevards at daybreak. All the houses on the line of procession had been previously systematically searched, and names of proprietors and lodgers noted. The former were warned that they would be held responsible for the good conduct of the latter.

Permission had been granted for the erection of platforms on the Boulevards, on condition that the seats were allocated, free of charge, to responsible persons. The theatres of the Boulevard du Temple put up an enormous one, on which my wife and I occupied two excellent front places. A police functionary came and made a sort of inspection of the seat-holders. They consisted chiefly of theatrical managers, their wives, families, and complete staffs; actors, actresses, ticket-collectors, scene-shifters, etc.

The crowd was immense. The centre of the causeway was reserved exclusively for deputations from the various corporations of workmen. Those belonging to public employment, such as Government engineering works and the like, were ordered to provide themselves with banners, and to place themselves in prominent positions; thus from the road-sweepers, sewer-men, scavengers, to the clerks in the national printing-works, all were represented, and numbered upwards of sixty thousand men, or rather men and women, for several of the corporations consisted of women. The "*dames des halles et marchés*,"<sup>1</sup> acting on orders received, had, by levying one franc per head, raised a sum of nearly fifteen hundred francs for the purchase of banners, scarfs, and flowers. They marched in good order and kept their places well.

The President arrived on the Boulevards at half-past three. He sat his horse gracefully. All the corporations preceding, following, and marching alongside of him, shouted at regular intervals, at a given signal: "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon!*" The ladies in the tribune near me also cried shrilly, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" But the watchful crowd thronging pavements, windows, and platforms, and the battalions of the Garde Nationale remained silent. The applause proceeded exclusively from the serried ranks of the corporations. It was a case of cheering by order, deputations by order, triumphal arches by order, subscriptions by order.

The President had with much shrewdness contrived to separate himself from the galaxy of general officers who had formally received him at the Orléans

<sup>1</sup> Women from the fish and provision markets.

railway station. He marched alone, ten or twelve paces behind, and ahead of the escort of officers. He held his hat in his hand and bowed continually to right and left.

From noon until five o'clock the regimental bands of all the troops quartered in Paris played the tunes of Queen Hortense:

Partant pour la Syrie . . .

. . . . .

Vous me quittez pour voler à la gloire;  
Mon faible cœur suivra partout vos pas.  
Allez, volez au Temple de la Gloire,  
Distinguez-vous, mais ne m'oubliez pas!

On my way home, about five o'clock, I saw groups of people reading placards newly posted up. I joined one of them, and saw a Decree of the President reducing the dues on introducing salt pork and smoked bacon into Paris from twenty francs to ten. The word DECREE, in large capital letters, drew all eyes. Working men laughed and mocked at it.

In the evening all public buildings were magnificently illuminated. Few private houses followed suit.

This day of rejoicing was one of the gayest Paris had ever seen: the President, who could only judge from appearances, must have been well satisfied. I must admit that the dissentients, who would have preferred a President to an Emperor, were quite ready to agree that the Government of Louis-Napoleon was the only one which offered a fair prospect of peace and comfort.

Immediately after his entry into Paris, Louis-Napoleon settled at Saint-Cloud, a spot he has always been fond of. He used to spend part of the day at Villeneuve-l'Étang. This is a country house he had recently purchased; it stands in a park of about three hundred acres, separated from that of Saint-Cloud only by a boundary wall. The Duchesse d'Angoulême bought it from Maréchal Soult in 1820 for 400,000 francs and refurnished it. She spent many summer days there, to the great annoyance of Louis XVIII., who called it a toad's nest, and complained of its damp situation. She was obliged to part with it in 1830, and sold it to Comte Decazes, reserving the right of redemption. The sale was afterwards made absolute, for the sum of 380,000 francs. From 1830 the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême adopted the title of Comte and Comtesse de Marnes, the district in which Villeneuve-l'Étang is situated, and were called by it for the remainder of their lives. The President paid 1,100,000 francs for the place, although the lands outside the park were not included in the sale. The wall dividing Saint-Cloud from Villeneuve-l'Étang was pulled down to throw the two parks into one. Hundreds of labourers were employed about the grounds and in remodeling the buildings. The contractor entrusted with the work was a M. Lefort; he was granted quarters in one of the lodges at the park gates, on the Marnes side.

*November.*—Horace Vernet has just left Paris to end his days at Algiers. He is wrongly supposed to be acting from caprice. I, however, know the real reason of his exile. After a great review in 1850

the President desired Horace Vernet to paint a picture to immortalise it. A few days ago he went to the studio to inspect the painting. When he saw that the artist had placed Général Changarnier by his side, he frowned angrily:

“Monsieur Vernet, paint out that figure, please!”

The painter bowed in silence. But, as soon as the President had departed, he hacked the picture to pieces.

Three days later he shook the dust of France from his feet.

*Monday, November 22.*—I have been out to vote for the Empire, in vile weather. There were men in every street distributing voting tickets. Between the Boulevard Montmartre and the Institut I met at least fifty, who all pressed cards into my hand, having the word “yes” inscribed on them. Nobody would have dared to offer a “no.” These printed voting tickets seem to me to be prejudicial to the freedom of the ballot. The walls of Paris were covered with placards of all sizes and colours, as in the old bad days; they all bore the three words: “Choose my bear.” There was a complete absence of control over the voters. One had merely to show one’s card; no attempt was made to establish identity.

M. de Saint-Marsault, the Préfet de Seine-et-Oise, received an invitation to be present at the Palace of Saint-Cloud when the Crown was offered to Prince Louis-Napoleon. Two or three people were gathered in the drawing-room about seven o’clock. The Senate was expected at eight.

“I have something to show you,” remarked the

President. "The book I hold in my hand was thrown into my carriage at the time of my journey to Marseilles, two months ago. The passage I am going to read to you was heavily underlined. It is the speech delivered at the Tribunal when the Imperial dignity was offered to Bonaparte, the First Consul."

He then read the speech aloud, and afterwards added:

"It is more than probable that the one we are about to listen to will be a repetition of this, considering the similarity between the two periods, if not between the two men."

The Senate was announced. The speech, which had not been submitted for approval, was exactly as Louis-Napoleon had foretold.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On December 1, 1852, M. Mesnard presented the homage and congratulation of the Senate to Louis-Napoleon at Saint-Cloud.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SECOND EMPIRE

#### (DIARY)

*Thursday, December 2d.*—Dull, rainy weather. I went to Saint-Cloud to see the departure of Louis-Napoleon for Paris. Following his proclamation as Emperor last night at Saint-Cloud, he was going to take possession of the Tuileries. He was mounted, and rode as usual, alone, in front of the escort. The cheering of the crowd was not so enthusiastic as I had expected. I thought he looked dejected and ill, and people standing near me made audible remarks to the same effect. He did not raise his hat, but acknowledged the salutes of the people with a movement of the hand. Vast throngs had turned out to do him honour, and pleasurable excitement was written in every countenance. I neither heard nor saw a dissentient word or gesture.

*December 10th.*—The Marquis de B——, though a *Légitimiste* in name, wasted no opportunity of currying favour with Louis-Philippe. He has now transferred his attentions to Louis-Napoleon, and received the reward of being made a Senator.

*January, 1853.*—The marriage of the Emperor is the universal topic of conversation. Napoleon III.

has only known the Señora Eugenia Montijo one or two months at the most, but is madly in love with her. She accompanied him to Compiègne, and it was there that he first broached the question of marriage. Her mother, Comtesse Montijo, a very shrewd woman, received his demand with becoming dignity, and successfully concealed her gratification. I heard a gentleman whom I do not know say: "That is a clever woman! She never let her daughter out of her sight for one moment. She watched her with lynx eyes." A lady said to me: "He is marrying like any ordinary lieutenant in a Line Regiment."

One must be cautious about believing the many rumours current about the marriage. As usual, people are more inclined to be censorious than indulgent. It should be remembered that the future Empress is well known in the best Parisian society, and is universally beloved for her good looks, charming manners, and kindness. She is also said to be skilful in out-of-door pursuits: rides well, can shoot at a mark, fence, and do gymnastics like an athlete.

*February 1st.*—I met the Emperor and Empress to-day on their way to inspect the factory at Sèvres. It was the first time I had seen the Empress; she is extremely pretty, and looks kind and gracious. They were driving alone together in an open carriage, sitting in the opposite corners of the seat in a way which seemed to me rather distant for a couple not forty-eight hours wedded.

*March, 1853.*—I spent an hour to-day with M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. He talked a good deal of his mission to Rome in 1849, and gave me the two pam-



phlets he published about it: "I was made a fool of. I was sent as an envoy to the Roman Republic, although it was not acknowledged by my country.<sup>1</sup> Général Oudinot was in the secret, but I was not. His instructions and mine were diametrically opposed. Mine were that I was to conciliate the Republic, and make friendly overtures; his that he was to proceed to hostilities at once. I was, of course, the scape-goat. But time will show that the part assigned to me was the wise one: it was to exhort the republican triumvirate to use moderation, but at the same time to seize every opportunity for introducing reform into the Papal Government. Instead of this the Republic was destroyed by big guns, and the Pope restored to power and his antiquated policy."

*April 2d.*—Yesterday, Friday, I saw Ponsard's comedy, *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, played at the Odéon. It was received with frantic applause. The Emperor and Empress came in about nine o'clock for the second act. The Emperor seemed delighted with the piece. He listened attentively, and frequently

<sup>1</sup> The revolutionary wave which broke over Europe in 1848 was severely felt in Rome. A violent tumult was raised; the Prime Minister, Count Rossi, was assassinated, and the Pope, Pius IX., who had shown himself strongly in favour of reform, was forced to fly to Gaeta. A Revolutionary Government was established in Rome, which decreed the deposition of the Pope, and declared a Republic. The Pope made an appeal to all Roman Catholic nations for assistance. Louis-Napoleon decided to come to his aid, and an expeditionary force under Général Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia on April 25, 1849. After a severe check at the hands of Garibaldi, the Republican commander, the French troops occupied Rome in July.—*Publisher's note.*

applauded. I think he has grown stouter. His face almost disappears behind a forest of moustache and "imperial." The Empress is charming as ever: pretty, gracious, distinguished; she is a most attractive woman. She was rather absent, and evidently enjoyed looking at the people more than watching the play. Between the acts the Emperor left his place and sat behind the Empress's chair; they chatted with their faces so close together that I expected to see them kissing at any moment. Nobody really clapped them except the hired "claque."

*October.*—I went to see the improvements at Ville-neuve-l'Etang. The property is now one with that of Saint-Cloud, and makes a sort of Trianon. The chapel and some other buildings have been pulled down. The house is refurnished and decorated in excellent taste; the beds are old-fashioned four-posters, with curtains all round. I saw several books lying about in the Emperor's room—they were mostly treatises on artillery, the science of war, agriculture, etc. Pictures by contemporary artists hang on the walls. The Emperor is very fond of the place; he looks upon Saint-Cloud as a mere official residence.

Opposite the house an enormous chalet has been built for the accommodation of the servants. The ground-floor is used as a model dairy. There is also a sheepfold.

The grounds are lovely; green lawns, lakes, rare shrubs, fine old trees, and wooded glens delight the eye.

The place used to be very damp, but it has been successfully drained. Trees have been cut down, and

lovely views opened out. The Emperor has superintended the work in person; he thoroughly understands building and landscape gardening. Mathieu, the head gardener, told me he was amazed at the extent of his knowledge.

He is always calm and cool. The most animated discussion produces no change in his expression; even his voice and gestures remain unmoved. He dislikes the sight of new faces about him. Indeed, he carries this fad so far that, after he had been a few days at Villeneuve-l'Étang, and had become accustomed to the countenances of the men composing the guard, he declined to have them changed. They have been there six months instead of being relieved once a week as usual. When a bit of work is begun he cannot rest until it is completed. Additional hands must be put on, and they must work overtime. Thus all the improvements were carried out as if by magic.

*November, 1853.*—People are talking more than ever about the death of Général Cornemuse (c). Several versions of his mysterious end are given. I will relate one, without in any way vouching for its accuracy.

They say there was an extremely compromising letter written by Louis-Napoléon to Général de Saint-Arnaud, which Général Cornemuse had been requested to recover. The letter, dated December 2, 1851, gave the order to crush the insurrection, *even at the cost of exterminating Paris*. Cornemuse was directed to accept whatever conditions Saint-Arnaud chose to impose. But Saint-Arnaud absolutely declined to part with the letter. He said:

“I know Magnan gave up his, but I shall not be

such a fool. It is a guarantee for my own safety, and I shall never let it go out of my hands."

Cornemuse argued and insisted. There was a duel; Cornemuse died of a sword-wound, and Saint-Arnaud spent a month at Hyères "for the good of his health."

*January 13, 1854.*—Went to the Mint. No silver has been coined for the last two months. Gold arrives in quantities large enough for the coining of a million a day, but no bars of silver are delivered at all. For the first time in my life I saw machines worked by steam manufacturing the coins with great rapidity and precision. The former system of stamping required the efforts of twelve men to start the coining press, and even then the labour was so severe that the sweat poured off them.

*June, 1854.*—The Abbé Sauce has just expired at the age of ninety-seven. His mother was fifty when he was born, and had a daughter aged thirty-two, married to Hubert Robert, the painter who was lost for two whole days in the Catacombs at Rome. This daughter signed her name Sauce-Robert. I was intimately acquainted with the Abbé Sauce for a space of thirty years. He was witty, and prodigiously well-read, and was in addition original and eccentric beyond description. In 1793 two of his relations had the misfortune to be condemned to death for writing and receiving two letters which at any other period would have seemed quite harmless. As a result of this calamity the Abbé made up his mind never to write or receive a letter. He kept his resolution for sixty years. His immense literary learning stopped at

1789: anything later was simply non-existent in his estimation. The classics, both Greek and Latin, the Fathers of the Church, the great French writers down to the middle of the eighteenth century, sufficed for his intellectual enjoyment. He did, however, condescend to read *Le Génie du Christianisme*, but was only moderately satisfied with it. This complete absence of modernity in his mind imparted a curious pungency to his conversation. It was like talking across a century.

A certain English newspaper started the rumour that the physicians of Paris hospitals were in the habit of *getting rid* of hopelessly old and infirm patients, or of hastening their exit from this world by means of poison. Even people of position and education have ventured to make this monstrous accusation in my presence. I had a very simple answer to the charge. Boieldieu, so well known to fame, said to me one day:

“My dear Doctor, you may say what you like, but you will never convince me——”

“Dear Maëstro,” I replied, “will you accompany me to-morrow morning on my round at the Salpêtrière?”

He agreed to do so, and the next day early he arrived at my house with another celebrated composer, his friend Cherubini. I took them straight to the ward devoted to that loathsome class of patient called “gâteuses.” So wonderfully managed are the sanitation and ventilation that although about one hundred of these repulsive old creatures lie there, one’s first impression on going in is of cheerful comfort and cleanliness. Every bed has its occupant,

some of whom have been there for thirty years, and all of whom are over seventy.

“Well, gentlemen, you see for yourselves that we do not poison our incurables. I can take you to see the idiots, crétins, epileptics, homicidal maniacs; we have three or four hundred of them on the premises. The population of this Hospital for Incurables numbers upwards of five thousand female paupers. If I were to show it to you in detail, you would see the very dregs of humanity in its most degraded and revolting aspect. The male side is quite as melancholy as this. Now, not only do we *not* poison them, but every one of these terrible cases is carefully nursed and tended. Ninety-nine out of a hundred are more comfortable here than they have ever been before in their lives.”

My two visitors grasped me cordially by the hand and hurried away without a word, leaving me to complete my round.

*December, 1854.*—I have been to the *Musée des Souverains* at the Louvre. A most curious collection has been formed of the possessions of men who have reigned over France. One piece of furniture interested me especially—the roll-top writing-table used by Louis-Philippe at the Tuileries in 1848. One of the drawers is missing, the others have been forced; the lock and roll-top are smashed; all the desks, chests, and cupboards in the Tuileries were treated thus—smashed and rifled of their contents, gold, silver, jewels, plate, papers, linen. The pillage was indeed thorough.

*January 9, 1855.*—I saw the detachments of the

Garde Impériale, selected for service in the Crimea, reviewed to-day. They were mustered on the Carrousel, previous to marching to Marseilles for embarkation to the seat of war. They looked cheery, and proud of being allowed to share the fate of our unfortunate men before Sebastopol. Many people assembled to see them march off, but there was a spirit of sadness in the air.

The Garde Impériale is a fine body of men, but the raising of the regiment was very unpopular. Many regrettable incidents happened in connection with it.

*January, 1855.*—I saw Emile Zédé (z) to-day. He has lately been transferred from Constantinople to Paris. He was orderly-officer to Amiral Hamelin, on board the *Ville-de-Paris* before Sebastopol. On the 14th of last November he had both legs smashed during the bombardment by the combined fleets. His condition seemed so grave that the Admiral and the ship's surgeon, in consultation, agreed to delay amputation on account of his exhausted state. It was a rare piece of luck for him, for both limbs mended, and, beyond a slight limp, he bears no outward trace of his terrible injuries.

He tells me that the blundering of the English administration of Army affairs is beyond belief. Naval management also leaves much to be desired. He also says that the consumption of provisions by the British soldiers is about three times that of the French. They are prodigious eaters, those English, and dainty at that!

*Thursday, February 22, 1855.*—I was present at the reception of Berryer at the Académie Française.

He has been elected to the vacant seat of M. de Saint-Priest (s). He spoke eloquently. Alluding to the various periods of literary revival in France, he said: "Napoleon, in whose service France poured forth her blood and squandered her fortune, receiving for reward nought but despotism," etc. The hall vibrated with the clamour of frantic applause. Princesse Mathilde endeavoured to seem unconscious of his meaning. Berryer was clever enough to retain his position without denying his dynastic opinions; he remained ever faithful to the L<sup>é</sup>gitimiste party. He half read, half recited his speech from memory. Holding his manuscript in one hand and his glasses in the other, he was slightly hampered in his movements, stammered when his memory failed, searching the paper eagerly for a lost sentence. I have heard him to much greater advantage in the tribune, when he was sure of himself and his subject and able to speak without notes.

M. De Salvandy replied. His hollow voice and lisp made it difficult to follow him. It was a great strain upon his hearers. He also gave a generous appreciation of the life and works of M. de Saint-Priest. He spoke of Louis-Philippe, whom, he said, history would exalt as one of the best kings France ever had. "During the twenty years I was privileged to enjoy his intimate friendship," he cried, "I never saw him other than absorbed in the welfare of his country; France was the love of his life, the object of his every thought." The entire audience applauded this panegyric with transport.

*March, 1855.*—I have just published a small volume of poems called *Les moments perdus*. In a de-



dication addressed to my friends and colleagues, I wrote: "I dispense you from either acknowledging this little work, thanking me for it, reading it, or even discussing it with me."<sup>1</sup>

*Monday, July 2, 1855.*—I happened to be in the Montmartre cemetery when the funeral of Mme. Emile de Girardin arrived there. I had known her before her marriage, when she was beginning to make her maiden name of Delphine Gay (G) known in the literary world. I met her in 1825 at the wedding of my cousin, Gaultier-Laguionie, and danced with her. Her obsequies were attended by all the men of note both in the literary and the artistic world. I was much struck by the change in Alexandre Dumas. I had not seen him for some years: his features have become absolutely African. Even his locks in turning grey seem woollier and more frizzled than ever. Jules Janin said a few appropriate words. Mme. de Girardin has left a blank which will not easily be filled.

*January 25, 1856.*—I have been to the funeral of the Vicomte d'Arlincourt; the Légitimiste party was well represented. He was a kind-hearted man, and did much good with his large fortune; but the success of his two sorry novels turned his head. His vanity, or rather literary conceit, was colossal: he frankly placed himself at the head of the writers of the nineteenth century, and was convinced that every one shared his opinion. This little foible, how-

<sup>1</sup> This unusual dedication, which begins "*Très chers*," is reprinted in the 2d edition (Paris, impr. Cosse et Dumaine, 1860, in-12, 124 pp.).

ever, in no degree weakened the affection of his many devoted friends. Happening to hear one day that a signature of Chateaubriand had sold for one hundred francs, while one of his own only fetched five francs, he exclaimed: "Can you imagine such a thing! I tell you the time will come when my signature at the foot of a receipt for rent will be worth two hundred francs!"

May 2, 1856.—M. Colson, the proprietor of the house inhabited by Lamartine—43, Rue de la Ville-l'Évêque—told me of the following speech made to him by his illustrious tenant yesterday. Lamartine wished to add an upper floor, worth fourteen hundred francs, to his lodgings, which already cost him five thousand francs. He required the additional space for offices, as he publishes and sells his own works. His magazine, *Entretiens littéraires*, already boasts of twenty thousand subscribers at twenty francs each, although only two numbers have appeared as yet. He said: "My affairs are going badly, but I am still solvent. I owe two million francs. I expect to make one this year, and, given life and health, I am certain to be free of debt in the course of the next three years. I shall then have the full enjoyment of the pension of twenty thousand francs allowed me by Turkey, my wife's income of thirty thousand francs, and my own property, which is worth at least seven hundred thousand francs. My friends urge me to realise on my property; they evidently think I manage it badly. But my own opinion is that nobody would make as much out of my estates as I do; besides which the labour on them supports at least a score of families, working contentedly for

themselves as well as for me. They would be reduced to beggary if I sold."

M. Bost (B), the author of several books on communal and departmental administration, and on justices of the peace, told me the following little anecdote. He said he was one day reading to M. de Saint-Priest, when Lamartine was announced.

"'You have come just at the right moment,' said M. de Saint-Priest. 'My friend Bost has taken compassion on my blindness, and is reading me something of yours.'"

M. Bost exclaimed that the pleasure he derived from the reading deprived him of all merit in offering it.

"'You are very kind,' answered Lamartine. 'Mine are but trivial verses. I would give half I have written to have produced one of your works on administration. I owe the whole of my knowledge of that important science to you.' And thereupon he held forth on the subject for about two hours."

I was profoundly touched by his feeling for me. I tell you this as a tribute to his amiability and generosity. People may criticise his political opinions, but nobody can fail to think him the kindest of men.

*May 8, 1856.*—I have been to see *La Bourse*, a comedy by Ponsard, which I enjoyed very much. Its name reminds me of things which may interest my readers.

Up till 1814 the business of the Stock Exchange used to be conducted in a ground-floor room of the Palais-Royal, near the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

The place was cold, damp, and ugly. Few people attended; indeed there were rarely more than a hundred to be seen. The brokers had little to do, and spent the time in gossiping. Their office was worth from thirty to forty thousand francs.

When at the time of the Restoration Louis-Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, took up his abode at the Palais-Royal, the Stock Exchange migrated temporarily to a hall in the Ministère de Finance, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne. But as business increased, the building of the Stock Exchange proper was hurried on, and in the meantime wooden premises were erected close by for the accommodation of the brokers. These remained in use three or four years. The present fine hall was much admired, but the architect was severely criticised for making it so large. Indeed, until 1835 or 1840 it was much too big for its purpose. Nowadays it is as much too small, and the question of erecting a new one is being discussed. The commissions are enormous. M. Goubie sold his rights the other day for 1,600,000 francs, and I heard him ejaculate: "If I were twenty years younger I would not have let them go at two million and a half!"

*May 29, 1856.*—One of my friends has drawn up a curious statistical return. He first read with the most meticulous care every word published by Alexandre Dumas—no light task, considering that his works number several hundreds. He then calculated that Dumas quotes thirty-six thousand persons as being his intimate friends. Needless to say, all the names are those of illustrious personages: kings, princes, high dignitaries, scientists, artists, writers.

Dumas pretends to have been on intimate terms with every one of them. Apart from this little weakness, he was strictly just and always indulgent in his criticisms, even of his enemies.

*June 11, 1856.*—I spent a portion of to-day with Florestan I. (F), Prince of Monaco, who has been my dear friend for the past forty years. His wife and mine were at school together, and have always kept up their old intimacy.

I fear the poor Prince is very ill, and cannot live much longer. He said to me: "I loathe the title of Prince. I have forbidden its use in my household and among my friends. Many absurd stories have been told about me. They say I was a 'super' at a theatre, which is partly true and partly false: I had theatrical employment for four years, but only appeared in minor parts. I was successively at the Théâtre de la Cité, the Théâtre du Marais, and the Ambigu. We played all kinds of pieces: classical, modern, melodrama, light comedy. I used to play young lovers, and was a favourite with audiences; they liked my voice and cultured intonation. I could make my points good, and above all I looked a gentleman. I played under my own name of Florestan; you will find it in old playbills, also in the newspapers of the day. I had a great many favourable notices. My passion for theatrical matters has never died out. I would have a theatre of my own to-morrow, but for the determined opposition of my family. I have been brought into contact with the leading actors of the day and have enjoyed familiar friendship with them. There are no better fellows anywhere, nor cheerier company. I have written a

great deal—memoirs, comedies, verses, travels, etc.—but somehow I have never published. After my death my successors may do what they like with the stuff. I am quite indifferent.”

These things were said at odd times, when the subjects concerned came up in conversation.

*June.*—The Prince Imperial’s baptism took place to-day. I saw what I could of it, as an ordinary spectator. Great excitement reigned, from early dawn. The ceremony was fixed for six o’clock; but soon after one, the throng of brilliant equipages carrying guests to the cathedral began making its way through the streets. The carriages were occupied almost exclusively by ladies, and so voluminous were their skirts that two would fill the whole space, leaving no room for gentlemen. Many of the latter went on foot. The ladies wore dresses cut so low that very little was left to the imagination. The Archbishop of Paris had tried in vain to prevent these unorthodox garments being worn in church; nobody listened, and he was fain to shrug his shoulders and look the other way. The stately coaches of the diplomats, high functionaries, wealthy Parisians, and distinguished foreigners invited, were gorgeously caparisoned and attended by richly liveried servants. There were sixty Court carriages; the two in which the Emperor and the Prince Imperial drove were built for the occasion and sumptuously decorated. Those of the Cardinal Legate, Princesse Stéphanie of Baden, and the members of the Imperial Family were equally grand. The Garde Impériale furnished the escort.

The Prince Imperial’s wet-nurse held him in her

arms. She is a pretty young woman, and wore the becoming costume of a Bourgogne peasant. I was amused to hear that after she had been interviewed by the Emperor and selected for the important post, she went back to her village and said to the neighbours: -

"I have agreed to go, and they have definitely chosen me; but they did not mention the question of wages, and I was afraid to do so. However, I am quite determined to have 70 francs a month, besides the usual presents for the baptism, birthday, first tooth, and so forth."

The Papal Legate, in a coach drawn by eight horses, went in a separate procession, half an hour before the Emperor. I thought the Empress looked lovelier than ever: there is something deliciously young and ingenuous about her countenance; she might be a girl of sixteen, though one knows quite well that she is thirty years old. The Emperor looked thin, tired, and ill. He is a gallant figure on a horse, but on foot, in a room, or driving, he is puny and insignificant. All eyes were fixed on Maréchal Canrobert and Maréchal Pélissier, who rode alongside the Emperor's and Empress's coach.

The streets adjoining the Tuileries, the Hôtel-de-Ville and Notre-Dame were packed with people. Balconies, windows, towers, steeples, roofs, were crowded. About a hundred stands had been built, and were let at extravagant prices: 50, 60, 100 francs for a seat. One balcony fetched 2500 francs; three windows 1000 francs.

Intense curiosity and delight in the mere spectacular aspect of the show were evinced, but no honest

enthusiasm. One heard many a biting sneer, and there was but little cheering.

*June 15th.*—The old-fashioned smoky, stinking lamps for illuminating purposes have quite gone out of fashion, and have been replaced by paper lanterns. Gas also is being used for the first time in the lighting and decorating of shops and public gardens.

*June 16th.*—I have been to see the decorations of Notre-Dame. They were carried out by a friend of mine, Alexandre Desnuelles. They are fine; still I cannot help thinking that velvet and silken draperies do not suit the severely grand lines of our cathedral. They would be more suitable in an Italian church.

*June 17, 1856.*—I started for Bordeaux. This is the first day since the floods that the line has been open the whole way between Paris and Bordeaux. I shall never forget the appearance of the country between Blois and Tours. I saw the late sites of villages left absolutely bare of houses; gaps in the railway many yards long, whence the rails had been torn and carried away; great stacks of uprooted trees; wreckage of furniture, kitchen utensils, carts, ploughs; mud and stagnant waters lying about everywhere. I have never seen such wholesale, terrible destruction.

*Wednesday, June 25th.*—I attended the funeral of Florestan I. to-day. The chief mourners were his son Charles, and a little grandson who clung to his father's hand. People are gossiping because the



“lettres de faire part” are written in the names of those two only, ignoring the three ladies of the family.

*December 24, 1856.*—I spent the evening with Rossini. Music was naturally the chief topic of conversation. I talked freely, although perhaps I ought to have contented myself with listening. About Verdi I said that, except in *Trovatore*, I had never been able to distinguish melody in any of his music. A gentleman replied: “Of course everybody knows that the majority of the public prefer a comic song to music too scientific for their understanding.”

“I am of that number,” I hastily replied.

“And so am I, my dear Doctor. But for goodness’ sake don’t let anybody go and tell Verdi that I share your opinion! Besides, comic songs are held too cheap. I know some lovely ones, with haunting melodies that I should be proud to have evolved!”

*February, 1857.*—I spent yesterday evening with M. Delaporte, a former French Consul in the East, whose son is Consul-General at Cairo. He is a dear old man of eighty-five. He accompanied the expedition to Egypt in the capacity of secretary to Général Caffarelli. Bonaparte was very fond of Caffarelli, and used to consult him and spend a good deal of time with him. Bonaparte was a delightful talker; he liked to discuss serious subjects, but did not object to noisy fun and even, on occasions, to stories in somewhat doubtful taste. M. Delaporte, who constantly made a third in these conversations, could not say enough in praise of the Napoleon Bonaparte of those days.

Seven members of that great expedition are still alive; two of them, centenarians, are at the Invalides.

Henry de Lostanges, an old boyhood friend of mine, went through the Crimean campaign, and has been giving us interesting details about it. The first year the English had nothing ready. It is impossible to conceive a more deplorable war-administration: the men had insufficient food, ammunition, clothing, camp requisites, etc. Whenever we were at hand they used to beg of our surplus, and we never refused them. Our men and they were on the best of terms. But the officers, gallant and splendid though they were in their military capacity, had that rough, almost insolent manner that distinguishes the English aristocracy. Therefore, though the two corps of officers were outwardly friendly, there existed no genuine sympathy between them. With the Russian officers it was quite otherwise. Whenever a truce occurred, for burying the dead or any other reason, they mingled with our fellows like comrades. They would shake hands, protest friendship, and say how they longed for peace. Then, when hostilities were resumed, firing began again, and they fought as hard as ever.

Canrobert was a born leader of men. His soldiers adored him, and would have followed him into the jaws of hell. He is not to blame for the hesitation and delays which have been attributed to him. His instructions from home were to temporise as much as possible, and not to risk a general action. That was the reason he begged to be replaced by the Gen-

eral who commanded his Division. He felt that a man of determination was needed. Pélissier was that, and, in addition, he managed to obtain diametrically opposed directions to those Canrobert had received. He was indeed the right man for the moment.

Général de La Motte-Rouge, who commanded a Division at the taking of Sebastopol, says that our soldiers never, at any epoch in French history, showed more bravery, coolness, and cheeriness in the midst of danger. Moreover, their ingenuity in surmounting difficulties and making the most of scant material was beyond all praise. The English were amazed at the celerity with which the French made arrangements, erected shelter, and procured whatever was needed; nor were they less surprised by their gaiety and patience under adverse circumstances.

*Saturday, February 20, 1858.*—A Requiem Mass was celebrated yesterday at the Madeleine for the repose of the soul of Lablache. The solos and concerted music were rendered by Tamburini, Zucchini, Mario, Mmes. Alboni, Grisi, etc. At the Gospel M. le Curé said: "The Mass we are celebrating is for the repose of the soul of M. Louis Lablache, who died, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, on the 23d of January last. With your permission I will quote a short anecdote which will do more to show you what he really was than any lengthy speech that I could make. A few years ago a Requiem was sung here for the great artist Chopin. Lablache gave the *Dies Iræ* sublimely. After the service he came to me in the sacristy. 'Monsieur Lablache,' I said, 'I

have never heard the *Dies Iræ* sung as you sang it to-day. It was magnificent. Such music could only have been composed by a man possessed of living faith.'

" 'Ah, Monsieur le Curé,' he replied, 'faith is also necessary for an adequate rendering. What is a man worth, without faith?' This simple expression, my dear brethren, describes Lablache better than any poor words of mine."

Lablache was of French origin. He was as amiable as he was gifted. He was very charitable, and gave wisely, which is a rarer thing. He had amassed a fine fortune. France was the country of his affection; but he possessed a lovely villa near Naples, in one of the most beautiful spots of the world. I paid him a visit there in 1852, and can never forget the glory of the scenery. He abandoned it, however, and came first to Ville d'Avray, and afterwards to Maison-Lafitte, where he built himself a charming house. He left seven children, of whom four were sons. He was sixty-two at the time of his death.

Rossini, who sat next to me, was profoundly moved. I noticed him wiping his eyes furtively.

August 10, 1858.—I went to the gates of Villeneuve-l'Étang, meaning to walk across the park to see M. Mathieu, the head gardener of Villeneuve and Saint-Cloud. To my surprise I was denied admittance, and in spite of my remonstrances was turned away. I was told that the regulations were exceedingly strict, and that no exception could be made. I believe the reason is this. The story goes that young Madame Decazes, *née* de Salignac-Fénelon, well known for her *Légitimiste* ardour, was strolling

in the park one day reading a book. Suddenly she found herself face to face with Empress Eugénie and some members of the suite. Madame Decazes, feigning not to see anybody, sailed straight on, head well in the air, eyes fixed on the page before her. The Empress said laughingly:

“That lady seems very absorbed in her book!”

Two days afterwards the Empress met Madame Decazes for the second time. The *Légitimiste* again affected not to notice her Sovereign, and kept to the middle of the path.

“Colonel!” cried the Empress to an officer of the suite, “pray push that woman out of the way, and then conduct her to the gate and have her turned out!”

Madame Decazes, white with anger and mortification, was forced to step to one side, and to submit to the indignity of being escorted to the gate and bowed out. The same evening the Decazes family received notice that permission to walk in the park was withdrawn. The Emperor, who is away at Plombières, signified his approbation of the Empress’s conduct.

*March, 1863.*—On Tuesdays, when lectures are given at the Académie de Médecine, there is always a long line of carriages in the Rue des Saints-Pères. Some of them are drawn by a pair of horses. In the old days M. Portal was the only doctor who drove two horses. Few of us even possessed cabriolets—small two-wheeled vehicles for one horse. Omnibuses did not exist. Hackney carriages, dirty, badly upholstered, and drawn by wretched nags, were all that most of us could aspire to; yet physicians were expected to appear in knee-breeches and silk stockings!

At Professeur Velpeau's Thursday evening receptions one used to hear a good deal of Court gossip. Velpeau's son-in-law was a Chamberlain, and in spite of the reserve he found it necessary to maintain, he would sometimes say very interesting things. It appears that Napoleon III. is usually grave and taciturn at official receptions; but at less formal parties, especially if M. de Morny is present and Prince Napoleon absent, he is full of fun and jokes. He loathes political talk. On one subject only he waxes enthusiastic, and even becomes passionately excited, and that is, Cæsar. He takes the deepest interest in everything connected with him, more particularly his Conquest of Gaul.

One evening, at Velpeau's, I met four or five Deputies, who impressed me agreeably as able men, but who were incredibly enthusiastic about the present conditions. If one is to believe them, everything is as satisfactory as it can possibly be. Young Docteur Chauffard began to argue, but was unable to make any impression upon them. They maintained obstinately that the Press is free, the Chamber independent, the elections properly representative, and so forth. What can one say in face of such assertions?

Velpeau is now at the head of his profession, a very prince among surgeons. He was the son of a blacksmith near Tours, and was destined to the same trade. He had already begun to assist his father, when the whole outlook of his life was suddenly altered. The squire of a neighbouring village was struck with the boy's intelligence, and invited him to share the lessons of his son, under an experi-

enced tutor. Velpeau made rapid progress. He was introduced to Bretonneau, a well-known physician of Tours, became one of his best pupils, came to Paris, gave lectures, and took private pupils. He was successively appointed House Physician of Hospitals, Chief of Clinical Surgery, Professeur de la Faculté, and Membre de l'Institut. Success did not alter his nature. He remained an untiring worker, and is accounted one of the most learned men of the age.

He is of low stature, far from good-looking, but the genius and kindliness radiating from his countenance are infinitely seductive.

He has the reputation of being avaricious and greedy for gain. He said to me one day:

"I am ruined. I was fool enough to buy this house (54 Rue de Grenelle); I was obliged to lay out a great deal of money on structural alterations, with the result that my son-in-law and I are saddled with a most expensive house. Besides, I hate these smart, luxurious rooms. We sit down four to meals, with two great hulking men-servants, who get on my nerves. I cannot eat, or speak, or blow my nose at my ease. I often wish myself back in my student's garret. . . ."

And, indeed, the expression of his face as he spoke showed that he meant what he said.

As I listened to him I was irresistibly reminded of those words of d'Alembert:

"Ah, my friends, which of us, with the exception of a few scoundrels, can call himself happy in this world?"

*October 7th.*—I hear there were several cases of corrupt practices at the last elections. The worst of

it is that our rights are simultaneously becoming more and more restricted.

May God protect France!

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Docteur Poumiès de La Siboutie died twelve days after he had penned the last sentence, October 19, 1863.



## BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

- ACHARD, General Baron (1777-1865), Senator, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.
- AFFRE, Denis-Auguste (1793-1848), Archbishop of Paris from 1840.
- ALIBERT, Jean-Louis-Marie (1768-1837), a celebrated dermatologist.
- AMBROISE, Père (M. Guines), Vicar of Mareuil (Dordogne), 1841-42, Vicaire régent at Ribérac; afterwards a Capuchin.
- A MUSSAT, J. Z. (1796-1856), surgeon, Member of the Académie de Médecine.
- ANDRIEUX (1759-1833), dramatist and man of letters, Perpetual Secretary to the Académie Française.
- ARAGO, Dominique-François (1786-1853), Head of the Observatoire, Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Sciences, Minister of War and of the Admiralty.
- ARLINCOURT, Victor d' (1789-1856), poet and romance writer.
- ARNAULT, Ant.-Vincent (1766-1834). A French tragic poet and fabulist. Accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and was made by him Governor of the Ionian Islands. He was made a Member of the Institut in 1799, and Perpetual Secretary of the Académie Française in 1833.
- ASSELIN, Jean-Baptiste-Charles (1746-1826). Physician at the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris from 1791.
- AUDIBERT, M. (1797-1861), attached to the Cabinet des Affaires Étrangères under the Ministry of Chateaubriand, Councillor of the Council of State, author and journalist.
- BAILLY du Fresnay, Marquis (1765-1850), Field-Marshal, Deputy for Mayence, hereditary Peer of France; quitted the Luxembourg in 1830 and declined to support the investiture of Louis-Philippe.
- BARÈRE, Bertrand (1755-1841), a solicitor and journalist, Member of the *Constituante*, the *Convention*, the *Comité de salut public*, and the *Chambre des Représentants*. His *Memoirs* were edited in 1843 by H. Carnot and David d'Angers 4 vols., 8vo).
- BARRÔT, Odilon (1791-1873) was successively Prefect of the Seine, Deputy, Minister, President of the Council, and later, President of the Council of State.
- BARTHE, Félix (1795-1862), solicitor, magistrate, Member of the Institut, and several times a Minister. In 1834 he was made a Peer, and in 1852 he was summoned to the Senate.

- BEAUMARCHAIS** (1732-1799), Pierre-Augustin-Caron de. Began life as a watch-maker. Studied music and became music-master to the daughters of Louis XV. Later he devoted himself to literature. He wrote Plays and *Mémoires*. His fame chiefly rests on his two comedies, *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*.
- BERNADOTTE** was born at Pau in 1764, became successively Minister of War, Marshal of the Empire, Prince of Ponte-Corvo, Governor of the Hanseatic towns, hereditary Prince of Sweden; was proclaimed King of Sweden and Norway in 1818, under the name of Charles XIV. Died at Stockholm in 1844.
- BERVILLE**, Saint-Albin (1755-1868), barrister, magistrate, politician, and man of letters.
- BESSIERES**, Julien, born at Gramat (Lot) in 1777, married Mlle. de Lavergne de Cervat, and was elected Deputy for Sarlat in 1827 and 1834.
- BLANC**, Louis (1812-1882), political writer, author of *L'Histoire de dix ans*, Member of the Provisional Government, and President of the Commission for Operatives.
- BOST**, Alexandre-Arnaud, political writer and juriconsult.
- BOUILLY**, J.-N. (1763-1842), author and dramatist.
- BOULARD**, Henri-Simon (1783-1871), succeeded to his father's practice as a solicitor, was successively Mayor of the ninth and eleventh *arrondissements*, and Deputy for Oise. The article in the *Grande Encyclopédie* on this well-known bibliomaniac will repay reading.
- BOURDOIS**, Edmé-Joachim (1754-1835), medical attendant to the Children of France, Inspector-General and Councillor to the University under the Empire, medical attendant to the *Ministères des Affaires Étrangères*.
- BOYER**, Alexis, Baron (1760-1833), of Uzerche (Corrèze), chief surgeon at the Charité, head surgeon to Napoleon, clinical professor at the Faculté and Member of the Institut.
- BRIFANT**, Charles (1781-1857), poet and dramatic author, Member of the Académie Française.
- BRILLAT-SAVARIN** (1755-1826), gastronome and magistrate. *La Physiologie du goût* was published in 1825. Cf. the article by M. Fernand Laudet in the *Revue hebdomadaire*, July 25, 1908.
- BROUSSAIS**, François-Joseph-Victor (1772-1838), physician, Professor at Val-de-Grâce, Member of the Institut.
- BUGOUD**, de la Piconnerie, Thomas Robert (1784-1849), Councillor-General and Deputy for Dordogne, Governor-General of Algeria, and Marshal of France, Duc d'Isly. He concluded the Treaty of Tafna with Abd-el-Kader on May 30, 1837.
- CAMBACÉRÈS**, Marie-Jean-Pierre-Hubert de (1798-1881), nephew of the Arch-Chancellor, was created Peer of France in 1835, Senator and Grand-Master of Ceremonies under the Second Empire.

- CAPURON**, Joseph (1767-1850), Fellow of the Faculté de Médecine, Knight of the Legion of Honour.
- CARTIER**, Pierre (1799-1858), Chief of the Municipal Police, afterwards Prefect of Police.
- CAUSSIDIÈRE**, Marc (1808-1861). The February Revolution drew him forth from obscurity. Cf. *Mémoires de Caussidière, ex-Préfet de Police et Représentant du Peuple*. (Paris, 1849.)
- CAVAIGNAC**, Louis-Eugène (1802-1857), General of Division, Governor of Algeria, Minister of War, younger brother of Godefroy Cavaignac (1801-1845).
- CELLERIER**, François-Louis (1739-1817), *bourgeois noble* of Périgueux, Consul, and, later, Attorney to the Court of Justice, Justice of the Peace, and Judge.
- CHAMBON**, Nicolas, Mayor of Paris from December 8, 1792, to February 4, 1793, in which office he succeeded Pétion. He was born at Breuvannes (Champagne) and died in 1826 at Paris. He wrote a large number of medical works. Cf. Dr. Cabanès's *Le Cabinet de l'histoire*, 3<sup>ème</sup> série.
- CHARLES**, Mathieu, born at Périgueux, May 11, 1772. Sergeant-Major of the 1st Auxiliary Battalion of Dordogne in 1799; Sub-Lieutenant of the 103d Regiment of Infantry in 1806; Lieutenant, 1809; Senior Adjutant, 1810; Captain, 1811; died July 25, 1813.
- CHASLES**, Philarète (1798-1873), author and critic. It is amusing to read his own account in his *Memoirs* (vol. i., p. 295), of his first interview with Louis-Philippe before the departure of Soult's mission.
- CHATEL**, Ferdinand-François (1795-1857). He proclaimed himself Primate of the Gauls.
- CHILHAUD-DUMAINE**, Jean-Julien (1817-1894), Knight of the Legion of Honour.
- CHILHAUD** de la Rigaudie, Pierre (1749-1834), born at La Feuillade, district of Cherval (Dordogne), magistrate and politician.
- CLOT**, Antoine, called Clot-Bey (1793-1868), founder of the School of Medicine of Abou-Zabal and medical adviser to the Pasha of Egypt.
- COOPER**, Astley Paston (1768-1841), Surgeon to George IV. and William IV., author of several treatises on hernia, dislocations, and fractures. He was the first surgeon who performed the operations of tying the carotid artery and the aorta.
- CORNEMUSE**, Louis-Antoine-Ange (1797-1853), General of Division. A different story as to his death will be found in the *Journal d'un valet de chambre*, edited by J. de Mitty and H. Rebell, pp. 166-74.
- COURTAIS**, Vicomte de (1790-1877), Deputy from 1842 to 1848; was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Garde Nationale in Paris, with the rank of General.
- CUVIER**, Jean-Léopold-Nicolas-Frédéric (1769-1832), Perpetual Secretary to the Académie des Sciences, Councillor of State, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.
- CUVIER**, Mlle. Clémentine, born in 1809, died of consumption in 1827.

- DAUMESNIL, Yrieix, General and Baron of the Empire, born at Périgueux, July 27, 1776, died at Vincennes in 1832.
- DEGUERRY, Abbé Gaspard (1797-1871), Vicar of Saint-Eustache in 1845, and of the Madeleine in 1849, shot as a hostage of the Commune.
- DELILLE, Jacques (1738-1813), of the Académie Française, Professor at the Collège de France.
- DELPIT, Jean-Martial (1813-1887), completed his studies at the École des Chartes in 1836. In 1843 he was sent on a special mission to examine documents at the Archive Office, Tower of London, the State Papers Office, and other collections of manuscripts in London.
- DESGENETTES, Nicolas-René-Dufrique (1762-1837), ex-Inspector-General of military hygiene, Chief Physician of the Invalides.
- DESMOUSSEAU de Givré was born in 1794. He was attached to the French Embassy in London under Chateaubriand, in 1822.
- DÖNZER, François-Georges (1790-1873), First-class Principal Apothecary at the Hôpital des Invalides. Officer of the Legion of Honour.
- DUCHÂTELET, Alexandre-J.-B. Benjamin Parent (1790-1836), Physician and Professor of Dietetics, author of several works.
- DUNOD, Camille (1795-1864), was Gentleman Usher of the Bedchamber to the Emperor from April 1, 1811, to April 1, 1814. He was successively clerk in the War Office and in the Secretary's Office of the Duc de Berry, tax-collector of excise revenue, Mayor of Montebello in 1848, Councillor of a ward, and Knight of the Legion of Honour.
- DUPIN, André-Marie J.-J., *ainé* (1783-1865), friend and adviser of Louis-Philippe, Chairman of the Corporation of the Barristers of Paris, became Attorney-General at the Cour de Cassation, Academician, President of the Chambre des Députés, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and later, Senator.
- DUPIN, Baron Pierre Charles François (1784-1873), political economist and statistician, brother of Dupin *ainé*. A Member of the Institut and of the Chambre des Pairs.
- DUPONT de l'Étang, Pierre (1765-1840), appointed Commissioner of War, April 3, 1814, and Secretary of State on May 13th following.
- DUPUYTREN, Baron Guillaume (1777-1835), of Pierre-Buffière (Haute-Vienne), Chief Surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu, Professor of Médecine Opératoire at the Faculté, and later, Chief Surgeon to the King, and Member of the Institut. The money he bequeathed to the Faculté permitted the creation of a Chair of Pathological Anatomy, and of the Musée Dupuytren.
- ÉVRARD, Simone, born at Tournus-Saint-André (Saône-et-Loire), in 1764; received a promise of marriage from Marat as a New Year's present on January 1, 1792. She died in Paris, in the Rue de la Barillerie, in 1824.
- FÉE, A.-L.-A. (1789-1874), formerly Chief Apothecary to the Army, senior Professor of the military Hospitals

- FÉE, A.-L.-A.—*Continued*  
of Instruction, Professor to the Faculté de Médecine of Strasbourg, Member of the Académie de Médecine, author of the *Souvenirs de la guerre d'Espagne*, and of works on medical botany; personal friend of Dr. Poumiès de La Siboutie.
- FLOCON, Ferdinand (1800–1866), journalist, Member of the Provisional Government, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture.
- FOQUIER, Pierre-Elvi (1776–1850), Professor at the Faculté de Médecine, Member of the Académie de Médecine.
- GALL, François-Joseph (1758–1828), originator of the science of phrenology. His work entitled *Anatomie et Physiologie du système nerveux en général et du cerveau en particulier*, contains hints on the possibility of recognising “the salient characteristics, both intellectual and moral, of man and the animals, by the configuration of the head.”
- GALOS, M. Jos.-H. (1804–1873), Deputy for Gironde, married Mlle. Isabelle-Joséphine-Maxime-Ninne Foy.
- GANNEROU, M. Hippolyte (1792–1847), Judge of the Tribunal de Commerce de la Seine; later, Vice-President of the Chambre des Députés and the Conseil Municipal of Paris. He presided over the sitting of the Tribunal de Commerce at which the *Ordonnances* of July 25, 1830, were declared illegal, and received the Legion of Honour at the hands of Louis-Philippe on August 8th following.
- GARAT, Dominique-Pierre-Jean (1764–1823), singer, composer of ballads, and Professor at the Conservatoire, former secretary to the Comte d'Artois.
- GARAT, Baron François-Noël-Paulin (1793–1866). Son of the Director-General of the Banque de France, and brother-in-law of General Daumesnil. Was Chief Secretary of the Banque de France from 1830 to 1848.
- GAUJA, M., sometime Prefect of Vendée and Loire-Inférieure.
- GAULTIER de Laguionie, Jules, founder of the Librairie Militaire. Died in 1842.
- GAY, Delphine, born at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1808, poetess and authoress, married in 1831 Émile de Girardin, political pamphlet writer. She died in Paris, June 29, 1855.
- GÉRARD, Baron François (1770–1837).
- GOHIER, Louis Jérôme (1746–1830), lawyer, magistrate in 1793, last President of the *Directoire exécutif*. Later he became Consul at Amsterdam, and wrote the *Mémoires d'un vétéran irréprochable de la Révolution* (1825, 2 vols., 8vo).
- GRIMALDI, Florestan (1785–1856). Son of Honoré IV. of Monaco. Succeeded his eldest brother, Honoré V., as Prince of Monaco.
- GUILLEMETEAU, Guillaume (1781–1814), Captain 10<sup>ème</sup> Léger, admitted to the Hôtel-Dieu March 7, 1814.
- GUILLEMETEAU, Jérôme (1799–1852), magistrate, elder brother of the above.
- HAHNEMANN, Samuel (1755–1843). He practised medicine at Dresden, Leipzig, Kœlthen, and came to Paris in 1835 on his mar-

**HAHNEMANN**—*Continued*  
riage with a Frenchwoman. Docteur Poumiès de La Siboutie relates elsewhere that the young wife used to receive the clients and give advice, while her husband sat in a corner of the room, apparently oblivious of what was going on, smoking, eating, or sleeping.

**HANNEQUIN**, Antoine-Louis-Marie (1786-1840), barrister and politician.

**HEIM**, Alexandre-Gabriel (1773-1836), appointed Chief Secretary to the Government of the Illyrian Provinces by a decree of March 4, 1810.

**HUBER**, Louis-Aloysius (1812-1865). The agitator who organised the insurrectionary movement of May 15, 1848, and proclaimed the dissolution of the Assembly in the name of the People.

**JACOUPLY**, Jean. The correct form of the name is Jacopin. He was born at Brionde in 1755. Brigadier-General in 1794. He brought himself into prominence by several brilliant feats of arms. He became a Member of the Legislature, Secretary, and afterwards Quæstor. Died at Épinal in 1811.

**JACOUPLY**, Jean (1761-1848), was appointed Bishop of Agen the 9th Floréal, year X. (April 29, 1802).

**JASMIN**, Jacquou (1798-1864), barber and poet, Maître ès jeux floraux, laureate of the Académie Française, was born and died at Agen. A statue is erected there to his memory. He was the author of *Papilottes*. He spent three weeks in Paris in May, 1842, and met with instant recognition, and the enthusiastic

appreciation to which his southern compatriots had habituated him. He was especially welcomed by Charles Nodier, Augustin Thierry, Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine, Ampère, Villemain.

**JULLIEN**, Marc-Antoine, nicknamed "de Paris," (1775-1848), politician and writer of political pamphlets.

**JUSSIEU**, Laurent-Pierre de (1792-1866), nephew of the distinguished naturalist; represented the tenth *arrondissement* of Paris, as Deputy, from 1837 to 1842.

**LABAT**, Léon, called Labat-Bey or Labat-Khan (1803-1847), physician and traveller. Medical Adviser to the Viceroy of Egypt and the Shah of Persia.

**LACALPRADE**, David-Joseph Loudieu de, on the Roll of Solicitors of the Court of Paris, 1798 to 1825. In his house were to be met all the distinguished personages of the day, principally of the Royalist party. M. de Raynal, Attorney-General of the Supreme Court of Appeal, has written an appreciation of this Paris *salon* (*Bull. de la Soc. Hist. du Périgord*, 1888, p. 312). It was frequented by such men as Maine de Biran, Joubert, Féletz, Villèle, Bonald, Martignac, Corbière, de Sèze, Lostanges, Cardinals de Beaussset and de la Luzerne, Monsignor Frayssinous, Martial Delpit, etc.

**LACROUSILLE**, M. Debets de, died a Justice of the Peace at Périgueux in 1850.

**LADOUCETTE**, Baron de (1770-1848), administrator, politician, and man of letters.

- LAGRANGE**, Charles (1804-1857), was elected Deputy for the Seine in the month of June, 1849. He was banished in 1852.
- LAKANAL**, Joseph (1762-1845), was Deputy for Ariège at the Convention. His mission to Dordogne lasted ten months (October, 1793, to August, 1794).
- LALLEMAND**, Claude-François (1790-1854), Professor of Clinical Surgery at the Faculté de Médecine at Montpellier.
- LALLEMENT**, Head Surgeon of the Salpêtrière, Professor of Médecine Opératoire at the Faculté.
- LAMARQUE**, Maximilien, Comte (1770-1832), General and Deputy, one of the leaders of the Opposition.
- LAMENNAIS**, Félicité-Robert, Abbé de (1782-1854), author of *Essai sur l'indifférence en matière de religion*; one of the founders of the newspaper *l'Avenir*. Philosopher, reformer, and revolutionary. His works were condemned by the Church.
- LARROQUE**, Pierre-Henri Dumas de, Councillor to the Superior Chamber of the Parliament of Guyenne in 1766; was condemned to death as an anti-revolutionist, and executed at Bordeaux the 1st Messidor, year II.
- LAVERGNE**, Antoine, priest, former vicar of Saint Silain de Périgueux. — Léonarde Bruneau, wife of Jean Delort. — Catherine Delort, formerly a novice of the Order of the Visitation. — Condemned to death by the Criminal Court of Dordogne, the 3d Thermidor year II. (July 21, 1794); executed the same day at Périgueux at three o'clock in the afternoon. The details of the proceedings—"refractory priest and receiver of stolen goods"—were published in 1881 in *Le Tribunal criminel et révolutionnaire de la Dordogne sous la Terreur*, by the clerk of the Civil Court of Périgueux (vol. ii., pp. 279-300).
- LEMERCIER**, Népomucène, was born and died in Paris (1771-1840). He was a dramatic author and a man of letters. He was the predecessor of Victor Hugo at the Académie Française.
- LENORMANT**, Charles (1802-1859). Archæologist and Numismatist, Member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres. He married, in 1826, Mlle. Amélie Cyvoet.
- LERMINIER**, Docteur (1778-1836), Medical Adviser to Napoleon, Member of the Académie de Médecine.
- LESPINASSE**, Augustin de (1737-1816), General and Senator, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.
- LESPINE**, Pierre (1757-1841), born at Leyfourcerie, in the parish of Vallereuil-en-Périgord. Canon of Saint-Front de Périgueux, Curator of the manuscripts of the National Library and Head of the College of Charters.
- LEYMARIE** de Mussidan, Antoine, born at Villambard in 1774, private in the 2d Battalion of La Dordogne in 1792. Received the Legion of Honour in 1813 for gallantry at Valladolid; afterwards served as an officer of the gendarmerie of Paris. — His son, Jean-Léonard-Repaire, born at Mussidan, May 23, 1808, was appointed Captain in charge

LEYMARIE—*Continued*

of a gunpowder factory. He passed into the École Polytechnique on November 1, 1820, and into the École de Metz on August 6, 1830.

LYNCH, Jean-Baptiste, Comte, Mayor of Bordeaux, afterwards Peer of France and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He arranged the entry of the Duc d'Angoulême into Bordeaux with the English on March 12, 1814, and solemnly proclaimed Louis XVIII. at the Hôtel-de-Ville.

MAILLY, Adrien-Augustin-Amalric, Comte de (1792-1878). Lieut.-Colonel, Peer of France. Published in 1841, *Mon journal pendant la campagne de Russie*.

MALESHERBES, Chrétien-Guillaume de Lamoignon de, born in Paris in 1721. He was a Minister, and conducted the defence of Louis XVI.

MALET, Claude-François, Brigadier-General, born at Dôle in 1754, executed October 29, 1812.

MANOURY, M. Jules, agricultural farmer at Berchères, near Chartres. He collaborated indirectly with Pasteur. It was at his farm that the experiments for the cure of carbuncle by vaccination were conducted.

MARBOT, Marcellin (1782-1854), the celebrated author of the *Mémoires*. Was aide-de-camp to Augereau, Lannes, and Masséna; was made Lieut.-General in 1836. His father, General Antoine Marbot, had been the intimate friend of Bernadotte.

MARC, Charles-Chrétien-Henri (1771-1841), Private

Physician to King Louis-Philippe.

MARESCOT, Armand-Samuel, Comte (1758-1832), first Inspector-General of Engineers, Grand Officer of the Empire and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He distinguished himself particularly at the sieges of Lille, Toulon, Maubeuge, Charleroi, Landrecies, Valenciennes, Condé, and Maestricht. He was cashiered for having affixed his signature as a witness, at Andujar, to the capitulation of Général Dupont at Baylen, July 22, 1808. He was imprisoned at Paris, and subsequently banished to Tours.

MÉRILHOU, Joseph (1788-1856), Keeper of the Seals, Peer of France, Councillor of the Cour de Cassation, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Docteur Poumiès remarks in 1820 that MÉRILHOU was "a capital fellow, full of talent."

MEURICE, Paul (1820-1905), half-brother of Froment Meurice. He was a dramatic author and a man of letters. He was one of the executors under the will of Victor Hugo.

MEYNARD, François (1756-1828), the only one of the ten Deputies for Dordogne who did not vote for the execution of Louis XVI.

MONBADON, Laurent Lafaurie, Comte de (1757-1841), Major-General, Senator, Mayor of Bordeaux, Peer of France, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight of the Order of Saint-Louis.

MONTAUT, Louis Maribon de (1754-1842), Deputy for Gers at the *Législative* and the *Convention*; President of the Jacobin Club.



**MOREAU, Louis-Auguste** (1778-1853). A landed proprietor, Mayor of Montereau from Dec. 31, 1812. Was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour Feb. 19, 1814.

**MORTIER, Marshal** (1768-1835), Duc de Trévise, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. Distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. Deputy and Peer of France, War Minister, and President of the Council.

**MOUTON-DUVERNET, Baron B. M.**, born at Puy in 1769, Major-General, Deputy for Haute-Loire during the Cent-Jours. Endeavoured to have Napoleon proclaimed after the battle of Waterloo. He was shot at Lyon in 1816.

**NODIER, Charles** (1780-1844). Man of letters, Librarian, and Member of the Académie Française.

**OU D A R D, Jacques-Parfait** (1791-1835), Private Secretary to the King and Secretary to the Queen.

**PALLOY, Pierre-François**, called Patriot Palloy, born in Paris, January 22, 1755, received a pension October 15, 1833, for his services at the taking of the Bastille.

**PANSERON, Auguste** (1795-1859), composer of comic operas and ballads.

**PARISE, J. H. Reveillé-** (1782-1852), an ex-military surgeon, Member of the Académie de Médecine, editor of *Lettres Choiesies*, by Guy Patin, and collaborator in various other publications. Dr. Poumiès de La Siboutie dedicated to

him the *Épître* he wrote in the *Gazette Médicale* of January 13, 1844, which was afterwards reproduced in *Les Moments perdus* (1855).

**PELLETAN, Philippe-Jean** (1747-1829), Professor at the Faculté, Chief Surgeon at the Hôtel-Dieu, Member of the Institut.

**PETIT, General Baron Jean-Martin** (1772-1856), Peer of France, Second-in-command at the Invalides, Senator, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. It was he who, at Fontainebleau, received the last touching farewell addressed by Napoleon to the whole army.

**PHILIPPE, Ferdinand** (1810-1842), eldest son of Louis-Philippe and Marie-Amélie, Duc d'Orléans and Prince Royal.

**POINTE, Noël** (1755-1825). A working gunsmith. Deputy for Rhône-et-Loire at the *Convention*. Gun-maker at Périgueux. Afterwards tax-collector at Monestier (Dordogne). Father of nine children. Was banished as a regicide in 1816, but remained in the vicinity of Bergerac, working on a farm; he unfortunately came out of his retreat one day to ask for assistance, was arrested and condemned to transportation for remaining in the country after his original sentence (1818). All the authorities interceded for him, and he received the King's pardon.

**PORTAL, Antoine**, Member of the Académie des Sciences, Professor of Medicine at the Collège de France, and of Anatomy at the Jardin des

PORTAL—*Continued*

Plantes. Chief Physician to Louis XVIII. and Charles X. One of the founders of the Académie de Médecine.

POUMIÈS, Eymeric, Sr. d'Auriac (1695–1785), born and died at Saint-Germain-du-Salembre; married to Mlle. Anna Pouyat at Limoges.

POUMIÈS, Pierre, Sr. de La Siboutie (1760–1818), was Justice of the Peace at Neuvic-sur-l'Isle. He married (1786) at Montrem, Mlle. Elizabeth Cellerier (1769–1823).

POUMIÈS de La Siboutie, Jean-Baptiste, born August 13, 1787, entered the *Vélites* of the Imperial Guard, February 21, 1806, became Sub-Lieutenant, November 28, 1810. Embarked on the *Medusa*, December 6, 1810, with the expedition to Java, was made Honorary Lieutenant June 1, 1811, for gallantry at the assault of the redoubt. After the capitulation of Batavia, August 26, 1811, he was taken prisoner and removed to England, where he had to remain until June 1, 1814. He went through the campaigns of Prussia, Poland, Spain, and Germany. By Royal decree his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, proposed by General Janssens, Governor of Java, was confirmed October 23, 1814. He perished in a shipwreck at Île-de-France in February, 1824.

POUMIÈS de La Siboutie, Pierre Victor, born January 8, 1792, was a Quartermaster-Sergeant in the 103d Regiment of the Line. He died of wounds at Bayonne on June 10, 1813.

POUMIÈS de La Siboutie, Eymeric-Paulin, born March

19, 1793, volunteered May 12, 1811, in the *Tirailleurs de la jeune Garde*, and disappeared in the campaign of Moscow (December 31, 1812).

POUMIÈS de La Siboutie, Mathieu-Raymond, born August 13, 1796, died in 1816.

RAVEL, Léon (1776–1834), Captain 3<sup>me</sup> Léger, received the Legion of Honour after the battle of Lutzen, where he had commanded two companies which covered themselves with glory.

RICHERAUD, B. A. (1779–1840). Surgeon-in-Chief of the Hospital of Saint-Louis, Professor and author.

RIVET, Léonard-Philippe (1768–1853), Prefect of Dordogne from March 2, 1800, to February 12, 1810, and from June 10, 1814, to April 6, 1815.

ROCHEJACQUELEIN, Marquise de la. Formerly Marie-Louise-Victoria de Donissan. She was the widow of two Vendean Generals. Her *Memoirs* were published in 1814.

SAINTE-AULAIRE, Hippolyte Beaupoil de, born at Cornille (Dordogne) in 1795, Lieut.-Colonel 2<sup>me</sup> Hussars in 1852. Died in 1856.

SAINT-ASTIER, Pierre, Marquis de (1750–1827), Colonel of the King's Bodyguard, emigrated in 1791, took part in Condé's campaigns, and returned to France in 1802. He was appointed honorary Lieut.-General in 1816.

SAINT-DENIS, Louis-Étienne, always called Ali by Napoleon, was born at Versailles, September 22, 1788,

SAINT-DENIS—*Continued*

son of "Étienne Saint-Denis, outrider in the King's stables, and of Marie-Louise Notte." He entered the Emperor's service as an outrider in 1806, went with him to Bayonne in 1808, then to Erfurth; travelled to Spain and to Germany, and followed his Imperial master to Holland (1811). When the Emperor wished to have a second Mameluke, Saint-Denis adopted the distinctive dress and called himself Ali. He became a footman, accompanied Napoleon on service, and followed closely at his heels, carrying his field-glass. When Napoleon wished to watch the progress of a battle, Saint-Denis would stand in front of him with the large end of the telescope on his shoulder. He went through the Russian campaign, and after remaining a few months at Mayence in 1813, rejoined the Emperor at Neumarkt. He again went to him at Elba, followed him to Grenoble, Fontainebleau, Paris, the battles of Ligny and Waterloo, afterwards at Rochefort and the Isle of Aix, and finally St. Helena. "On May 5, 1821, he was at Longwood. He wrote at the Emperor's dictation. Every memorandum which issued from St. Helena, with one or two trifling exceptions, was in his handwriting. In 1840 he performed a last duty by his presence at St. Helena." Note of March 20, 1854, signed by himself. (*Arch. L. H.*) The Emperor left him a legacy, and entrusted certain articles to him for the King of Rome. He received the Legion of Honour

February 23, 1854, and died at Sens, May 3, 1856.

SAINT-PRIEST, Alexis Guignard, Comte de (1805-1851). Historian, politician, and diplomatist, Member of the Académie Française in 1849, Peer of France. He married Mlle. de La Guiche.

SAINT-SIMON, Claude-Henry de Rouvroy, Comte de (1760-1825), political economist and philosopher, head of the Saint-Simonians.

SANSON, Charles, was in 1688, according to Longval, granted the position of executor of criminal sentences for the town, provostship, and viscounty of Paris. Cf. *La Guillotine*, by Lenôtre.

SANSON, Charles-Henry, born in Paris in 1739, was appointed public executioner in 1778. He executed Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday. He died in 1806.

SANSON, Henri-Clément, born in 1799, was appointed executioner in 1840, but dismissed in 1847. He died in 1889.

SEZE, Raymond de (1748-1828). With Malesherbes and Tronchet he defended Louis XVI., from the 16th to the 26th of December, 1792. He was a Peer of France, first President of the Supreme Court of Appeal in 1815, and Member of the Académie in 1816.

SIMON, Antoine (1736-1794), shoemaker, Member of the Commune; placed, jointly with his wife, in charge of Louis XVII. at the Temple from July 3, 1793, to January 19, 1794.

SOUBERBIELLE (or Subervielle), Joseph, born at Pontacq (Basses-Pyrénées) in 1754. He attended professionally the victors of the

SOUBERBIELLE—*Continued*  
Bastille in the Church of  
the Minimes de la Place  
Royale. He also attended  
Marie-Antoinette in her  
prison, and prescribed  
chicken-broth for her.

THÉNARD, Louis-Jacques  
(1777-1857), of the Insti-  
tut. Professor at the Col-  
lège de France.

VILLEFUMADE, François,  
described in certain docu-  
ments of the *Archives Na-  
tionales* as "one of the most  
vigorous defenders of the  
rights of man; faithful and  
vigilant guardian of Liberty,  
ardent patriot, untiring foe  
of royalism and feudalism."

VILLENAVE, M. G. (1762-

1846), author and jour-  
nalist.

ZAMOR, died in Paris Feb-  
ruary 7, 1820. (G. Lenôtre,  
*Vieilles Maisons, Vieux pa-  
piers*, i., 217.)

ZÉDÉ, Pierre (1791-1863),  
was successively Prefect of  
the Eure, the Aube, and the  
Loire, and Director of Na-  
val Construction.

ZÉDÉ, Émile-Hippolyte  
(1827-1900). Started as a  
Naval Lieutenant; subse-  
quently became Vice-Ad-  
miral and *Préfet maritime*,  
Grand Officer of the Legion  
of Honour. He was the son  
of Pierre Zédé, and brother  
of Gustave Zédé, the cele-  
brated engineer, and of  
Charles-Jules Zédé, General  
of Division.

## INDEX

- Abd-el-Kader, Bey of Algeria, and Maréchal Bugeaud, 265, 266
- Achard, Général-Sénateur, and the Charter of 1814, 159, 160; and Louis XVIII., 160
- Affre, Abbé, Archbishop of Paris, assassination of, 335, 336
- Agen, Jasmin's appreciation of, 269
- Alembert, M. de, on happiness, 377
- Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, and the French Revolution, 159, 160; and Comte Marescot, 165; Review of the Allied Troops, 170
- Ali Pasha of Janina, and Bessières, 59, 60-61
- Alibert, Jean-Louis-Marie, Physician, his lectures on cutaneous disorders, 100, 101; description of, 101, 102
- Ambroise, Father, Superior of the Capuchin Monastery, 338
- Amussat, J. Z., Surgeon, and Broussais, 179; Versailles railway accident, 268
- Anatomy, the study of, 85
- Angers, David, mutilation of his carvings, 333
- Angers, Dubois de, and Napoleon, 155
- Anglas, Boissy de, and the Revolution, 44
- Angoulême, 67, 77
- Angoulême, Duc de, the Dauphin, entry into Bordeaux, 149; funeral of Louis XVIII., 177; the July Revolution, 218
- Angoulême, Duchesse de, the Dauphine, and Surgeon Souberbielle, 25; entry of Comte d'Artois into Paris, 144; and Charles X., 194; her character 199, 200; the July Revolution, 219; Villeneuve l'Etang, 350
- Antoinette, Marie. *See* Marie-Antoinette
- Antonio, Don, 67; his resemblance to Louis XVI., 68
- Arago, Dominique-François, a member of the Provisional Government, 308-309
- Arcole, Pont de, origin of name, 209-10
- Argicourt, Marquis de, 27
- Arlincourt, Vicomte de, on autographs, 273; funeral of, 363
- Arnouville, M. Choppin de, and Louis XVIII., 160
- Artois, Comte de, afterwards Charles X., entry into Paris, 144; and Alexander I., 159-60; creates the Ordre du Lis, 174; his character, 175, 194-97; reigns as Charles X., 195 *et seq.*; the *Ordonnances*, 197; and the July Revolution, 203 *et seq.*; the riots, 206 *et seq.*; flight of the Royal Family, 218; and Louis-Philippe, 226
- Asselin, Jean-Baptiste-Charles, anecdotes of, 125-27
- Asturias, Prince of the, afterwards Ferdinand VII., his character, 67, 68

- Audibert, M., chief editor of *La Quotidienne*, and the fall of the Martignac Ministry, 196 *n.*, 197, 207
- Aurival, Madame de, on Marie Antoinette, 29
- Autographs, Collections of, 272-73
- Baculard, M. Arnaud, his peculiarities, 254
- Bailly, Marquis de, on the July Revolution, 203
- Barante, M. de, on the wars of Vendée, 149
- Barbès, M., and the demonstration of workmen, 322; and the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326
- Barère, Bertrand, and the Revolution, 40, 64; description of, 42, 43
- Barilli, Madame, and the deluge at Saint-Cloud, 93
- Barrachin, M. Louis-Gaspard, address to Napoleon, 153 *n.*
- Barras, M., and Comte Marescot, 162
- Barrot, Odilon, and the events of 1848, 196, 293, 305
- Barry, Madame du, execution of, 27; her character, 28
- Barthe, Félix, first President of the Cour des Comptes, 233, 290
- Barthélemy, M., on Louis-Napoleon, 339
- Batavia, capture of, 70
- Beaumarchais, M., and Lemercier, 289
- Beaumont, Comtesse de, 119
- Beauvau, Maréchal de, 291
- Benoit, M., trial of, 248-52
- Béranger, M., his songs, 150
- Bernadotte, King of Sweden, his revolutionary and democratic fanaticism, 163, 164 *n.*
- Bernard, M., autograph collector, 273
- Berry, Duc de, Dupuytren on, 120; rumour as to, 143; and Louis XVII., 146; marriage of, 148 *n.*; insults an officer, 171; assassination of, 177
- Berry, Duchesse de, and Queen Marie-Amélie, 249; her arrest, 247-48
- Berruyer, M., and Louis-Philippe's Government, 236; his speech, 361-62
- Berthier, Maréchal, Prince de Wagram, and Marquise de Visconti, 90
- Bertin, Marguerite de, 47 *n.*
- Bessières, M. J., his adventures with Ali Pasha, 59-61
- Béthisy, Comte de, and Murat, 89
- Bethmont, M., member of the Provisional Government, 323
- Beugnot, M., and the Charter of 1814, 160
- Bicêtre, 188
- Billaut-Varennes, transportation of, 39
- Blanc, Louis, member of the Provisional Government, 303, 308; the demonstration of workmen, 322; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326
- Blanqui, M., and the demonstration of workmen, 322, 324
- Boissel, M., Reformist banquets, 293
- Bonaparte. *See* Napoleon
- Boneau, Abbé, 72-73
- Bordeaux, Duc de, 227, 282
- Bordeaux, Napoleon in, 72; occupation of, 149
- Borghèse, Princesse, and Napoleon, 95, 274, 275
- Borie, M., 125
- Bost, Alexander-Arnaud, and Lamartine, 365
- Bouilly, J., his amusing lectures, 264
- Boulard, Henri-Simon, bibliomaniac, and Talleyrand, 185
- Boulard, Docteur, 262
- Bourbons, re-establishment of the, 143 *et seq.*
- Bourdois-Lamothe, Docteur, and Talleyrand, 185, 186
- Bourgeois* class, the, 5 *et seq.*; family arrangements, 6; furniture of manor-houses, 7; food, 8, 9; social gather-

- Bourgeois* class—*Continued*  
 ings, 10; household routine and education, 11; superstition, 11; hospitality, 12  
 Bourmont, M. de, and Louis-Philippe, 225  
 Boursault, M., his experiences, 260  
 Boutreux, M., and the Malet conspiracy, 106  
 Boyer, Alexis, Baron, the great surgeon, 122, 167; history of, 123  
 Boyer, Mlle., afterwards Madame Roux and Dupuytren, 120  
 Bredandaine, La, Chief of the Dordogne brigands, 53  
 Bretonneau, M., Physician of Tours, 377  
 Brifant, Charles, and Nodier, 291  
 Brillat-Savarin, M., *La Physiologie du Goût*, 246-47  
 Broc, M. de, and Robespierre, 36  
 Broussais, Professor, his famous lectures, 178, 179  
 Broux, Mme. de, 178  
 Bugeaud, Maréchal, and Abdel-Kader, 265; and the King, 311-12  
 Bussière, G., *Etudes historiques, sur la Révolution en Périgord*, 18 n.  
 Cabet, M., and the demonstration of workmen, 322; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326  
 Caffarelli, Gen., and Bonaparte, 372  
 Cambacères, M., and the King's death sentence, 40; and Napoleon, 82  
 Cambon, M., his honesty, 39  
 Canrobert, Maréchal, and M. Thiers, 136; baptism of Prince Imperial, 369; a born leader of men, 373  
 Capuchin monks, the, 338  
 Capuron, Professor, his benefactions, 109, 110  
 Carlos, Don, the Pretender, 67, 68  
 Carnot, H., *Life of M. Barère*, 43, 44  
 Cartier, M., Chief of the Municipal Police of Paris, and the Duchesse de Berry, 241  
 Cassin, M., and the Duc d'Orléans, 228  
 Castaños, Général, and Marescot, 162  
 Castellane, Madame de, and Louis XVII., 146  
 Castellane, Maréchal de, and the Bourbons, 144 n.  
 Cauchy, M., Keeper of Records at the Luxembourg, 188  
 Caussidière, Marc, how he became Prefect of Police, 315; and Sobrier, 316  
 Cavaignac, Général, Minister of War, 328, 330; election of President, 340, 343  
 Cavaignac, Godefroy, imprisonment and escape, 238  
 Chaîne, la, 188  
 Chaix-d'Est-Ange, trial of Benoît, 250  
 Chambon, Nicolas, Mayor of Paris, imprisonment of Louis XVI., 23, 44  
 Champ-de-Mars, disposal of corpses in the, 216  
 Changarnier, Général, and Louis-Napoleon, 343, 351  
 Chantelanze, M. de, trial of, 231 n.  
 Charette, M. de, a Vendéen officer, his marriage, 178  
 Charles X. *See* Artois, Comte de  
 Charles, M., Dr. Poumiès's tutor, 48  
 Charter of 1814, 160  
 Chasles, Philarète, and Louis-Philippe, 259  
 Chateaubriand, M. de, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, 66, 280; *Les Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, 143 n., 281; and Napoleon, 159; reception of, 221; his character, 277 *et seq.*; and Mlle. Puget, 178; Ambassador in London, 279, 281; and the Danish Princess, 280; his autograph, 364

- Châtel, Abbé, his conduct at the Revolution, 255  
 Chauffard, Docteur, 376  
 Cherubini, S., President of the Conservatoire, amusing anecdote about, 102; and the Salpêtrière, 359  
 Chevalier, Napoleon's tailor, 95  
 Chevassut, M., controls the *Constitutionnel*, 233  
 Chilhaud de la Rigaudie, Pierre, Senior Member of the Session, 176  
 Cholera, outbreak of, 237 *et seq.*; heroic conduct of the doctors, 243  
 Clamart cemetery, 44  
 Clavières, M., Dr. Poumiès's tutor, his unfortunate speech, 32  
 Clot-Bey, Docteur, 103  
 Colson, M., and Lamartine, 364  
 Côme, Frère, 26  
*Commune, La*, newspaper, 316  
 Constant, Napoleon's valet, 96  
 Constantine, Emperor of Russia, 169  
*Constitutionnel*, newspaper, 233, 256, 302  
 Conti, Princesse de, 184  
 Convention, the, Lakanal on, 35; Montaut on, 38; de Sèze on, 40  
 Convicts, treatment of, 188-91  
 Cooper, Astley, the famous surgeon, 121  
 Coquerel, Pasteur, and Deguerry, 323  
 Corbière, M. de, Minister of the Interior, his eccentricities, 175, 176  
*Cordon*, a, used for prisoners, 189  
 Cornemuse, Général, mysterious death of, 357  
 Cornillon, Abbé, reader to Charles X., 195  
 Cournon, M. de, Préfet of the Cantal, 341-42  
*Courrier Français*, newspaper, 196  
 Courtais, Général, and the Garde Nationale, 314  
 Couthon, de, Jullien on, 344  
 Crémieux, M., his splendid defence of Benoît, 250, 251  
 Cuvier, Professor, his wonderful lectures, 113; his daughter's illness, 126  
 Danton, trial of, 25; and de Sèze, 40  
 Daumesnil, Général, 231; and Larrey, 271  
 Decazes, M., and Louis XVIII., 174  
 Decazes, Madame, and the Empress Eugénie, 371, 372  
 Deguerry, Abbé Gaspard, Vicar of the Madeleine and Pasteur Coquerel, 323  
 Delaporte, M., Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, and Talleyrand, 186; on Napoleon's learning, 275; and Chateaubriand, 277, 281  
 Delaporte, M., Secretary to Général Caffarelli, on Napoleon, 372  
 Delavigne, Casimir, the Palais-Royal party, 203  
 Delessert, M., Prefect of Police, and Louis-Philippe, 295; and the Garde Nationale, 297  
 Delille, Abbé, the poet, 113, 114  
 Delort, Madame, her courage and death, an incident in the Revolution, 21-22  
 Delpech, Docteur, 102  
 Delpit, Jean Martial, his researches in London, 276  
 Delpont, M., and the Russian general, 135  
 Desault, M., attends the Dauphin, 146  
 Desgenettes, Nicolas, his heroic conduct, 271-72  
 Desmousseaux de Givré, M., and Chateaubriand, 279-80  
 Desnuelles, Alexandre, decorates the Notre Dame, 370  
 Despieux, M., and Lakanal, 34  
 Dissection, necessity for, 86



- Doenzer, François, chief dispenser at the Invalides, on Napoleon's popularity, 340
- Dolomieu, M., his collection of autographs, 273
- Dordogne, the brigands of, 52
- Drouet, d'Erlon, Général, afterwards Marshal, the arrest of Duchesse de Berry, 243
- Dufour, the Swiss General, his gallant conduct and learning, 339
- Dumaine, M. J., proprietor of the Military Library, Louis-Napoleon's voluminous correspondence, 342
- Dumas, Alexandre, his changed appearance, 363; his weakness as to royalty, 366-67
- Dumont-d'Urville, Admiral, a victim of the Versailles railway accident, 268
- Dumoulin, J. B., throws out of the window the King's throne, 301 *n.*
- Dunod, Camille, on Napoleon, 95
- Dupin, André, his oration on anniversary of execution of Maréchal Ney, 172; and Louis-Philippe, 227; his statistical researches, 265
- Dupin, M., Senior, President of the Chambre des Députés, character of, 290
- Dupont, Général, sent to invade Spain, 69; and Napoleon, 140; and Général Marescot, 162-63
- Dupuytren, Baron, head of the surgical department of the Hôtel-Dieu, anecdotes of, 118-21; a splendid surgeon, 119, 167; a stern taskmaster, 127; the July Revolution, 213
- Duras, Duc de, his unique experiences, 219
- Duvergier de Hauranne, M., and the flight of the King, 299
- Duvivier, Général, and the Garde Nationale Mobile, 323
- Education of the *bourgeois* class, 11
- Emmanuel, M., and Barère's *Memoirs*, 43
- Entretiens Littéraires*, Lamar-tine's magazine, 364
- Etienne, the brave young drummer who swam the canal at battle of Arcola, 58
- Eugénie, Empress, and Madame Decazes, 371-72
- Evrat, Docteur, 214
- Fain, M., Napoleon's secretary, 276
- Faucigny, M. de, afterwards Prince de Lucinge, 178
- Fédérés*, procession of, 154
- Fée, Professor, at Strasburg, 178
- Féletz, M. de, and de Vigny, 285; and Royer-Collard, 286; on the events of 1848, 311
- Fenouil, Comte de, and Général Petit's danger, 140
- Ferdinand VII. *See* Asturias, Prince of
- Fieschi, his attempt on Louis-Philippe's life, 261, 262
- Flicoteau Restaurant, 88
- Flocon, Ferdinand, his career, 309
- Florestan I., Prince of Monaco, illness of, 367
- Flott, M., the miser, 284
- Fontanes, M. de, Grand-Master of the University, 65; the fall of Napoleon, 160
- Food in manor-houses, 8
- Formage and Benoît, 249
- Fouquier, Pierre, on Louis-Philippe's learning, 259; deputation to the Republic, 318
- Foy, Général, his diary, 188
- France (*see also* Paris): description of Périgord, 2-14; the Revolution, 15 *et seq.*; "Jour de la Peur," 18; execution of the Queen, 26-27; elimination of religion, 30-31; the Convention, 34 *et seq.*; officials of the Republic, 39; sale of national property, 45, 47; introduction of the potato, 47; republican

France—*Continued*

- nomenclature, 51-52, 256-57; assassination of French plenipotentiaries at Rastadt, 52; limitation of the liberty of the Press, 55, 56, 175; education, 56, 57; the Empire and coronation, 63 *et seq.*; Paris in 1810, 79 *et seq.*; the Malet conspiracy, 105-6; fighting round Paris, 117, 128; unpopularity of Napoleon, 132; the Allies in Paris, 135, 136; the First Restoration, 143 *et seq.*; the Hundred Days, 153 *et seq.*; the return and fall of Napoleon, 153 *et seq.*; the Charter of 1814, 154; the Second Restoration, 166 *et seq.*; review of the allied troops, 169-72; execution of Maréchal Ney, 172; death of Louis XVIII., 177; treatment of prisoners, 188-91; Charles X. and the July Revolution, 192 *et seq.*; the *Ordonnances*, 196, 197; the elections, 201; beginning of the riots, 205 *et seq.*; flight of the Royal Family, 219; reception of Chateaubriand, 221; reign of Louis-Philippe, 225 *et seq.*; ravages of cholera, 233-43; renewed rioting, 243; arrest of Duchesse de Berry, 248; trial of Benoît, 251; Fieschi's attempt on Louis-Philippe, 261; return of Napoleon's remains, 267; Versailles railway accident, 267; railway share mania, 284-85; the events of 1848, 292 *et seq.*; insurrection, 297; flight of the King, 299; the new Government, 303 *et seq.*; appeal to the Provisional Government, 314; poverty and distress, 320-21; demonstration of workmen, 322; the elections, 324; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326; martial law, 330-31; murder of the Archbishop, 335; the presidency of Louis-Napoleon, 339 *et seq.*; his reception, 346; state procession, 348-49; Second Empire, 353 *et seq.*; Louis-Napoleon proclaimed Emperor, 353; baptism of Prince Imperial, 368-69
- Francis II., Emperor of Austria, 169
- Friant, Général, 140
- Fuma. *See* Villefumade
- Funck-Brentano, F., "La Grande Peur," 18 *n.*
- Furniture of manor-houses, 6-7
- Gall, François, Physician, and Garat, 181; his researches, 263
- Galos, Joseph, and Général Foy's diary, 188
- Ganneron, M., President of the Tribunal du Commerce, 205
- Garat, M., the singer, his unpunctuality, 102; his visit to Gall the physician, 180
- Garde Impériale, the, 361
- Garde Municipale, the, 304
- Garde Nationale, the, grand review, 197; duties of, 228-31, 244; threatening demeanour of, 292; called out, 295; its failure, 304; deputation to the Provisional Government, 314; the events of 1848, 323, 330, 333
- Garde Royale, the, 211
- Garde Suisse, the, 212
- Gardes d'Honneur, composition of the, 107
- Gardes du Corps of the Maison Rouge, 150
- Garnier-Pagès, M., a member of the Provisional Government, 303, 308
- Gauja, M., and the *Ordonnances*, 215
- Gaultier de Chambon, Docteur, disposal of corpses at the July Revolution, 216
- Gaultier-Laguionie, M., and the *Courrier Français*, 205
- Génie du Christianisme*, *Le*, 281

- Genonde, M. de, 236  
 Gérando, M. de, philanthropist, 117; on Napoleon, 136  
 Gérard, M., the painter, and Dr. Portal, 246  
 Girardin, Emile, and the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, 281  
*Girondins*, by Lamartine, 43  
 Gohier, Louis, and Bonaparte, 247  
 Goubie, M., and the Stock Exchange, 366  
 Gouvelle, the Comtesse de, 252  
 Goy, Chanoine de, priest, massacred at the Carmelites, 112  
 Granger, M., proprietor of Escoire, 260  
 Graverend, Le, president of the Court of Appeal, on the *Memoirs* of Sanson the executioner, 287  
 Gros, Baron, his pictures, 246  
 Guernan Ranville, M. de, condemned to imprisonment, 231 *n.*  
 Guillemeteau, M., on Napoleon, 132  
 Guizot, M., Royer-Collard on, 286; resignation of, 296  
 Hahnemann, Samuel, on homœopathy, 262  
 Hamelin, Admiral, 361  
 Haussez, M. de, Minister of Charles X., and the *Ordonnances*, 225  
 Heim, M., Secrétaire-Général, on Maréchal Marmont, 186  
 Hennequin, M., Légitimiste député, his prophecy as to duration of Louis-Philippe's reign, 236  
 Henri-Clément, M., grandson of Sanson the executioner, 288  
 Henry IV. as an autograph writer, 273-74  
 Henry V., de Mailly on, 236; his visit to Alton Towers, 283  
*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, 135  
 Hospitals. *See* Hôtel-Dieu, Pitié, Salpêtrière  
 Hôtel-de-Ville, 209 *n.*; capture of, 213  
 Hôtel-Dieu, Hôpital de, Dr. Poumiès's appointment to, 118; Dupuytren, 127  
 Huber, Louis, proclaims the dissolution of the Assembly, 325, 326  
 Hulin, Général, Commandant of Paris, 107  
 Iéna, battle of, 71  
 Invalides, the fanaticism for Napoleon, 340  
 Jacobin clubs, 34  
 Jacoupy, Abbé, the story of his appointment as Bishop of Agen, 57  
 Jacquemet, Abbé, Bishop of Nantes, 335  
 Janin, Jules, 363  
 Janiquet on the disposal of corpses in the Revolution, 45  
 Jasmin, Jacquou, the poet, description of, 268-69  
 Joinville, Prince de, 328  
 "Jour de la Peur," 18  
 Jouy, M. de, and Maréchal Lefebvre, 158  
 Jullien de Paris, M., Robespierre's secretary, 344  
 Labat-Bey, Docteur, and Mehemet-Ali, 102  
 Labbé, M., 74  
 Lablache, M. Louis, Requiem Mass on, 374, 375  
 Laborde, Commandant, the execution of Boutreux, 106  
 Lacalprade, M. de, and M. de Sèze, 40, 41; and Boulard, 184; and Martignac, 201  
 Lacrousille, M., solicitor, 75  
 Lafayette and the Garde Nationale, 230, 233  
 Lagarde, M., and Louis-Philippe, 227  
 Lagrange, Charles, and the Insurrection, 284  
 Lainé, M., a lawyer, 75; and Louis XVIII., 175

- Lakanal, Joseph, an ardent Republican, description of, 33, 34; on the Convention, 34, 35; and Robespierre, 36
- Lallemand, Professeur, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences, 123; his eccentricities, 123-24; his anecdotes, 124-26; his death, 125 *n.*; his escape from Hôtel-Dieu, 156
- Lallement, Professeur, description of, 110, 111; his anecdotes, 111, 112
- Lamargue, Général, rioting at his funeral, 243
- Lamartine, M., on changes of constitution, 35-36 *n.*; *L'Histoire des Girondins*, 43, 317, 318; a member of the Provisional Government, 303, 308, 323, 326; a witty saying, 306; and Bost, 365
- Lamennais, M., and the Pope, 290
- Lamoricière, Général, in command of the Garde Nationale, 312
- Lamotte, Comte de, and the diamond robbery, 116
- Lamotte, Comtesse de, her sentence and final escape, 115
- Langeron, Comte de, General in the Russian army, 134
- Lanjuinais, M., 44
- Larivière, M., 44
- Larrey, M., celebrated military surgeon, funeral of, 270; anecdotes of, 271-73
- Larroque, M. de, and his law case, 42
- Lasteyrie, Comte de, and Louis-Philippe, 228
- Laval, Duc de, 283
- Lebreton, Docteur, 120-21
- Leclerc, Général, and Mauguin, 234
- Ledru-Rollin, Barrot on, 293; member of the new Government, 303, 314; and the working classes, 308; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326; election of president, 340, 343
- Lefaucheux, Captain, and the July Revolution, 209
- Lefebvre, Marshal, anecdote of, 158
- Lefebvre, Surgeon-Major, 179
- Lefort, M., 350
- Léger, the Emperor's tailor, 95, 96
- Lemaire, Madame, and the Revolution, 337
- Lemercier, Nepomucène, dramatist, 288; on Dupin, 290
- Lenormand, the printer, and Chateaubriand, 221
- Lenormant, Charles, anecdote of Chateaubriand, 278, 279
- Lerminier, Docteur, medical adviser to Napoleon, and the wounded soldiers, 118
- Lescure, M. de, a Vendean General, 149
- Lespinnasse, Augustin de, General and Senator, and an episode, 131
- Lespine, Abbé, his collection of archives, 17
- Lesseps, Ferdinand de, his mission to Rome, 354, 355
- Leuret, Docteur, his treatment of Villemain, 286, 287
- Lévis, Duchesse de, 283
- Leymarie de Mussidan, Antoine, Adjutant of the Gardarmie of Paris, 214
- Linen in manor-houses, 7
- Litré, Docteur, student of Hippocrates, 123
- Loqueyssié, Abbé, 64 *n.*
- Lostanges, Henry de, and the Crimean campaign, 373
- Louis XVI., his literary taste, 23, 195; character, 23; life at Trianon, 29, 30; de Sèze, 40, 41; Duc de Duras, 219
- Louis XVII., 146
- Louis XVIII., arrival at Boulogne, 145; and the old aristocracy, 147; return of Napoleon, 153; the Charter of 1814, 160, 161; the Second Restoration, 166 *et seq.*; on his brother, 175; and de Corbière, 175, 176; his death, 177

- Louis, Baron, and the Polignac Ministry, 202
- Louis-Napoleon. *See* Napoleon
- Louis-Philippe, formerly Duc d'Orléans: Louis XVIII.'s funeral, 177; the Palais-Royal party, 203, 204; the reign of, 225 *et seq.*; ascends the throne reluctantly, 228 *n.*; deputations to, 235, 236; ravages of cholera, 237-43 *n.*; renewed rioting, 243-44; the arrest of the Duchesse de Berry, 248; his character, 257-61; Fieschi's attempt on, 261, 262; and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, 282-83; the events of 1848, 292 *et seq.*; his cold reception, 292; Garde Nationale called out, 295; insurrection, 297; flight of, 299-302
- Luxembourg - Montmorency, Duc de, 252
- Lynch, Comte, Mayor of Bordeaux, 149
- Madeleine cemetery during the Revolution, 44
- Magnan, Maréchal, the moving spirit of the *coup d'état*, 346
- Mailly, Comte de, his journal of the Russian campaign, 141; and the Dauphine, 200; and Louis-Philippe, 236, 345
- Mailly, the Maréchale de, her audience with the Emperor, 183, 184; and Henry V., 283
- Malesherbes, M. de, conducted the defence of Louis XVI., 41, 42
- Malet, Général, his conspiracy and execution, 105, 106
- Marast, Armand, President of the Assemblée Constituante, 337
- Marat, M., his home relations, 37, 38; anecdote as to bust of, 124-25
- Marbot, Général, on Bernadotte, 164
- Marc, Dr., physician to Louis-Philippe, 260
- Marescot, Comte, General of Engineers, on the devotion and hardship of the troops under Bonaparte, 51; anecdotes of, 161 *et seq.*
- Margard, M., 49
- Marie, M., member of the Provisional Government, 323
- Marie-Amélie, Queen, 200; and the Duchesse de Berry, 219
- Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, description of her execution, 26, 44; kind disposition, 28; life at Trianon, 30
- Marie-Louise, wife of Emperor Napoleon, birth of the King of Rome, 90-3; at Trianon, 105
- Marmer, Duc de, and Général Courtais, 314
- Marmont, Maréchal, Duc de Raguse, history of, 186; and the Garde Nationale, 215
- Marseillaise, the, its effect on the population, 31
- Martignac, M. de, fall of his Ministry, 196, 197 *n.*; description of, 201; death, 231; defended de Polignac, 231
- Marx, Dr., and Dupuytren, 120
- Mauguin, M., and Général Leclerc, 234
- Maury, Abbé, 245
- Mazet, Dr., on the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, 335
- Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, Les, by Chateaubriand, 143 *n.*, 281
- Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*, 290
- Mérilhon, Joseph, Secretary at the Ministère de Justice, 234; his oration on the regeneration of France, 256 *n.*
- Mesnard, M., 352 *n.*
- Messia, M., mathematical master, 65
- Metternich, Prince, 164
- Meurice, Froment, the goldsmith, 321, 322

- Meynard, M., on the condemnation of Louis XVI., 319
- Michael, Grand Duke, in Paris, 169
- Michel, Mme., her friendship for Murat, 89
- Migneret, Capitaine, printer, in command of the Garde Nationale, 229
- Mirabeau, and the "Jour de la Peur," 18
- Molé, Comte, on de Vigny, 285
- Monbadon, M. de, Mayor of Bordeaux, receives Napoleon, 73
- Moniteur, Le*, 55, 196, 204
- Mont, Alphonse, history and death of, 223
- Montagnards, the, 316
- Montalivet, M. de, 309
- Montansier, Café, smash-up of, 173
- Montaut, Louis, of the *Convention nationale*, his sufferings, 38, 39, 44
- Montereau, battle of, 135, 136
- Montijo, Señora Eugenia, marriage to Napoleon III., 354
- Moreau, M., the chief cause of Napoleon's victory at Montereau, 135
- Mortier, Maréchal, Duc de Trévise, 262 *n.*
- Motte-Rouge, Général de la, Crimean experiences, 374
- Mouton-Duvernét, Baron, and the Chambre des Représentants, 157
- Murat, Maréchal, and Mme. Michel, 89; his tailor's bill, 97
- Musée d'Artillerie, pillage of, 211
- Musée des Souverains* at the Louvre, 360
- Musset, M. de, and censorship of the Press, 175
- Mustiphragosi, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, and the necklace, 116 *n.*
- Napoleon Bonaparte: state of French finance when made First Consul, 39; his victories in Italy, 50; crushes liberty, 50; the sensation on his return from Egypt, 54; limits the liberty of the Press, 56; and Ali Pasha, 61; becomes Emperor, 63; zenith of the Empire, 66, 89; war with Spain, 68; battle of Iéna, 71; arrival in Bordeaux, 73; the Palais-Royal, 82; birth of the King of Rome, 90; popularity declines, 92, 133, 171; a deluge at Saint-Cloud, 93; fête Saint-Napoleon celebrated, 94; anecdotes of, 94-97, 136-42; at Trianon, 104; disasters of the Grand Army, 105; Malet conspiracy, 105, 106; forms a fresh army, 107, 117; fighting round Paris, 128; the Allies in Paris, 133, 134; his return to Paris, 153-55; battle of Waterloo, 156; his fall, 156, 158; Paris again in the occupation of the Allies, 157; and Général Marescot, 162; and Maréchal de Mailly, 183; and Gohier, 247; return of his remains to France, 267; and Desgenettes, 272; letter to his sister, 274, 275; and Lemerrier, 288-89; and Caffarelli, 372
- Napoleon, Louis, popular movement in favour of, 327; elected President of the Republic, 340; stories of, 341-43; reception of, 346-50; settles at Saint-Cloud, 350; and Horace Vernet, 350-51; reception in Paris, 353; his marriage, 353-54; sees Ponsard's comedy, 355; the death of Général Cornemuse, 357; Prince Imperial's baptism, 368-69
- National, Le*, 256
- Nemours, Duc de, flight from Paris, 303
- Newspapers. *See* Press

- Ney, Maréchal, execution of, 172
- Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, 169
- Nodier, Charles, anecdote of, 291
- "Omnibus," first appearance in Paris of, 192-93
- Ordonnances*, the, publication of, 196, 197, 204 *et seq.*
- Ordre du Lis, created, 174
- Orléans, Duc de. *See* Louis-Philippe
- Orléans, Duc de (son of above), his death, 269
- Orléans, Duchesse de. *See* Marie-Amélie, Queen
- Ornano, Colonel de, visits Napoleon at Elba, 151-52
- Oudard, M., private secretary to Queen Marie-Amélie, 226, 227
- Oudinot, Général, his mission to Rome, 355
- Pajol, Général, and the July Revolution, 218
- Palais-Royal during the Empire, 82; a rallying-point for malcontents, 203; sacking of, 301-2; exhibition at, 344
- Palloy, M., buys the Bastille and forms a Museum of Liberty, 37
- Panseron, M., and Jullien, 344
- Parent-Duchâtelet, *De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris*, 98
- Paris (*see also* France): Dr. Poumiès's journey to, 75-80; description of, 79 *et seq.*; power and brilliancy of Napoleon's Court, 89; Hôpital Saint-Louis, 97; the Malet conspiracy, 105; Napoleon forms a new army, 107-18; Hospice of the Salpêtrière, 108-9; anecdotes of the Salpêtrière, 116-17, 359; arrival of wounded soldiers, 118; fighting at the gates, 128; reception of the Allied Armies in, 133, 134; creation of the Gardes du Corps of the Maison Rouge, 150; return of Napoleon, 153, 154; the fall of Napoleon and the Hundred Days, 155 *et seq.*; the Charter of 1814, 160; reception of Louis XVIII., 166; review of the allied troops in, 169, 170; execution of Maréchal Ney, 172; censorship of the Press, 175; death of Louis XVIII., 177; mysterious outrages, 180; the old aristocracy, 182-84; first appearance of the "omnibus," 192-93; reign of Charles X., 194; the *Ordonnances*, 196-97, 205; disbandment of the Gardes Nationaux, 198; the elections, 201-2; the Palais-Royal party, 203; beginning of the riots, 206; sack of the Musée d'Artillerie, 211; Ecole Polytechnique, 213; flight of foreigners, 215; disposal of corpses, 216; flight of the Royal Family, 219; the Garde Nationale, 228-30, 313-14; verdict on the Ministers of Charles X., 230; reign of Louis-Philippe, 235 *et seq.*; ravages of cholera, 237-43; renewed rioting, 243-44; arrest of Duchesse de Berry, 248; disastrous years in, 252; change in names of streets, 256-57; Fieschi's attempt on Louis-Philippe, 261; return of Napoleon's remains, 267; Versailles railway accident, 267-68; Reformist banquets, 293; insurrection breaks out, 297-98; flight of the King, 299; sacking the palaces, 301-2; the new Government, 303; placards and proclamations, 305; the Provisional Government, 307; occupants of the Tuileries, 310; opening of clubs, 312; *L'Histoire des Girondins*, 317, 318; poverty and distress, 320; demonstration of

Paris—*Continued*

- workmen, 322; the elections, 324; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326; martial law, 329 *et seq.*; murder of the Archbishop, 335; Louis-Napoleon elected President, 340; exhibition at Palais-Royal, 344; reception of Louis-Napoleon, 346; State procession, 347-49; Louis-Napoleon proclaimed Emperor, 353; *Musée des Souverains*, 360; the Stock Exchange, 365-66; Prince Imperial's baptism, 369-70
- Paris, Archbishop of. *See* Affre, Abbé.
- Parise, J. H. Réveillé-, ex-military surgeon, and the battle of Toulouse, 132
- Pariset, M., and Dr. Portal, 244-45
- Pasquier, M., and de Villèle, 186
- Pastoret, M. de, 283
- Peasant life in Périgord, 3, 4
- Pélessier, Maréchal, his character, 374
- Pelletan, M., surgeon, 119; and the Dauphin, 146
- Peltier, M., editor of *Les Actes des Apôtres*, 124
- Périgord, description of, 2; the power of the seigneurs, 2, 3; peasant life, 4, 5; the *bourgeois* class, 5 *et seq.*; furniture of manor-houses, 6, 7; home products, 8; social gatherings, 9, 10; household routine and education, 10, 11; superstition and hospitality, 11, 12; the "Jour de la Peur," 18; introduction of the potato, 42; a banquet, 256
- Périgueux, 16; procession of the Bastille model, 32; magnificent library at, 46; change of proprietors in, 54; life in, 64; procession of the Spanish Princes through, 67-68
- Petit, Général, commander of the Garde Impériale at Fontainebleau, and Napoleon, 139, 140
- Peyronnet, M. de, and the *Ordonnances*, 225; condemned, 231 *n.*
- Physiologie du Goût, La*, by Brillat-Savarin, 246
- Piant, M., resignation of, 202
- Pilorge, secretary to Chateaubriand, 282
- Pinel, Professor, 108
- Pitié, Hôpital de la, Dr. Poumiès at, 117-18
- Pius IX., flight to Gaeta, 355 *n.*
- Pointe, Noël, member of the Convention, 55
- Polignac, Prince de, his Ministry, 196, 202, 204, 207; and Charles X., 220; in defence of his Ministry, 221; and the *Ordonnances*, 225; his imprisonment, 230-31
- Ponsard, M., his comedies *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, 355; *La Bourse*, 365
- Pont-des-Arts, fighting on the, 211
- Portal, Dr. anecdotes of, 244-47, 375
- Portalis, M., and the *Ordonnances*, 196
- Potato, introduction of, 47 *n.*
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Dr., his parents, 1-2; birthplace, 2; description of life at Périgord, 2-14; progress of the Revolution, 15 *et seq.*; "Jour de la Peur," 18; a memorable Shrove Tuesday, 20; and the Surgeon Souberbielle, 24; and Marquis d'Argicourt, 27; kind disposition of Marie Antoinette, 28-9; effect of the *Marseillaise*, 30-1; revolutionary meeting at Périgueux, 32-4; Palloy's "Museum of Liberty," 37; attends widow Marat, 37; Montaut of the *Convention nationale*, 38; officials of the Republic, 39; de Sèze, 40-1; describes Barère, 42, 43; sale of national property,



Poumiers—*Continued*

45, 47; introduction of the potato, 47; his tutor, 47, 48; gradual restoration of order, 49; Republican nomenclature, 51; change of proprietors in Périgueux, 53-4; and Abbé Jacoupy, 57, 58; life at Périgueux, 64 *et seq.*; poverty, 69; his brothers, 70; journey to Bordeaux, 72; admitted to the grammar-school, 72, 73-4; his vocation, 74-5, 76; journey to Paris, 75-80; describes Paris, 79 *et seq.*; life as medical student, 84-8; describes Empress Marie-Louise, 90; and birth of King of Rome, 90-1; a deluge at Saint-Cloud, 93; the fête Saint-Napoleon, 94; on the staff of the Hôpital Saint-Louis, 97-8; life at a farm, 98, 99; with Dr. Texier at Versailles, 103-4; meets Napoleon, 104-5; the Malat conspiracy, 105-6; appointed house physician at Hospice de la Salpêtrière, 108 *et seq.*; anecdotes of Lallement, 110-12; studies under Abbé Delille, 113-14; anecdotes of the Salpêtrière, 115-18, 359; goes to Hôpital de la Pitié, 117; appointed to the Hôtel-Dieu, 118; anecdotes of Dupuytren, 118-22, 128; on Dr. Boyer, 122, 123; Prof. Lallemand's anecdotes, 123-25; anecdotes of Asselin, 125-27; fighting round Paris, 128; enrolment, 130; the Allies in Paris, 134; anecdotes of Napoleon, 135-42; Général Petit's danger, 140; the First Restoration, 143 *et seq.*; the fate of the Dauphin, 146-47; return and fall of Napoleon, 153-59; the Hundred Days, 153 *et seq.*; the Charter of 1814, 160; story of Général Marescot, 161-65; the Second Re-

storation, 166 *et seq.*; review of the allied troops, 170; execution of Maréchal Ney, 172; the Café Montansier, 173; describes Louis XVIII., 176-77; on Duc de Berry, 177-78; Professor Broussais' lectures, 178, 179; mysterious outrages, 180; Garat and Gall, 180-81; the old aristocracy, 181-84; on Boulard, 185; anecdotes of Talleyrand, 185, 186; treatment of prisoners, 188-91; character of Charles X., 192 *et seq.*; the *Ordonnances*, 196, 197, 204-5; disbandment of the Gardes Nationaux, 198; on Martignac, 201; the elections, 201-2; describes the riots, 206 *et seq.*; flight of the Royal Family, 218-19; reception of Chateaubriand, 221; and Alphonse Mont, 223; the reign of Louis-Philippe, 225 *et seq.*; the Garde Nationale, 228-30, 295-98, 313-14; verdict on the Ministers, 230-31; deputations to the King, 235; ravages of cholera, 237-42; recipient of a medal, 243; renewed rioting, 243-44; anecdotes of Dr. Portal, 244-47; serves as jurymen at the Benoît trial, 248-51; disastrous years in Paris, 252; the Saint-Simoniennes séances, 253-54; the Abbé Châtel, 254-55; a Périgourdin banquet, 256; character of Louis-Philippe, 258-60; Fieschi's attempt on Louis-Philippe, 261; homœopathy lecture by Hahnemann, 262-63; Bugaud and Abd-el-Kader, 265-66; return of Napoleon's remains, 267; railway accident at Versailles, 267-68; death of Duc d'Orléans, 269-70; on Larrey, the military surgeon, 270-73; on autograph collections, 273-74; on Napoleon, 274-

Poumiès—*Continued*

- 76; on Chateaubriand, 277-82; on the Duc de Bordeaux, 282; railway share gamble, 284-85; reception of de Vigny into the Académie Française, 285-86; reception of de Salvandy, 286; Sanson the executioner, 287-88; on Lemer cier and others, 288-91; the events of 1848, 292 *et seq.*; Reformist banquets, 293-94; insurrection breaks out, 295 *et seq.*; flight of the King, 299; sacking the palaces, 301-2; the new Government, 303 *et seq.*; *Histoire des Girondins*, 317 *et seq.*; poverty and distress, 320; demonstration of workmen, 322; the elections, 324; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326; and Louis-Napoleon, 327, 342, 352; martial law, 329; murder of the Archbishop, 335; on Marrast, 337; Louis-Napoleon elected President, 339; and Jullien de Paris, 344; exhibition at Palais-Royal, 344-45; reception of Louis-Napoleon, 346-50; Louis-Napoleon proclaimed Emperor, 353 *et seq.*; marriage of the Emperor, 353, 354; Ponsard's comedy, 355; improvements at Villeneuve l'Etang, 356; death of Général Cornemuse, 357; on Abbé Sauce, 358; *Musée des Souverains*, 360; publishes *Les moments perdus*, 362-63; Vicomte d'Arlincourt, 363; Ponsard's *La Bourse*, 365; and Florestan I., 367; Prince Imperial's baptism, 368-70; on Rossini and Delaporte, 372; Lostanges' Crimean experiences, 373, 374; and Lablache, 374, 375; at Professor Velpeau's, 376; death, 378
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Pierre (father of the above): history and death, 1, 2; his attitude in the Revolution, 45, 47; *Commissaire du Directoire*, 49; straitened circumstance, 69
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Jean-Baptiste (son of Pierre), shipwrecked on the *Medusa*, 70
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Matthieu-Raymond (son of Pierre), killed in an accident, 70
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Pierre Victor (son of Pierre), killed in Spain, 70
- Poumiès de La Siboutie, Eyméric-Paulin (son of Pierre), went to Russia, 70
- Pouqueville, M. de, *Histoire de la Grèce*, 61, 62
- Préfets instituted, 55
- Press, limitation of liberty of, 56, 175
- Presse, La, Mémoires d'Outre-tombe* published in, 281
- Primogeniture, 5, 6
- Prussians in Paris, 134, 157
- Puget, Mlle. Loïsa, effect on Chateaubriand of her singing "Romance de Saint-Malo," 278, 279
- Quartier Latin, the, 83
- Quevauvillers, M. de, and Duc de Raguse, 215
- Raguse, Duc de. *See* Marmont, Maréchal
- Railways, gamble in, 284-85
- Rambouillet, Napoleon at, 137
- Raspail, M., and the demonstration of workmen, 322; raid on the Assembly, 324; the Fifteen Minutes' Government, 326
- Ravel, Captain, 133
- Ravez, M., 75
- Réal, M., and Napoleon, 136
- Redoute, La, a club, 323
- Reformist banquets, 293 *n.*
- Rémusat, M. de, and Napoleon, 97
- Ribérac, deputation from, 235 *n.*

- Richelieu, Maréchal de, at Trianon, 30  
 Richeraud, Mlle., and Villemain, 187  
 Rigaudie, M. de la, and the *Ordonnances*, 196-97  
 Rivet, M., Préfet in Dordogne, 55  
 Robert, Hubert, the painter, 358  
 Robespierre, M., the scapegoat of the Revolution, 26, 36, 39; and de Sèze, 40; execution and burial, 45; Jullien de Paris on, 344  
 Rochefort, Comtesse de, on the Duchesse d'Angoulême, 199; and Général Changarnier, 343  
 Rochejaquelein, Mme. de la, and Marrast, 388  
 Rochejaquelein, Mme. de la, memoirs on the wars of Vendée, 149  
 Rohan, Cardinal de, at Trianon, 30  
 Roland, Madame, 44-5  
 Rome, King of, birth of, 90-2  
 Rossi, Count, assassination of, 335 *n.*  
 Rossini, the musician, 372; and Lablache, 375  
 Rouget de Lisle, wrote words and music of the *Marseillaise*, 31, 32  
 Roux, M. de, Dean of the École de Médecine, 130  
 Royer-Collard, M., and Guizot, 286  
 Russians, defeat at Wilna, 105; occupation of Paris, 134, 157  
 Saint-Aignan, Marquise de, at Trianon, 28; and the Princesse de Conti, 184  
 Saint-Arnaud, Général de, compromising letter from Louis-Napoleon, 357  
 Saint-Astier, Marquis de, his departure for Coblenz, 15; his return from England, 148  
 Saint-Aulaire, Beaupoil de, and the execution of Maréchal Ney, 172  
 Saint-Cloud, deluge at, 93; Louis-Napoleon at, 350; improvements at, 356  
 Saint-Just, M. de, 344  
 Saint-Louis Hôpital, 98  
 Saint-Marsault, M. de, Préfet of Seine-et-Oise, 351  
 Saint-Priest, M. de, de Salvandy on, 362; and Bost, 365  
 Saint-Simoniennes séances, 254  
 Salpêtrière, hospice of the, description of, 109, 128, 359  
 Salpêtrière prison, anecdotes of the, 111, 115, 116  
 Salvandy, M. de, reception of, 286; on Saint-Priest, 362  
 Sanson, Charles, public executioner during the Revolution, 26-7; his memoirs, 287-88  
 Santerre, M., 44  
 Santé, officier de, 76 *n.*, 122  
 Sauce, Abbé, his death, 358  
 Sauzet, M., President of the Chambre des Députés, 303  
 Schonen, M. de, and the flight of the Royal Family, 219  
 Schopin, Frederic, painter, winner of the Prix de Rome, 84, 336  
 Sciard, Mme., and the flight of the Royal Family, 302  
 Seigneurs, the, 2, 3  
 Séjan, Abbé, chaplain and confessor to Louis XVIII., 177  
 Sémonville, M. de, trial of the Ministers, 231  
 Serres, Abbé, and Villemain, 287  
 Sèze, Maître de, 42  
 Sèze, M. de (son of the above), the King's Counsel, 40, 41  
 Shrewsbury and Talbot, Earl of, receives Duc de Bordeaux at Alton Towers, 282  
 Sieyès, M., a directeur, votes for death sentence on the King, 40; and Général Marecot, 162

- Simon, the cobbler, the Dauphin consigned to his care, 147  
 Skin diseases, Alibert on, 100  
 Sobrier, M., and the deputation to the Provisional Government, 314; and Caussidière, 315, 316; raid on the Assembly, 324  
 Sobry, M., Commissaire de Police, 180  
 Social gatherings, 9-10  
 Souberbielle Surgeon, voted for the Queen's execution and one of the Vainqueurs de la Bastille, 24; trial of Danton, 25  
 Soult, Maréchal, 256  
 Spain, procession through Périgueux of the Princes of, 67; war with, 68  
 Spire, M., on the finance of the Republic, 39  
*Stanhope's Conversations, Lord*, 168 *n.*  
 Stock Exchange, the, 365  
 Suchet, Maréchal, and the battle of Toulouse, 132  
 Sudret, *citoyen*, his speech, 32-33  
 Superstition, 11
- Talbot, Comtesse, her interview with the supposed Louis XVII., 146; and the Dauphine, 200  
 Talbot, d'Arcy, and d'Haussez, 225; Flott, the miser, 284  
 Talleyrand, M. de, and Alexander, 160-61; and Général Marescot, 162; and Bourdois-Lamothe, 185; ambassador at St. James's, 230; and Gohier, 247  
 Talma, the great actor, 74  
 Texier, M., 103  
 Thénard, Professor of Chemistry, his lectures, 113  
 Thierry, Capitaine, treatment of prisoners, 188  
 Thiers, M., *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, 135; his descriptions of battles, 136  
 Thionville, siege of, 161
- Thoulouzé, M., Professor of Literature, 65  
 Treilhard, M., member of the Directoire, 245  
 Trianon, Marie Antoinette's favourite residence, 29; Napoleon at, 105
- Valois-Collier, and the celebrated necklace, 116 *n.*  
 Vaneau, a student, and the July Revolution, 213  
*Vélites*, the, 66  
 Velpeau, Professor, 135; reception at, 376  
 Vendean officers, 149  
 Verdi, Signor, and Rossini, 372  
 Verneilh-Pyraseau, M. de, deputation to the King, 325  
 Vernet, Horace, the reason of his exile, 350-51  
 Versailles ruined by the Revolution, 104; serious railway accident at, 267  
 Vestris, M., and Dr. Portal, 245  
 Vigny, Alfred de, and the Academy, 285-86  
 Villefumade, M., and Despieux, 34; banishment, 55  
 Villèle, M. de, 160; and Pasquier, 186; disbandment of the Garde Nationale, 198-99  
 Villemain, M., and Mlle, Riche-  
 raud, 187; on war, 265; his temporary madness, 286; and Charles Nodier, 291  
 Villenave, M., his collection, 273  
 Villeneuve l'Etang, an episode in the park, 371  
 Visconti, Marquise de, and Maréchal Berthier, 90  
*Voltigeurs*, the, of the Republic instituted, 234
- Wagram, Prince de. *See* Berthier, Maréchal  
 Waterloo, or the battle of Mont-Saint-Jean, 156

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Wellington, Duke of, and<br>French help, 133; as a gen-<br>eral, 168 | Zédé, Emile, afterwards Vice-<br>Admiral, wounded on the<br><i>Ville-de-Paris</i> , 361 |
| Zamor, negro servant to Ma-<br>dame du Barry, 28                     | Zédé, M., and the flight of the<br>Royal Family, 218                                    |



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